THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly

FAIRBANK'S *Open Doors to Easy Housework*

KITCHEN

Gold Dust

Use more Gold Dust and less muscle!

Get some system for your housekeeping and house cleaning! Gold Dust points the way. Its extraordinary cleansing power reduces muscular effort to a minimum. Gold Dust does most of the work, and requires but little energy from you.

To do your work in the shortest, most economical, most satisfactory way, you should never be without a package of Gold Dust in your home.

Gold Dust cleans everything.

"Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work"

BATH ROOM

Fairy Soap

Fairy Soap is ***white*** to stay white.

Other soaps are white in name—stay white for a time—but turn yellow as saffron with age because of the cheap ingredients and refuse greases used in their making.

Fairy Soap is *always* white, first, last and all the time.

This ***handy, floating, oval cake*** of skin comfort costs ***but 5c.***

No matter what price you pay, you can get no more soap purity and efficiency than are found in Fairy Soap.

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"

LAUNDRY

Sunny Monday

Laundry Soap

Sunny Monday is white, and contains not an ounce of rosin. Which would you prefer to use on your clothes—a soap containing about one-third rosin, or Sunny Monday, wherein the cheap rosin element is replaced with expensive fats and vegetable oils?

Sunny Monday works with scarcely any rubbing and actually does double the work of any yellow rosin soap. Its ***dirt-starting*** quality is permanent and lasts until the cake is worn to a wafer.

"Sunny Monday Bubbles will wash away your troubles"

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY—MAKERS—CHICAGO

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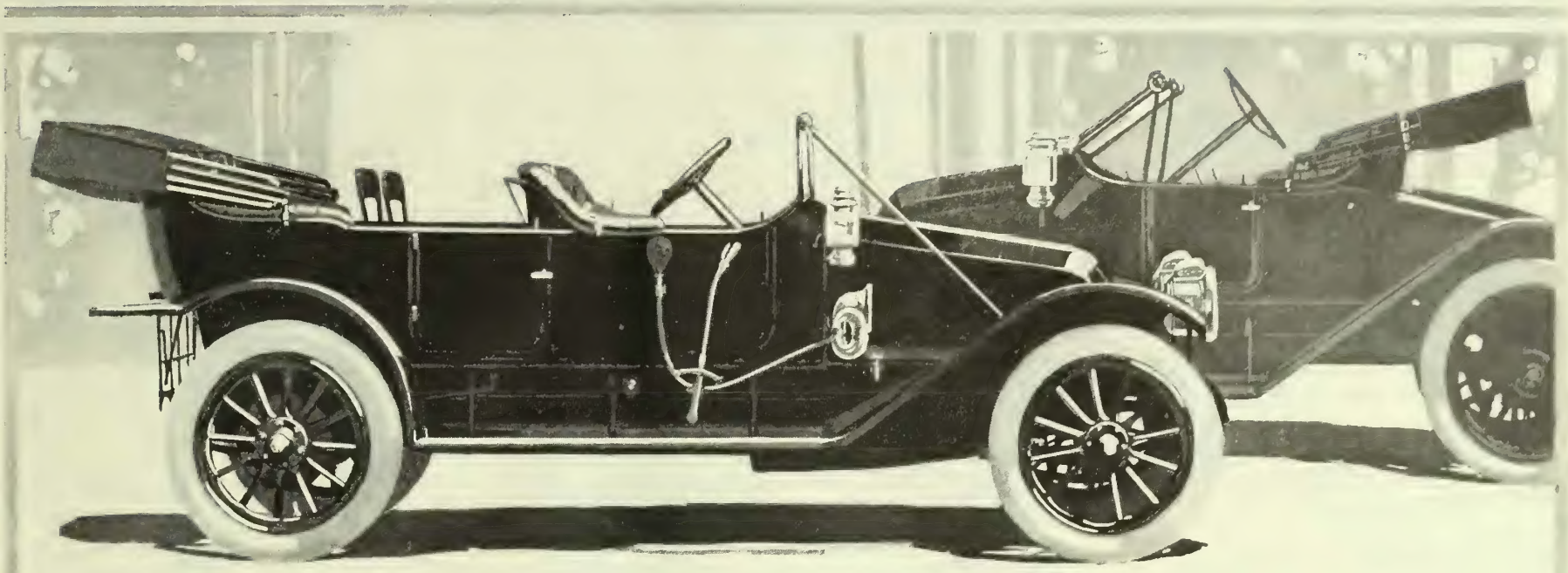
Franklin



The Franklin Presents a New Attainment in Automobile Design

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Franklin bodies are the latest Parisian type with door to front seat. The hood, with no radiator to break the effect, conforms perfectly to this type of body, giving exceptional beauty to the car complete. The happy result in appearance, combined with other exclusive Franklin features, compels the favorable attention of every thoughtful purchaser.

Such combination of excellences is possible only through Franklin engineering features, which include resiliency, light weight, simple and efficient air cooling and freedom from tire trouble.

Large Tires and Light Weight

Tire expense with the average automobile is unreasonably large. The tires, costly in themselves, do not last. They break down and blow out before their time. This is because the weight and work put upon them are too much. Tire expense per mile and per year is high.

Reasonable tire service can be secured only through reducing the weight of the automobile and increasing the size of the tires. The Franklin is light-weight. It is equipped with large tires. The tires do not break down; they last and give from three to four times the mileage obtained with tires on other automobiles. This reduces the tire expenses to a small amount per mile and per year of service. The up-keep and operating expenses all along the line are reasonable. Pleasure and profit are increased.

What Resiliency Does

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At this season thousands of water-cooled automobiles are laid up for the winter. Those kept in use require extra care to prevent the water from freezing and the plumbing or radiator from bursting. They can not be left standing any length of time with safety. Even when they are laid up much of the expense goes on. The depreciation, especially on tires, is about the same as when the car is in use.

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Automobilists are often unfamiliar with the superior qualities of one automobile over another. It is only through a Franklin that the highest standard of comfort, the fullest sense of automobile enjoyment are obtained.

The Franklin exhibits at the New York and Chicago shows in January and February will be works of art. Be sure to visit them.

Write for the Franklin catalogue

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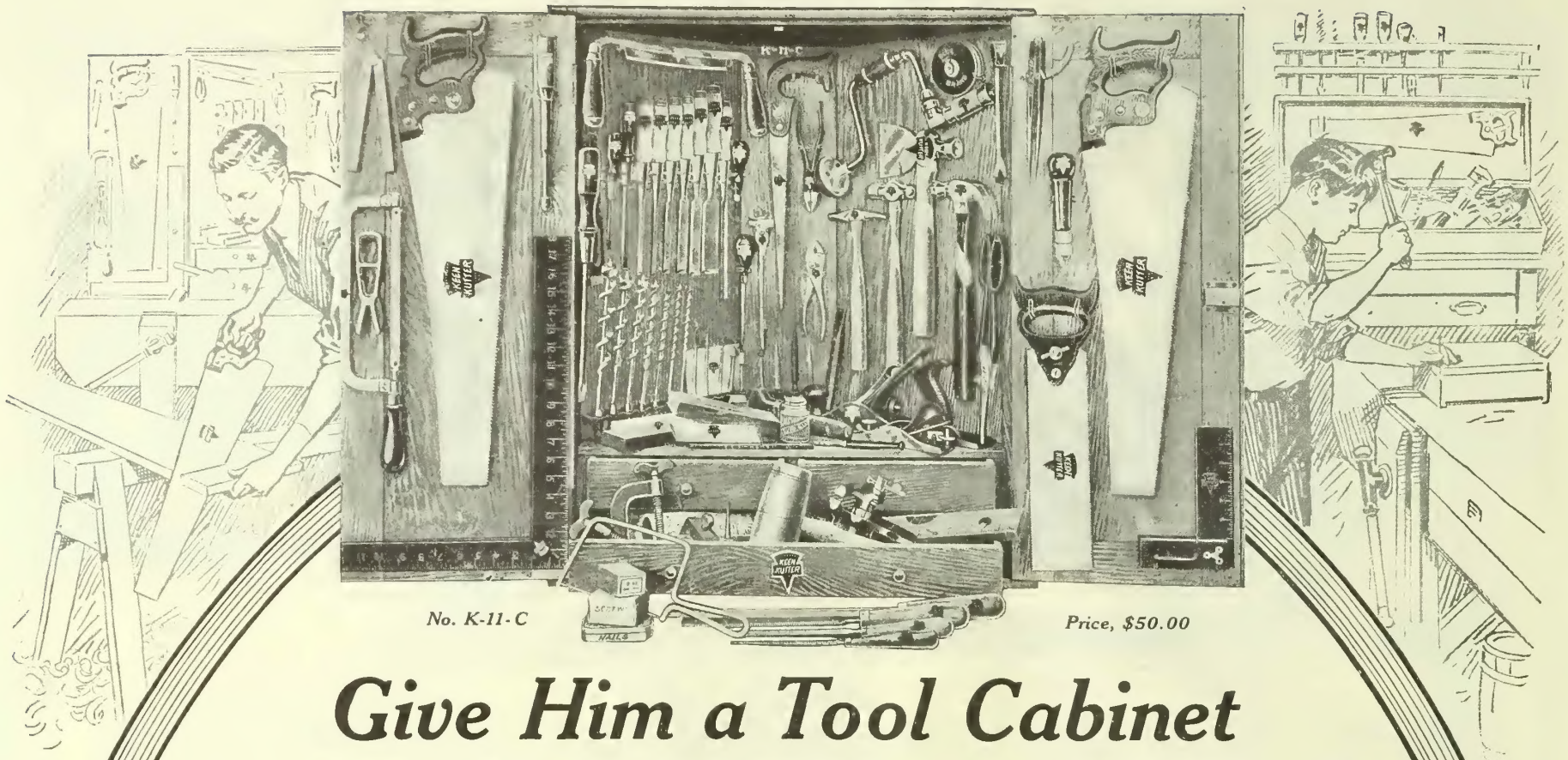

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Give Him a Tool Cabinet

What one thing suggests so much genuine amusement to the boys of a family, and so many little pocket padding economies to the head of the house, as a kit of bright new tools?

Every family needs, at least, a *few* good tools. Tight windows and doors must have the "stick" taken out of them. Broken chairs need new legs and arms, and shelves have to be put up in the pantry. There's hardly a day in the week when a saw, hammer, bit or plane won't come handy.

Why not give "the boys" a brand new kit of reliable tools, and let them help about these home jobs? Why not get a kit for yourself? Ask your dealer about

KEEN KUTTER
Tool Cabinets

and note when you see them that every tool bears the well-known Keen Kutter trademark—the trademark that means *perfect satisfaction or money back*. Keen Kutter Tool Cabinets are the only ones manufactured under one name and trademark.

They are priced from $8.50 to $125. The lower-priced cabinet (shown below) holds all the tools necessary for ordinary home jobs. The higher-priced cabinet has a workbench attached and is very complete. Between them is a great variety of sizes, each holding a perfect collection of perfect tools. The cabinet shown at the top of this page at $50 is just what an expert carpenter or cabinet maker would choose for his workshop companion.

The experience of more than 40 years of tool making stands back of every Keen Kutter Tool. That's why expert tool users always choose Keen Kutter Tools in handy Keen Kutter Cabinets.

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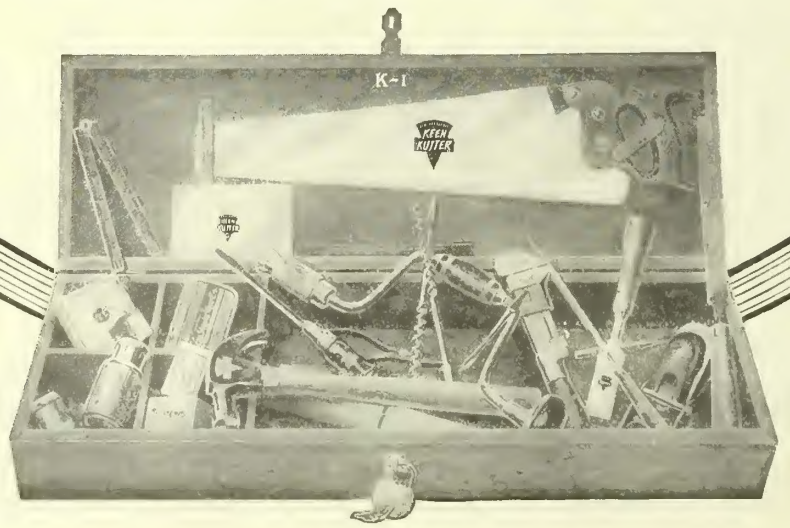

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Price, $8.50

E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER TRADE ST. LOUIS MARK U.S.A.

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
425 Arch Street, Philadelphia

London: Hastings House
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1910
by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 183 *PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 17, 1910* *Number 25*

THE CASE OF THE COLONEL

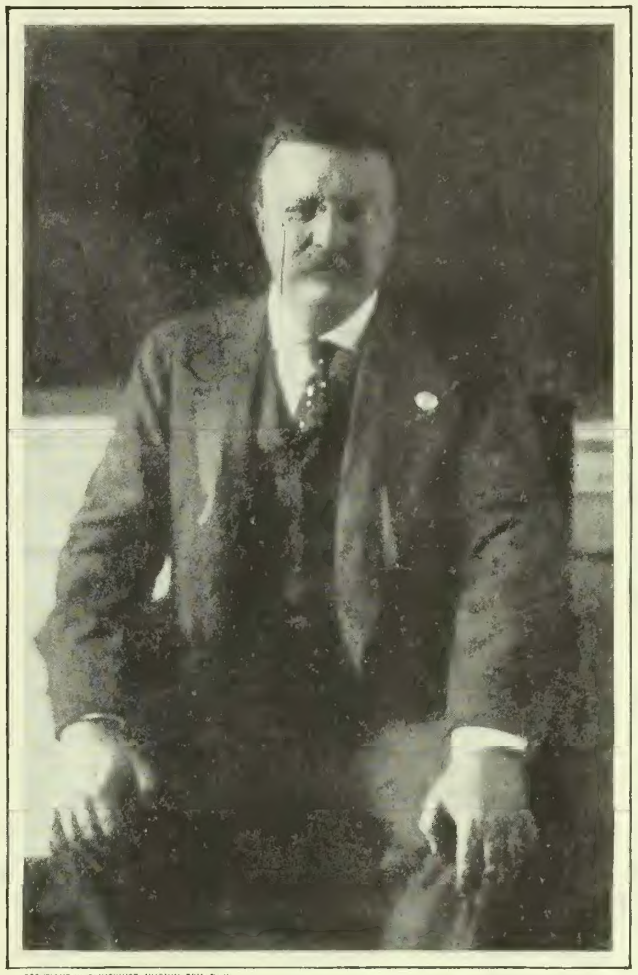
By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

OUR history is speckled with instances to prove the assertion that if a public man protrudes the prognathous too constantly into public affairs the public one day will come along and hit the point of it a mighty smash.

Not, of course, that the Colonel's jaw is entirely prognathous—not that; but that the jaw is somewhat prog and shows enough nathouses to make the classification apt. All first-class fighting men are supposed to have the undershot jaw; and there is abundant testimony, including the Colonel's, that he is a first-class fighting man. His last public utterance before the election was that he would knock the opposition over the ropes. That might have been a hope or a boast. Details are of no consequence. In either event it was poor prophecy.

What happened was that the Colonel stayed in the ring too long or went into it too soon. The jaw was there, not well guarded, and the great and fickle public landed on the point of it. His finger had been in every political pie others had made for ten years and he had made a large number of pies of his own. Moreover, many people who did not like pie, detested pie—especially pie of the well-known Roosevelt baking—had been fed by him on his brand until the thought of more of it to come made them desperate. They hoped to stop the output of the bakery by demolishing the baker. They didn't do that, as the Colonel will show; but they restricted operations somewhat.

Wherefore the Colonel now finds himself in a position to muse over the solemn verities of three important facts. The first is that Republicans, to say nothing of republics, are ungrateful. The second is that Warwicking should be conducted on conservative and concentrated lines instead of wholesale; and the third is that whirlwind campaigns often turn out to be mere whirligigs. It is conceivable the Colonel will not arrive—for some weeks or months, mayhap—at a point where he can calmly contemplate these immortal truths. It is most likely he did not devote himself to philosophical reflection when the returns were coming in or after they were in. The Colonel is no great shakes as a philosopher. It takes years to become a good, steady, philosophizing philosopher; and the Colonel has been very busy. However, he now has more time on his hands than he has had since he returned burdened with the laurel wreaths, medals, decorations and O. K.'s of various geographical sections of Europe, not to mention his load of keys to numerous municipalities. Hence, there is a chance.



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What We Do to Our Heroes

THE radical fault of the American people heretofore, in considering the Colonel, has been that with one section he has always been "the best" and with another but much smaller section "the worst." There has been no middle ground. Both his friends and his enemies have taken him too seriously. That was shown by the hysteria of his welcome home from Africa and by the harpooning he got on election day. When you come to analyze the Colonel you find he is neither a demigod nor a demon. What he is is a versatile American citizen, with an excellent skill at politics, an appetite for power, a habit of moralizing that caught the people because he always told them what they knew already instead of trying to teach them something they didn't know; courageous enough to be inconsistent; with a marvelous sense of the psychological moment, a dramatic instinct that kept him in the spotlight always, an eagle eye for the main chance; an opportunist of the most pronounced type who has had more opportunities than any man for years and who has had more adeptness at seizing them. These qualities make him remarkable, of course, but they do not make him supernal.

There is much evidence, however, that very few people have taken him at this estimate. Being a volatile people, we put the Colonel up on a pedestal and worshiped before him. Then, tiring of the constant genuflections, we pulled him down, the one action being as joyous as the other. And the task of getting back seems peculiarly the Colonel's own, for the people are now thinking of other things, such as where to get the money for Christmas presents. Nor need any person imagine the Colonel will not try to get back. That is reasonably certain, knowing the Colonel's habit of mind and action.

What the Colonel will do toward reëstablishing himself will be interesting. His first announcement came almost a week after election and was brief. In it he said the fight would go on, which was what he was expected to say, but gave no hint of his plans for carrying the fight on. It is to be expected that, whenever he feels in the mood for it, the Colonel will have some further and more extended remarks on the subject at hand, mayhap analytical, mayhap argumentative, mayhap a clarion call to his friends to rally and join with him in further activities and hostilities along the lines set forth in his speeches during the campaign. This will take place, of course, unless the extraordinary has happened and the Colonel is chastened, which does not appear to be the case, or unless the marvelous has happened and he has quit, which probably isn't the case either.

It Might Not Have Happened If—

IT IS no pleasant thing for a man who has been at the very top, so far as popular regard and approbation go, to wake up and find that, judging by the returns, he seems to be slipping down the other side. Likely as not it jarred the Colonel. Although it is a fixed habit for the American people to turn on popular favorites, they gayly consider it a sporting occasion and like good losers. One of the strong holds the Colonel had on the people was based on the general belief that inasmuch as he is a good sportsman he can win or lose with equal equanimity. Hence it was expected that the Colonel would issue a statement the day after election, similar in tone to the one he did issue almost a week after election, and then get to work in whatever way seemed desirable to him. Instead, the Colonel shut himself up and brooded for a time. That made a lot of his friends, who had voted with him, say "Oh, fie!" and it gave his enemies a lot of comfort and a chance to say nasty things, which may not have bothered the Colonel any, but did not add to the general hilarity of his supporters.

The fact of it is, what happened on election day was a huge joke on the Colonel. Moreover, he brought it on himself; and that makes it more of a joke. If he had so minded he might be just as much of a popular hero today as he was when he sailed in from Africa and Europe. All that was needed was a little self-repression. It is likely he was pretty lonely over there in Africa, no matter what the excitements of the chase of the white rhinoceros and the ringtailed bongo might have been. But, if he could have stood it a few months longer, if he could have bottled up those sentiments he let loose with such prodigality in the campaign, or if he were returning from Africa now, he would be hailed as the one and only man to reconstruct, reorganize and rehabilitate the Republican party—his party—and would still be on the pedestal.

That is the joke of it. The Republican party was due for a most complete and thorough licking. Everybody knew that. That licking, in turn, was due to a large number of reasons, chief among which were the stagnation and, mayhap, corruption that come from long-continued power, the broken tariff pledges, the high cost of living, and what-not. It would have had just as much of a licking if the Colonel hadn't said a word. A whole regiment of enemies of the Colonel will dispute that, but I think my view is correct. He was a factor, but not the main one. Let it go at that; ascribe some of the result to him and the joke is not lessened. It is to laugh just as much, for at the start there was no idea of punishing the Colonel. The Republican party was to be punished.

Then the Colonel, instead of keeping off in a matter where he had no immediate concern, lit in the exact center of the situation all spraddled out.

"What's this?" asked the voters one of another. "Here is the Colonel in the middle of this muss. We don't want to soak him, do we?"

"Sure!" was the reply. "He's in it, isn't he?"

So they went joyously to the polls, or stayed joyously away, as many of them did, thereby scoring just as hard: and in the operation of soaking the Republican party they gayly landed on the Colonel also, even though the man they landed on was the very greatest of popular idols.

The avalanche was due, scheduled to arrive on November 8th. There wasn't a chance in a million of its not getting through. There wasn't a chance it would be delayed or disintegrated. There wasn't a chance the Democratic party would not win. It couldn't help itself. The victory was inevitable. Now the Colonel appears to have been about the only person in the United States who didn't realize this. It may be he did realize it, but ascribed to himself some tremendous power to stop it. At any rate, he jumped in

and was jumped on. Undoubtedly he knows better now. The people had it in mind to lambaste the Republican party, and the mere fact that the Colonel tried to dissuade them did not make a dent. "Regretting as we do," said the people, "the necessity of smashing a popular idol, owing to circumstances over which we have no control and desire none, said idol will go down with the rest of it."

The gay and festive idea that the Colonel was to be walloped along with his party apparently grew in favor as the campaign continued. By and large, it wasn't much of a campaign, for there were many men who ordinarily are interested in elections who refused to get interested in this. "Let the Democrats have it," they said. "They can't make it any worse than the Republicans have." Shoals of Republicans didn't vote—more than two hundred thousand in New York alone. Those who felt keenly enough about it went and voted for the Democrats.

There will be tons of statistics along presently purporting to analyze the vote. Nobody can analyze it. Deductions based on results in states or districts can be fixed up any way it is desired and there can be no dispute. If the analyzers are unfriendly to the Colonel they can say he solely caused the overthrow in New York; but New York would have been carried by the Democrats if the Colonel had been hunting giraffes all the time.

The Elastic Republicans

NEVERTHELESS, it is interesting and amusing to trace the wanderings of the Colonel through the campaign and observe what happened. About the only place he won was out in California. He did not go there, but he indorsed Hiram Johnson, the Republican, or rather, the Lincoln-Roosevelt League candidate for governor, and Johnson won. Also he indorsed William Kent, Insurgent candidate for Congress in the same state, and Kent won. Probably the joke they determined to play on the Colonel didn't get away across the continent. In the East they had it all framed up and it came out according to specifications; also in the Middle West.

He made two sets of speeches in Ohio and Harmon was elected by a bigger majority than any Democrat ever had in the state. He lifted his voice in Indiana for Beveridge and Beveridge lost. He hit the line hard in Iowa and the Republican plurality was vastly reduced; and the man—Grilk—he went out to speak for especially on his second trip was defeated. He made a speech in Omaha for Burkett and Hitchcock won. He hopped on Eugene Foss, in Massachusetts, and Foss won. He lauded Lodge and Lodge will have a hard time getting back to the Senate. He mixed in Connecticut and the Democrat was victor. He did not get anywhere in Chicago, for Cook County went Democratic and the Republicans lost some Representatives in Congress. What happened in New York is too pitiful to relate. He lost his own village, his own county, his own Congressional district, his own state senate district; and throughout the state the Democrats got about everything.

Most of our experienced parallel-drawers refer to this slaughter as a Waterloo, which is well enough for decorative purposes, but more rhetorical than true. If the Democratic victory makes any person think either the Republican party or the Colonel is on the way to Elba there is a bigger joke on them than there is on the Colonel. The Republican party is an elastic institution. It has been whipped before and it will both win and be whipped again. Although he hadn't begun bouncing at the time this was written, it is likely the Colonel will rebound a bit himself.

Therefore, though the future of the Republican party rests largely with the Democrats—that is, the immediate future, for the people will turn out the Democrats just as they turned out the Republicans if it is thought the Democrats need turning out—the future of the Colonel rests entirely with himself. He can do three things. The first and most interesting will be to jump in and try to get absolute control of the progressive wing of the Republican party and make the rest of that party come to progressive ideas. The second will be to start a party of his own and draw what he can from both Republicans and Democrats. The third will be to do nothing—and that may be considered as a preposterous proposition. Being a free moral agent, the Colonel's course is entirely up to himself. Probably he will have a good deal of advice and may take some of it—or he may not.

It is well understood the Colonel doesn't play the game according to the rules. He makes his own rules. True, he made some very poor rules in the campaign just passed, but they were his own. Likely as not, there are lots of leaders in the Republican party with whom the Colonel is very angry. Certainly there are lots of leaders who are very angry with the Colonel. This isn't so bad a situation as it may appear to be, for if both sides are thoroughly angry the Republican party may get some action in the way of much-needed disinfection and reorganization.

If the Colonel decides to try his hand at capturing the Republican party as it now stands he will have a man's job and he will come into immediate clash with President Taft. The Colonel and the President were not friendly when this campaign concluded. Maybe the common disaster will make them friends, but the chances are they will get further and further apart, especially if the Colonel goes out after control of the party of which Mr. Taft is the titular head. The trouble between the President and the Colonel is of long standing. It began before Mr. Roosevelt left the White House.

As is usual in quarrels of this kind, the trouble between Mr. Taft and the Colonel began because Mr. Taft refused to do some things the Colonel wanted him to, especially in the matter of appointments. The Colonel claims the President broke some promises. This trouble was accentuated by the fact that the President ascribed his nomination and election fully as much, if not more, to his brother, Charles P. Taft, as to the Colonel. Then there was the episode of naming the Colonel to represent the United States at the funeral of King Edward. That was the first time the President had heard from the Colonel since the Colonel left Washington. It was intimated to Mr. Taft by some of the Colonel's friends that, inasmuch as the death of the King had rather dampened the enthusiastic welcome Mr. Roosevelt expected to receive in London and had curtailed some of the functions, it would be a fine thing to make the Colonel our representative at the funeral. There was some cabling back and forth and finally the President asked the Colonel to officiate; and the only part of the correspondence that ever was made public was the formal invitation and the Colonel's one word—"Accept."

Will Roosevelt Organize a New Party?

THE President also thought the Colonel precipitated a harmful situation in New York by not keeping out of the fight for temporary chairman; and he has definite ideas, based on such information as has come to him, that the Colonel wants to be a candidate for President in 1912, or did want to be—before the election.

Common disaster may evoke a common cause. The President and the Colonel may get together. So far as a public breach is concerned, they are together yet. It is hardly likely they will get together, for every close adviser Mr. Taft has is opposed, teetotally and viciously, to the Colonel, and Mr. Taft has some very definite opinions on the subject himself. The probabilities are, if the Colonel has it in mind to grab the wreck of the Republican party or to try to grab the progressive wing of it, that he will have to fight Mr. Taft, for the President intends to try to get the party together and be a progressive leader himself, so the story goes. Furthermore, the Colonel will be obliged to fight La Follette, who, without exception, came through the recent election in better shape than any other state or national leader, and Cummins, of Iowa, who wants to be President, as La Follette also undoubtedly does. Thus, if the Colonel takes this tack, he will have a fine lot of trouble on his hands and an opportunity for the exertion of all the power, the use of all the popularity and the application of all the political skill he may possess.

If the Colonel tries to organize a new party, as was intimated soon after election and before the Colonel had spoken by the faithful Jacob Riis, he will have even a harder task, for the men to whom he naturally would appeal, the Insurgent leaders, all have designs of their own and undoubtedly will prefer to remain in their side of the Republican party rather than to try the experiment of forming a new organization. Even William Randolph Hearst, who joined hands with the Colonel in trying to defeat Dix in New York, turned on the Colonel on election night and said some unkind things about him, all of which added to the joyousness of the occasion.

The Colonel has no new propaganda. However, he may feel the call and if he does probably he will answer it. Still, he has always boasted he was "a pretty good organization man," and it will not be easy to rally about him enough voters to do any damage to anybody, if for no other reason than that the progressive Republicans feel they have their fight well in hand at present and will naturally hold all in sympathy with them. These are the people from whom the Colonel must draw recruits, as there is little chance of getting Democrats now that the Democrats have something tangible themselves and had the good sense to name for office a better set of men than have been candidates on Democratic tickets for a long time.

The Third Alternative

THEN comes the third alternative: keeping quiet and attending strictly to his business as contributing editor and literary man. This would be a dignified ex-Presidential life, but no one who knows the Colonel thinks he will enter into it. To be sure, he might think to carry on his work and exploit his ideas solely by his editorial articles and his speeches; but he wasn't built that way and, unless the joke they played on him on election day has changed his conformation vastly, he isn't built that way now. One of our perplexing questions has been what to do with our ex-Presidents. The Colonel solved it to his own satisfaction by saying: "This ex-President will do for himself."

The trouble with the Colonel was that he overplayed himself. That was natural too. He was President of the United States for seven years and he made himself a person of great popular influence and great popular admiration. Then he went to Africa and came back through Europe. He was received with tremendous honors everywhere he went in Europe. Likewise, he was given a magnificent reception when he got back home. Being human, the Colonel undoubtedly puffed up. He thought he could win with Stimson and with all the rest for whom he spoke.

What the American people did to the Colonel was corrective in a sense. They reached up and brought him back to earth. The great bulk of the people are volatile, but underneath are also sane. They still like the Colonel. Probably, if he had had conditions similar to those in New York in some of the western states he would have won. What happened was that they saw the Colonel flying a bit too high, distrusted some of his motives, had old-fashioned ideas about concentration and perpetuation of power, and in a kindly and jocose spirit swatted the Colonel entirely for his own good.

I CAN LIFT YOU

By ELEANOR GATES

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

LAYING right acrost the trail was a rattlesnake—head stretched out one direction, tail out the other—letting the good California sunshine soak into him. I was riding a Keeler and Hicks cowpony that day—a nervous, mean little critter named Julia. Well, the second Julia seen that reptile she give one full sample of high-diving that come nigh setting me down next-neighbor to the darned thing. I got my balance, though, just as the rattler made a grandfather's-clock-spring outen himself and touched off the alarm. Then I swung myself down, steadied the mustang, kicked a piece of rock loose with my boot and flattened out Mister Snake.

This is how I come to be squatting on my heels midway of a Stanislaus hogback that June morning, with Julia's leadrope in my left hand and a chunk of quartz in my right. In front of me was the rattler, dead at one end, if I'm any judge of damage, but plenty alive at the other, all right; for every now and again he'd lift the tip of that tail of his'n and give it a sulky shake. And I'd heave another chunk.

Dead at One End, if I'm Any Judge of Damage

But after a while Mister Rattlesnake's patented buzzer got outen repair. And I had a piece of quartz left on hand. It was a kinda strawberry-roan color. That's what made me notice it first. Then my wrist got turrible tired. That chunk wasn't big, but it must 'a' weighed nigh on to ten pounds. I begun to turn it over and over.

Say! The more I turned it, the more I wondered if the sun on that hogback wasn't too hot for my brains; for, whichever side I looked at it, that rock was plugged with bits of *pure, free gold.*

I stood up. From where I was I could look straight down on to the valley. And here was a red-roofed ranch-house—about as big as a kennel that'd fit a sky-terrier pup—and there was a' all-brown one of shingles, and over yonder a white one, and some red barns, and long fences as thin as baling-wire, and irrigating ditches about a quarter of a' inch wide that cut the country into squares, and horses like cottontail rabbits, and trees the size of tomato plants, and men no bigger'n a fly.

The white house —— Far as it was away, I could make out every square foot of it. No wonder; for, some little time past, I'd been dropping in there pretty frequent.

Lutie—is why. Lutie McLaren! It was her I thought of. And I could see her as plain as if she was standing at Julia's nose. Lutie's little—she just comes to my chin—and slim. Her eyes make you think of pansies—the tame purple ones that've got brown flecks in 'em. And her hair is yalla—yalla as the wild pansies that come out on the high slopes. And her face? It looks first class in something white and ruffly, like a sunbonnet. You might judge from this that it's a sober little face. Well, it ain't. For she's got a mouth that tells her eyes they're fibbing—a red mouth that's got mischief curled up in its two corners and dares a feller to kiss.

"Aw, little girl!" I says out loud. "Here's what'll keep the smiles a-playing." The next minute—and I ain't ashamed of it neither—the valley was cut off from my sight by what you might call moisture. Yes, ma'am; and the moisture wasn't in the air.

I knowed that I'd come acrost a rich lead. I knowed it because my father he'd learned me considerable about prospecting. Paw was a miner—one of the forty-nine bunch. And it was him that uncovered the Bransfield vein. He sold his discovery to old Jim Bransfield for a hunderd thousand—just on the strength of a gunnysack of ore. And then lent the hunderd thousand to his brother-in-law, to —— But, pshaw!—you know the answer. Paw went back to tracking the hills.

Old Jim developed his buy. And that pig-in-a-bag turned out fine. When he died he left young Jim ten times a millionaire, with a five-story granite shack on Fifth Avenue, and a private car that's like a slice of the Palace Hotel on wheels, and one of them steam sailing-boats snubbed up to a big red-topped cork in the Hudson River.

And me punching beef-cattle at forty per!

Oh, I'd had my spells of feeling bitter! And specially whenever young Jim come West to visit the mine and hired me to drive him up. But now how about it!

Well, I realized there was more to getting rich than just finding a chunk of quartz. I hunted in my pockets for a' envelope. And I writ out my location notice on the back of it—with the end of a burnt match! When the notice was up, all proper and according to law, I clumb on to my mustang, seven pockets bulging with rock specimens. An assay, you savvy, was step number two.

As I zigzagged my way offen that hogback—the trail was steep and the pine-needles slippery—I done some thinking. Seen just how I oughta move and made up my mind not to lose one minute. Wasn't no time to be spared. Lutie's maw'd been laid up for six months—ever since the mule-team run away and let the tongue of the light wagon dig into the ground. Yes, she was hurt—turrible. Folks don't get sick of their own accord out in Stanislaus.

Lutie'd been nursing her maw and getting tireder every day, and paler and bigger-eyed. And—the cash'd been running low—it takes a gold eagle to bring a doc out to Coyote. But, if I managed right, maybe Mrs. McLaren could go to a big San Francisco hospital and have a doctor twicet a day, and a trained nurse. And Lutie could stop worrying her little heart out. Yes, and change her name to Mrs. Alexander Frederick Cunningham May.

Alexander Frederick Cunningham May is me. You'd naturally think I disappointed my folks when I was first introduced to 'em and they'd took it out on me. But, no; that ain't the reason. That quarter of a mile of names was hitched on to kinda bolster up the May, which is too blamed female. But never mind the Alexander Frederick Cunningham part. I answer if you holler Andy.

In less'n a' hour Julia was standing, lines down, at the gate of the McLaren corral, and I was on the side porch where the honeysuckle climbs.

"Lutie," I says to the little girl, "look up at yours faithful and smile."

Then, you bet, I laid it on thick! Wanted to chirk her up, you savvy, and the hull truth wasn't too much.

"Honey," I continues, "I've went and stubbed my toe agin a fortune. And I'm off for New York. Young Jim Bransfield'll realize that his mine don't take in all the gold-bearing rock in these mountains. Well, I mean to knock at the front door of his bongtong mansion, tell him what's happened and ask him to go pardners."

"Yes, Andy," she answers—never a whimper, mind you! Aw! that girl's got grit. "But it costs money to travel. And here you've lent maw ——"

Well, a-course I had; but it wasn't worth talking about. "Lutie," I interrupts, "when old Thompson, that short-sighted assayer down at Stockton, fans these here samples of mine with his eyewinkers, he'll be willing to make me a loan."

Then—it was goodby. I took her into my arms. I kissed them pansy eyes, and the trembly mouth, and the inside of each tired little fist.

And just exactly six days later here I was, twelve steps higher'n the Fifth Avenue sidewalk, with my sombrero in my hand, four hunderd dollars in my right hind britches pocket, a soft shirt and a toothbrush in a valise, and my knuckles busy doing a tattoo.

After I'd pounded till the skin was 'most wore off, I heerd somebody inside. Next, bolts begun to be drawed back, chains rattled and the door opened about a sixteenth of a' inch. I got a longitude view of a' old lady. Pinned on top of her hair was a dab of fancy mosquito-bar.

I introduce myself and inquire for Jim.

"Mister Bransfield?" she says. "He's off on his yacht. Don't know when he'll be back." Then the door comes to—me outside.

Well, it looked like I'd have to do some waiting, all right. I loped off down the avenue. Say, do you know that New York's a mighty friendly place? Why, as I hoofed it along, nine people outen ten smiled at me.

I come to the conclusion that waiting around for young Jim wouldn't be hard work. By golly! there was heaps to see! And just trying to take in the folks that was traveling up and down that one street kept me as busy and excited as a kitten on a square of tanglefoot.

But I'm a man that can't be right happy if I've got to carry anything around in my hands. So I hunted a hotel and got rid of my valise. Next, I hunted a telegraph office and got rid of some cash. And the message I fed into the tick-machine told Lutie how dandy-fine everything was coming; also—thunderation! how I missed her! And I ended up: "Tell that little cowpony of mine she's right in style this season—hobbles are all the go."

My noon meal stowed, I struck over into Bryant Park and set down on a bench clost to a corner, where I could take in two streets simultaneous. There was a middle-sized gent on the bench—a stylish feller, about forty, wearing a beard that was trimmed to a point and a pair of them nipper spectacles. He was reading.

Pretty soon I stretched my neck to get the name of the magazine. It was called some kind of a medical journal. Ah—ha! I thought so! He was a doc.

After a while he looked my way. "Westerner?" he inquires.

"Coyote, Stanislaus County, California," I answers. "Flag-station when I left—but there's no telling what's happened this last week."

"Staying long in New York?"

"Just as long as young Jim Bransfield figgers that he needs sea air."

Bransfield—he knowed the name; so I told him about my strike. He was dead interested, but warned me agin talking about it to just anybody and everybody. Said the town was full of lowlived bunco-steerers ——

"Yes, I know," I interrupts; "but I'm on to all their games—from wiretapping down to the sick engineer."

He said I looked smart.

"But a-course I'll watch out," I says. "I don't want nothing to go wrong on account of ——" And I told him about Lutie.

Well, then he was nicer'n ever. Shook hands. Wished me luck. And ended up by inviting me to come around to his residence next day.

I went. It was a big house two blocks off. He showed me into his front parlor. Say! it was a beautiful room!—velvet carpet; nice big spongy chairs that we sunk into up to our ears; cupboard about so high, full of all kinds of bottles; two-bit cigars *by the box.*

This beat that Park bench all holler.

A friend of the doc's was there—Judge Bell—dignified old gent—long white hair that come down over the back of his collar—apple cheeks—soldier mustache. Gosh! how he could lap up highballs!

Before long another friend happened in—a perfessor—smallish man—dark—curly-headed—with a goatee on his chin and a wart on one cheek. Don't forget that wart!

Us four done a lot of talking, though mostly I kept my mouth shut and just listened. And I learned a lot. The perfessor, he'd been all over the world. The judge'd saw all kinds of funny things in courtrooms. And the doc was strong in his own particular line.

It was the doc that brung up the subject about which kind of men are strongest. "It's a question with me," he

remarks, blowing smoke-rings, "whether the man raised in the country is stronger than the man raised in town. Now, here's Andy. And here's me. Most folks would take him to be the strongest."

Say, I couldn't help but grin. "Well, Doc," I comes back, "I ain't got any doubts."

"You might get a surprise," he answers. "I'm small, and you look big enough to save the honor of the white race; but—I can lift you."

"You can lift me?"

"I can lift you."

I had a glass of something cool in my fist. I set it down and stood up. He got a good hold. And darned if he didn't git one of my feet about a' inch offen the floor.

The judge, he said he was too old to try it. But the perfessor took a turn. The perfessor was a smaller man than the doc, and he couldn't more'n sway me a little from the knees up. But he was a gritty cuss, and he stuck to his job, ketching hold of me, grunting, tugging and panting like nothing but a steam harvester.

"Look out!" I says, laughing. "This is my best suit." My coattails was plumb up under my arms.

Just then a bell rung somewheres. "Telephone," says the judge, and goes out. A minute and he stuck in his head. "They want you, Doc," he calls. Somebody sick, most likely.

The doc went out.

The perfessor kept on lifting. Minute or so, the doc stuck in his head. "Now it's you they want, Perfessor," he calls.

"My!" I says. "You're a popular bunch."

The perfessor went out.

I sunk into one of them big chairs, lit a fresh cigar, stretched my legs and rested. They had tired me some.

That cigar was a jo-dandy. I puffed away. Pretty soon a' inch of it was gone. Then half. Then all but the stub. I throwed that away.

Couldn't hear a sound in the next room or the hall—no talking, or walking, or telephone jingling. I begun to feel kinda nervous; begun to stroll—up and down, up and down. Finally I opened the door at the end of the room and looked into the next one.

By gosh! What do you think? It was vacant.

Wasn't a stick of furniture in it nor a foot of carpet. The paper on the walls was old and peeling like sunburn, and showing the plaster. The roller curtains was full of pinholes. Scattered over the floor was dirt and pieces of newspaper and bits of rope and string.

I went through that room into another. It was vacant, same as the first. That made me feel funny. "Doc!" I hollers. No answer. "Judge!" My voice sounded like I was calling into a barrel. "Oh, jiminy!" I says to myself. "What if they've been murdered!"

I reached for my gun then, and keeping it ready started upstairs. There wasn't no carpet on the steps—I'd never noticed that before—and my boots squeaked. When I got to the top there wasn't no carpet on the second-story hall. And every room up there was empty.

I come to a stop. I tried to make out whether I was crazy or walking in my sleep. No; I was awake. But where was the perfessor, the doc and the judge?

I happened to think of something. Quick, I reached my left hand round to my right hind britches pocket. And then I knowed! Them stylish gents couldn't lift me, but—— Yes; you've guessed it!

After that I was dazed, kinda. And as I made back downstairs I didn't know whether I was walking on my hands or my hoofs. I sunk into one of them spongy chairs—limp as a dishrag.

It took some time for the daze to clear away. Then I sit up and looked around, and begun calling myself bad names—in three languages, including pidgin-English.

I was worse picked than a chicken.

Yes. But them three smarties wouldn't get so awful far ahead of me. Here was their nice parlor furnishings.

I was busy figgering out just how much them furnishings was worth when somebody knocked on the door.

"Come in," I says, and stood up, primed for trouble.

The door opened. Here was a big-fisted feller. He ducked his head, his cap fell into his paw and out of it he fished a piece of paper. "I've come for the furniture," he explains, and shoved that paper at me.

I read it. "You've just been renting out this furniture, Mister Ficklestein?" I inquires. I seen the address—it was Second Avenue.

He grinned. "Do I look like a Ficklestein?" he answers. "Naw; I drive the van." Two more fellers'd come in by now. They was just as husky.

"There's Somebody Else That Wants to Thank You Too"

"Go ahead," I says. And I put my sombrero on top of my bad temper. They begun to juggle the chairs and rip up the carpet.

When they reached Second Avenue, there I was talking to Mister F——, a regular fatty. "Say! That's mighty nice furniture you sent over into the Forty-third Street house," I begun. I watched him careful.

"The lady what picked it out, she liked it," he says.

So! He was in with 'em! All right; I'd try another dodge.

I waited at the corner till that wagon-driver come past. The other two fellers wasn't with him. And when he seen me he jerked his head for me to climb aboard. I clumb.

"Well?" he inquires.

"Cleaned out—all but some chicken-feed."

"You don't mean it! Well, I've wondered why that load was rented just for two or three days."

"I can lift you," I explains.

"Gid-dap," he says, and jerks his horses' mouths.

"You ain't in on it," I goes on; "you are as square a looking Irishman as ever I seen."

"I've suspicioned. But—I've got a wife and two kids." He shut his lips tight.

"I understand," I says. "Because—well, there's Lutie." And I told him how things stood with me and the little girl.

He felt so bad that I made him pull up and git down for refreshments. He balked—didn't want me to spend a cent, you savvy. But I wouldn't take no.

"You're the man I got to count on," I says, "the next time that furniture goes a-visiting. And I guarantee it won't bring your family no bad luck."

He took a stein. I lined up at the free-lunch exhibit. It wouldn't be no mistake to lay in supplies.

Then we drove over to the stable where he kept his team and I helped him unhitch, and he told me his name was Mike and offered to loan me a fiver.

"Thank you," I says as I writ out the address where he could find me, "but I'll just sponge on the hotel till a certain friend of mine gits back to the city."

It was on my way home after leaving Mike that I heerd the bugle. You'll recollect that a rattlesnake's buzzer had a lot to do with my first good luck. Well, here comes a bugle. Root-toot-toot-toot! it went, sweet and clear as one of our meadow-larks out West. I come to a standstill. I was plumb prejudiced agin myself: I needed something to get my mind offen Alexander Frederick Cunningham May. And, anyhow, I allus did like soldiers.

I was turned back so's to ketch a first sight of the regiment, when round the next corner come a wagon. It was a small wagon with one seat. On the seat was a' old raggety feller. In the wagon-box behind was a pile of bottles and sacks. And he was flopping the lines on a poor, thin, disgusted-looking nag.

That critter was all humps and hollers. His hair was long and a kinda rusty black. His neck was thin and flabby and edged by a scraggly mane. His chest sunk in. His withers stood up like the ridgepole of a house. His tail hung discouraged.

"But, just the same," I says, "he looks good old California mustang to me."

Kept a' eye on him whilst I waited for the army boys. Just as the wagon come abreast of me the raggety gent on the seat put some kind of a musical dingus to his mouth and—Root-toot-toot-toot-toot!

He was the soldiers.

I was laughing at myself for being a champion darn fool when I seen there was a brand on the flank of that nag. He was a range horse, then! And he'd come down to jerkin' a junk-wagon! I didn't wonder he hung his head!

Next minute I was shouting like a red Injun, and clapping my hands and hiphopping. You'll think that free lunch'd went to my brain. And I reckon most of the people on the street wondered who's loony now. Answer is, I'd read that brand. And I'm a liar if it didn't belong to the outfit I'd been riding for—Keeler and Hicks! What's more, I knowed that mustang personal. He was a horse I'd straddled many a day—a grand cowhorse, extra fine in cutting out or roping. And if you wanted a little fun, why, just give him the high sign on his right shoulder and he'd buck four ways for Christmas. He'd been sold to a Wild West show—that's how he'd come to leave the foothills. When the show'd got all they wanted outen him they'd handed him over to a junk-wagon. And here was Bronc!

Just then the feller that was driving give the little horse a turrible whack.

"Here!" I yells, and made that wagon in one jump. "You stop that!" And I jerked the whip outen his hands.

He started some conversation then. Couldn't understand a word of it, though; but kinda gathered his drift.

"Get mad!" I says. "I don't care. You don't never touch this animal again. No, sir. How much is he worth?" And I rammed my hand into my right hind britches pocket.

Well, then I got mad. Here was a fine cattle-horse in trouble—and I couldn't do a blamed thing for him! I cussed my luck.

"You gotta cheek," says the feller on the wagon.

More cheek'n brains. That's right. And I et my crow. I handed back that whip. "Say! Don't be rough on him," I says. "He feels bad enough without being licked."

"He belonga to me," goes on the Eyetalian. And off he drives, leaving me on the sidewalk with about forty-'leven people looking me over and grinning.

And now for the second time in that one day Mister Alexander Frederick Cunningham May was Stealthy Steve. Because how could I let a' old friend get lost where I never could locate him again? I couldn't. I follered Rags-Bottles-Sacks.

Some time between six and seven o'clock he landed up in a vacant lot about one mile to the north. I watched him through a knothole in the high board fence that stretched all the way round the lot. He jerked off Bronc's harness, dumped some old musty-looking straw into a box—that was feed, mind y'!—and give the little horse a nice, hearty good-night kick.

I kept in my dander. And when he was gone I clumb the fence. Bronc was standing over that straw—but not eating. It'd been the same story for a good while, I reckon. Because his big brown eyes was clouded, and over each one, on each side of the star in his forehead, was a deep socket. That meant being starved.

"Oh, gosh, pardner!" I says.

He lifted his head to look at me and up come his two ears. Then his nostrils begun to flutter. "Huh-huh-huh-huh-huh!" he says, which is horse for "How-dy-do?"

That little nicker hurt me worse'n if he'd whirled and give me one good paste in the face with both his hind feet.

"Bronc," I says, "if you'll just keep up your spirits for a little while longer I'll try to help you. But just at present ——" I shook my head.

There was other horses in that lot, and wagons, and boxes, and boards with nails in 'em, and rusty tin cans, and broken bottles. The horses begun to come up and bother Bronc. I kept 'em herded off whilst he swallered a few mouthfuls. Then I give him a goodby pat and moseyed. I looked back at him from the top of the high fence. He was standing off to hisself, head down again, ears flopped, underlip drooping doleful.

I steered for Fifth Avenue then. Maybe Jim was home by now. "How about it?" I says to that scary old lady.

"No!" Slam!

I struck downstreet to my hotel. And when I reached it—I went and made another kind of a fool outen myself. I told the hotel clerk I'd been cleaned out.

"That's too bad," he says. "Because, you see, you ain't got much baggage; and—and ——"

I fired right up and asked: "You mean you can't trust me?"

"Ain't you found out that everybody can't be trusted in New York?"

He had me there.

"How'd it happen?" he inquires.

"I can lift you."

I packed that soft shirt and the toothbrush. "You don't mind if I leave my valise here behind your counter, do you?" I says to him.

No; because that's what I'd have to do. I owed one night's rent. "And, by the way, there's a telegram here for you," he says.

I ripped it open. It read: "Ore specimens assay twenty-two hundred to ton. Thompson."

Well, that put some starch into me! "Reckon you'll change your mind about me staying," I says to the clerk, and handed him the message.

He read it, smiled and shook his head. "There's a telegram game too," he says.

I left.

Got word to Lutie first, though. But not by the tick-machine. No; I used some of the stylish hotel paper. And writ seven pages of good news.

With no money on hand, there was just one little old place in New York where Andy'd be welcome—that bench in the park. I pulled my sombrero down and made for it. And pretty soon the picked chicken was on his perch for the night.

It was a good thing that night was hot. It saved me from being chased to my feet by the police and I didn't run no chance of ketching cold. When it got pretty late I buttoned my coat and put my bandanna round my neck. Before I went to sleep I happened to think that some itchy-fingered gent might figger I had money on me and try to get it. Well, I didn't want to be disturbed. So I just turned all my pockets inside out.

Next morning I felt better. "Andy," I says to myself, "there ain't no call to get discouraged and commit susancide. You're rich, only your money's tied up, so to speak. Well, go to work."

But I couldn't land a good job if I looked like I'd slept in my clothes. I must wash and comb and sorta tidy up. That's the ticket! But where? Some big park. Because every big park's got a fountain. Yes, there was one in Central Park. I legged it for that fountain.

When I come up to it there was a' automobile waiting clost by, with a dandified looking shuffer at the plow-handle. Not far away was a young lady walking up and down, up and down, and reading aloud from some sheets of paper she had in one hand. She was nice dressed and had on a hat with one big feather that stood straight up behind like the tail of a spunky squirrel.

I didn't like the idear of making my twilight in front of said young lady—specially as she kept a' eye on me from the minute I showed up. But I was hungry and so I went right ahead—took off my hat, untied my bandanna, turned in my shirt-collar and washed. Then I combed, and shook my coat, and shined up my boots with some wet grass.

Here was when I noticed that the honk hack was gone. But the young lady was still walking up and down—close to the fountain now—and she give me a' awful keen look oncet or twicet. Then, just as I was starting away, I heerd a little cry. I turned. Them leaves of paper was fluttering outen her hands. She was fainting.

I got to her just as she touched the ground. There she was, in a little crumpled-up heap, looking awful pretty. I kneeled down. She opened her eyes—big gray eyes.

"Could you help me as far as the theayter?" she whispered.

She was a' actress!

"Why, a-course," I says, and lifted her up. "Wouldn't you like to bathe your face at the fountain?"

No; she wouldn't.

A' actress! Well, I couldn't help but wonder what'd happen to me next. Never mind. I picked up the paper she'd been reading and we started slow, she holding to my arm like she was afraid I'd escape.

We come to a stop at a ground-floor door about fifteen blocks away. As she pulled it open I hung back. "So long, Miss," I says. "Hope you'll feel better right away."

"Oh, please come in!" she says. "My manager will want to thank you."

I went in. A little red-faced man met us. "Miss Beryl," he begun, cross as the letter X, "rehearsal was called for ten-thirty. It ain't a high-noon function."

She led him a little to one side. "Look at it!" I heerd her say. "It's a find!" Then: "Faint to get it" and "It's just what we been looking for."

The red-faced man come over to me. "You're from the West?" he says. "Likely as not from the very part of the country where this play, Borderland, is laid. Was you never on the stage?"

"Not this kind of a stage," I says. I begun to edge toward the door. I was hungry.

Well, he'd took one feller outen Borderland because nobody'd been found that could act it. But—would I like to try?—that is, if I could throw a rope.

"Boss," I answers, "I ain't a man that brags. Take this as a plain statement of facts: I can do about everything with a rope that punchers generally do."

Grand! And now about salary. Would twenty-five do?

I shook my head. Twenty-five! Why, Keeler and Hicks had paid me forty.

"Well," red-face goes on, "how about thirty-five a week?"

A week? Thirty-five a week! Say! you could 'a' knocked me down with Miss Beryl's hat feather!

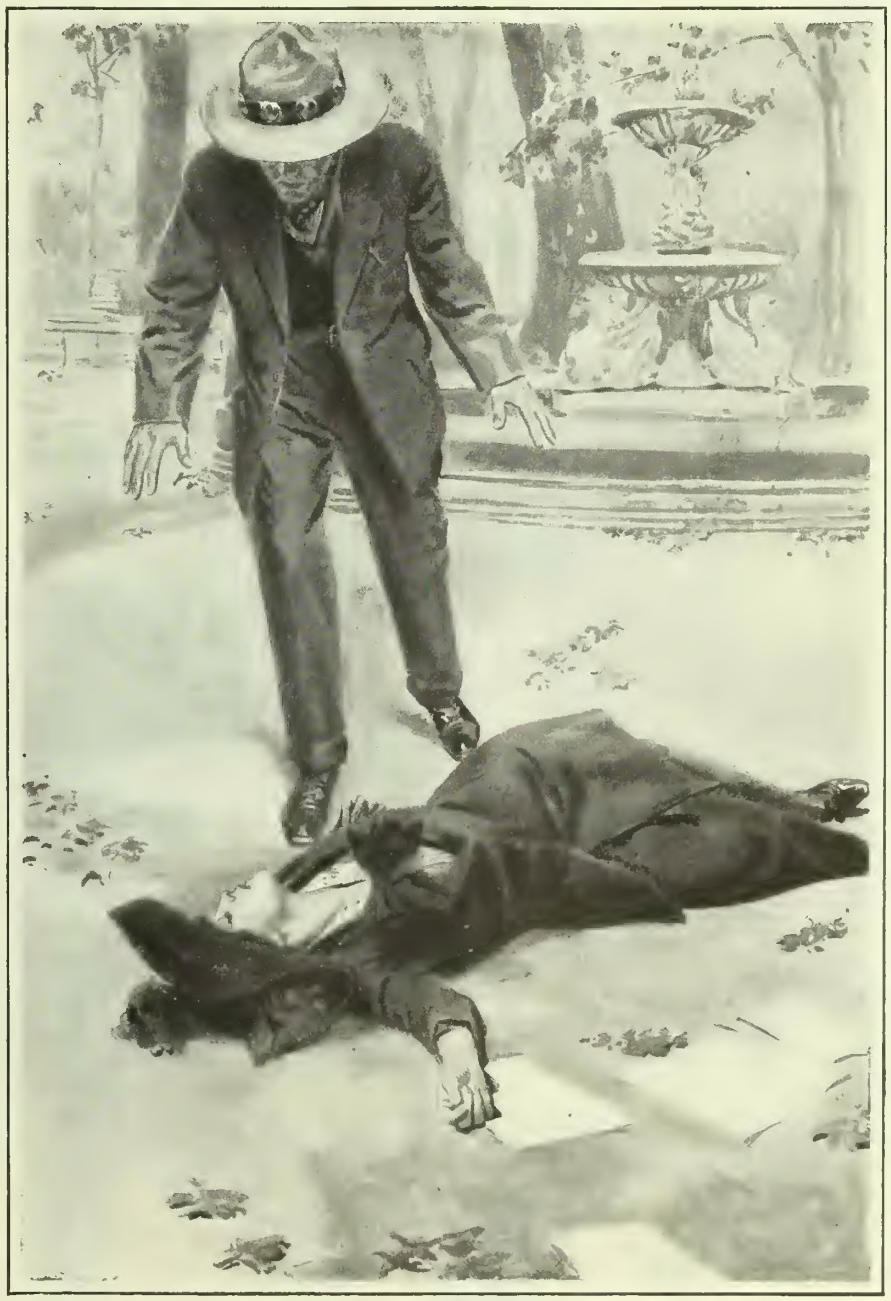
"Oh," I says, careless, "I reckon I can scrape along on that!"

"But, hold on," he says; "we can't use you unless you can get the right kind of a horse."

This is where I forgot I was hungry. "Oh, I can get the horse!" I come back. "There's a first-class one right here in town."

"All right. Get it."

"Shore. Put it there, boss." And we shook hands on the bargain. Though, the next minute, blamed if I knowed how I was going to get Bronc.



There She Was, in a Little Crumpled-Up Heap, Looking Awful Pretty

"And now," he says, "just watch this rehearsal and I'll show you the place where you'll gallop in and snoot up the town, and lasso the villain, and rescue the heroine outen the river—I mean the tank. Tomorrow morning you must bring your horse, because tomorrow night's the first performance."

That rehearsal was a circus. It was all about Montana as it used to wasn't. And Miss Beryl was the bra-a-ave daughter of a crippled scout—a' oldish man dressed up in muskrat skins. She had a best feller, a nice tall gent that give me a cigar—I made a light dinner on that cigar! And there was a bad man, a dudey gezaba, that giggled at me when I done my part on foot. "Gosh!" I says to myself; "it'll tickle me to rope you." Then there was Injuns that'd never been west of Buffalo and cowboys that'd never saw a cow.

Went through Borderland about forty-'leven times and I got the ground-plan of that theayter down fine: Act I—I ride acrost the stage, shooting up at the roof and yelping; Act II—I advance as far as a knothole in the floor and lasso the villain; Act III—I stop six feet further front and throw my rope to the drownding heroine.

"Splendid!" says Miss Beryl. Say, she was a' awful pleasant little woman.

When I was through for the day I took in my belt a few notches and headed toward Mike's livery stable. I was as holler as a drum by now, and ready to borrow, you bet. But a fiver wouldn't do. No; I'd have to have enough to buy Bronc.

Got there too late. Mike'd came and went. And they didn't know his address.

"What's your terms for a box-stall and just the best feed on the market?" I inquires. "It's for a trick-horse that's in this play Borderland."

"Thirty-five," says the stable gent.

"A month?"—I didn't want no misunderstanding.

"Yes, a month."

"Then I'll bring the horse tonight. And I'll take a big, warm bran mash to start in with."

I waited till dark come on. Along down the middle of New York dark don't matter, because nobody ever sees it.

But over in the neighborhood of a certain vacant lot —— Well, you won't hardly believe it, but me, a man that's allus classed cattle-rustling alongside of murder, *was agoing to turn horsethief!*

It was midnight. I felt like the bad man in the play. By now I'd ketched on to the fact that my hat and bandanna give me away wherever I went. So they was stuffed into my shirtfront—to fill that turrible gap. I traveled north.

There was a lock on the door leading into that vacant lot. I worked at the staples till I had 'em loose. Then I creeped in. Was afraid I'd have a time locating Bronc. But I felt my way over to the corner where I'd saw him last. And there he was. I knowed his ribs.

We hiked south along the nearest dark street, me walking and leading.

It was past two before Bronc reached that box-stall. He was tired and I had to bring him slow. But he pricked up his ears when he smelt that mash, you bet, and went for it double-quick. I sit by and watched him—and chawed up a little oats myself.

When the little horse was done eating there was some work to do. You savvy the clipper? Well, sir, that's what I used. And by four o'clock that morning Bronc the black was Bronc the blue-roan, more humpy and full of hollers than ever, and with a dozen old scars showing on him—the marks of saddle, quirt and spur, and the burns left by a quick-running rope.

After the clipping come the roaching, and Bronc's mane was trimmed neat—rounding over the crest and shorter just behind the ears and in front of the withers. And it was goodby to his forelock. That Eyetalian never would 'a' knowed him now! Then I turned him on to a bed that was three feet deep with straw, give him some hay, laid myself down in one corner and snoozed.

I was up early. Bronc needed some more fancy touches—a scrubbing with soapsuds first; a good currying and rubbing down afterward. Mike come and he helped me—him working on one side, me on the other. And when we was done the little horse just shined!

Another good thing that happened was breakfast. Yes, and a swim and a shave and a clean collar. Then I put a

(Continued on Page 37)

LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOPGIRL

By Berton Braley

DECORATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

SAY, Mamie, I met just the dandiest feller
Down at the dancin' pavilion last night;
Dresses as swell as the swellest—or sweller—
Say, he is THERE; he is strictly all right.
Dance? He can dance like a spielin' professor;
Two-step or waltz—he's the best in the land.
Have I a crush? You're a good little guesser.
Honestly, Mamie, he's Perfectly Grand!

Mamie, he's there with the smooth conversation,
Easy and bright—but he doesn't get gay.
Talks like he had just a grand education,
My, but the cleverest things he can say!
Still, he is always so nice in his manners,
All of the "rough stuff" is totally canned;
Maybe he's one of these oxygen fanners—
Nevertheless he is Perfectly Grand!

Mamie, his front name is Spanish—it's Terence;
"Terence O'Shea"—he's a Frenchman, I think.
Say, but I'm glad it ain't Algy or Clarence—
Guys with them monakers drives me to drink.
Mamie—Aw, gee! Gotto wait on a lady;
Sometimes this job of mine's more'n I can stand!
But take it from Nettie, Miss Mamie O'Grady,
Terence O'Shea is just Perfectly Grand!

II

I went to the Firemen's Cotillion
With Mamie and Jennie and May;
The rough-necks was there by the million,
But—so was young Terence O'Shea.
He danced with me—seven grand waltzes—
And when the bunch got in a row
He said, "It's a shame; sure, you shouldn't have came,
And we'll have to get out o' this now."

Then he says to us girls: "If you'll mind me
I'll take you clean out of this fight,
Keep together and follow behind me"—
And he walloped a guy with his right,
And his fists made a path as we beat it;
You bet we was right where he led,
Till we crossed the whole floor and was out of the door
With the moon shinin' down overhead.

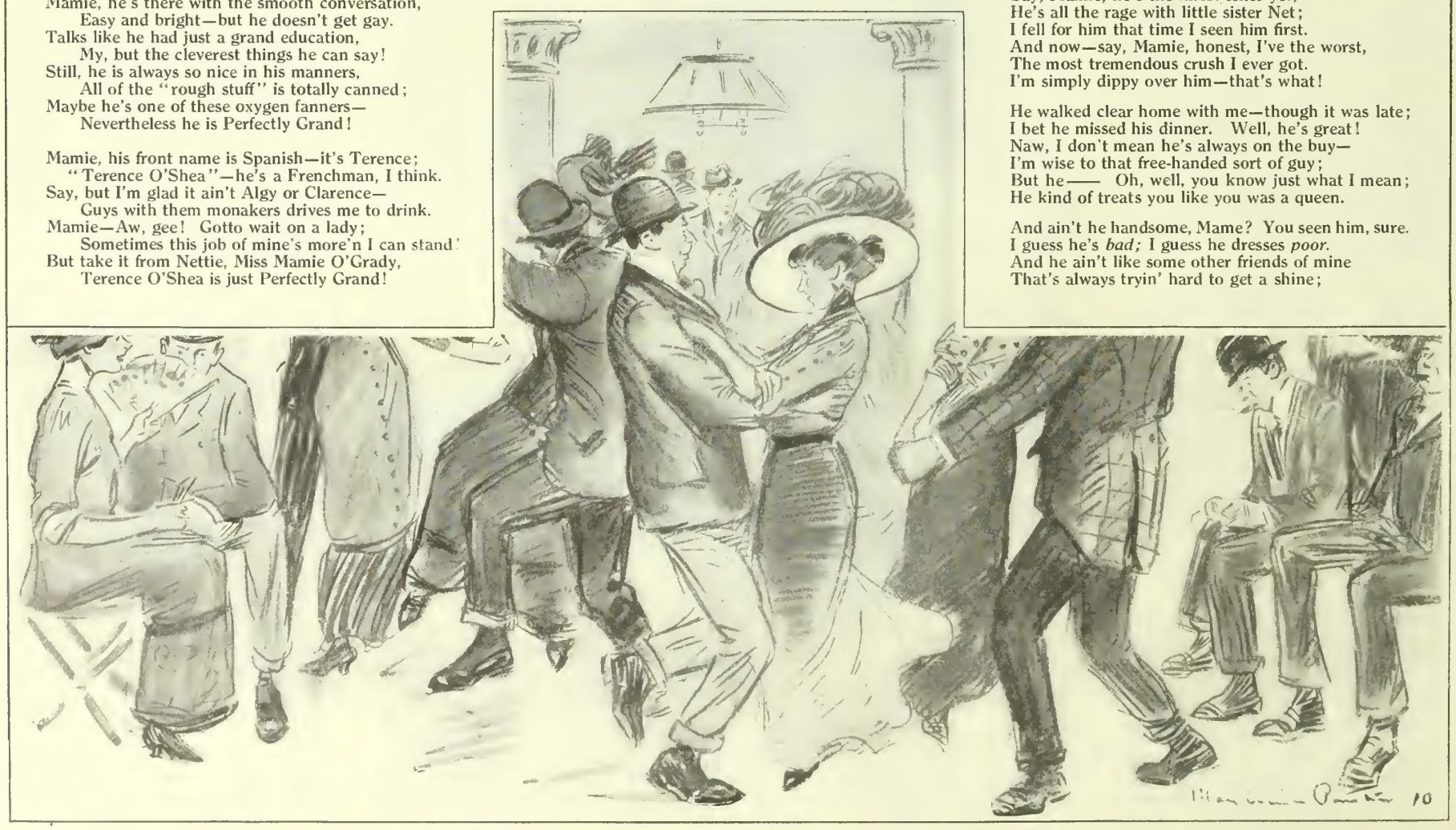
And he says to me special: "Them dances
Ain't fit for a girl of your style;
You shouldn't be takin' such chances—
Cut 'em out, little one, for a while.
And, say—if I wait at the entrance
When the store closes Monday, Miss Net,
And your work is all through, can I walk home with you?"
I giggled and answered, "You bet!"

III

Say, Mamie, he's the finest feller yet,
He's all the rage with little sister Net;
I fell for him that time I seen him first.
And now—say, Mamie, honest, I've the worst,
The most tremendous crush I ever got.
I'm simply dippy over him—that's what!

He walked clear home with me—though it was late;
I bet he missed his dinner. Well, he's great!
Naw, I don't mean he's always on the buy—
I'm wise to that free-handed sort of guy;
But he—— Oh, well, you know just what I mean;
He kind of treats you like you was a queen.

And ain't he handsome, Mame? You seen him, sure.
I guess he's *bad;* I guess he dresses *poor.*
And he ain't like some other friends of mine
That's always tryin' hard to get a shine;



He never hits the booze; his cash he blows
For scenery and dances and for shows!

And, Mame, he's goin' to take me to a show
If ma is only willin' I should go—
He wouldn't hear of takin' me unless
My mother knew about it and said, "Yes"—
And did she? Well, you bet your boots she did—
I'd like to see her try to stop me, kid.

IV

Say, Mamie, pipe the rose I'm wearin'—well?
You see it's on my heart—the proper spot.
I want to state that that new friend I've got
Knows how to treat a lady somethin' swell.
He doesn't spend so *much;* but you can tell,
The *way* he spends it, he's been round a lot
And knows the things to do, and what is what.
Ain't it just simply lovely, Mamie? Smell!

And, Mamie, listen!—How? What's that you said?
I've kept you waiting, madam? Pawdon me,
I *awsked* you what you wished; you shook your head,
And so I thought—I understood—you see—
Three yahds, you say?—Wait, Mamie, till we eat;
I'll tell you what he said to me, complete.

V

What'll I wear, Mamie? What'll I wear?
I'm goin' tonight to the show.
What sort of style will I do up my hair—
With a band or a comb or a bow?
Do you think I should go like I would to a dance
Or more like I wear in the store?
I'm scared half to death and I daren't take a chance—
I never went this way before.

For Terence is doin' the caper just grand;
Two seats, right downstairs near the front,
Where the dresses is all the decolette brand
And a opera cloak is the stunt.
But ma says I dassen't wear dresses like that—
Though my shoulders *is* better than *some*—
And I ain't got a opera cloak or a hat,
And I'll look like a kyke from a slum.

I wonder if Terence will wish I'd not came!
He's always so swell and so fine.
But, still, he must know I'm no millionaire dame
With duds full of jewels that shine.
So I guess I'll just put on my lavender suit
And I hope it'll please him all right;
He seen it just once and he said it was cute—
But I *know* I will look like a fright!

VI

Terence, these is dandy seats.
Say, you're awful good to me,
Flowers, shows and fancy eats—
You do spend your money free;
Just the same I think that we—
You, I mean—should save your dough,
So we'd have—I mean—— Oh, gee!
Ain't this just a dandy show?

Watch the little guy who beats
On the drum! Say, honest, he
Hops like Jersey shore mosqueets
Or a busy little flea.
Terence, pipe that bunch of three
In the third box, second row;
Fattest folks I ever see.
Ain't this just a dandy show?

O-oh! that villain; how he cheats!
Ain't it fierce?—his villainy?
When that hero guy he meets
He'll get his right suddenly.
There's the leadin' lady; she
Ain't so awful pretty, though.
Now we'll have some tragedy!
Ain't this just a dandy show?

L'ENVOI

Terence, you're the goods, machree!
And I had to tell you so.
It was grand as it could be—
It was just a dandy show!

VII

Hello! Yes, this is Nettie. Yep!
How are you, Terence? Sure, I'm wise;
I recognized you by your step
And by the twinkle in your eyes.
Aw, quitcher jollyin'—I ain't!
Aw, now, go on; you beat the Dutch!
You'd try the patience of a saint—
You know my looks ain't such a much

What? No, I don't. I never did.
I say I don't! Nope, not a bit.
Well, yes, I kind of like you, kid,
Now that I come to think of it.
Say, Terence, tell me where I stand.
What's that? Oh, gee! that listens good.
Say, honest, Terence, you're just grand—
I want that strictly understood.

Aw, keep out, Central! What you say?
We can't be spoonin' on the 'phone?
Now, don't be gettin' quite so gay;
You just leave our affairs alone.
Hello, there, Terence, ain't that nerve?
Them Central girls is much too flip,
And if they got what they deserve
They'd be more careful with their lip.

The dance tonight? Why, sure thing, hon.
I wouldn't miss it for the world;
It will be simply loads of fun.
I'll be there, with my bangs all curled.
I've got new scenery you'll like—
I think it ought to please your eye;
And I'll be dressed on time, sure Mike!
Get that one, honey? Well, goodby!

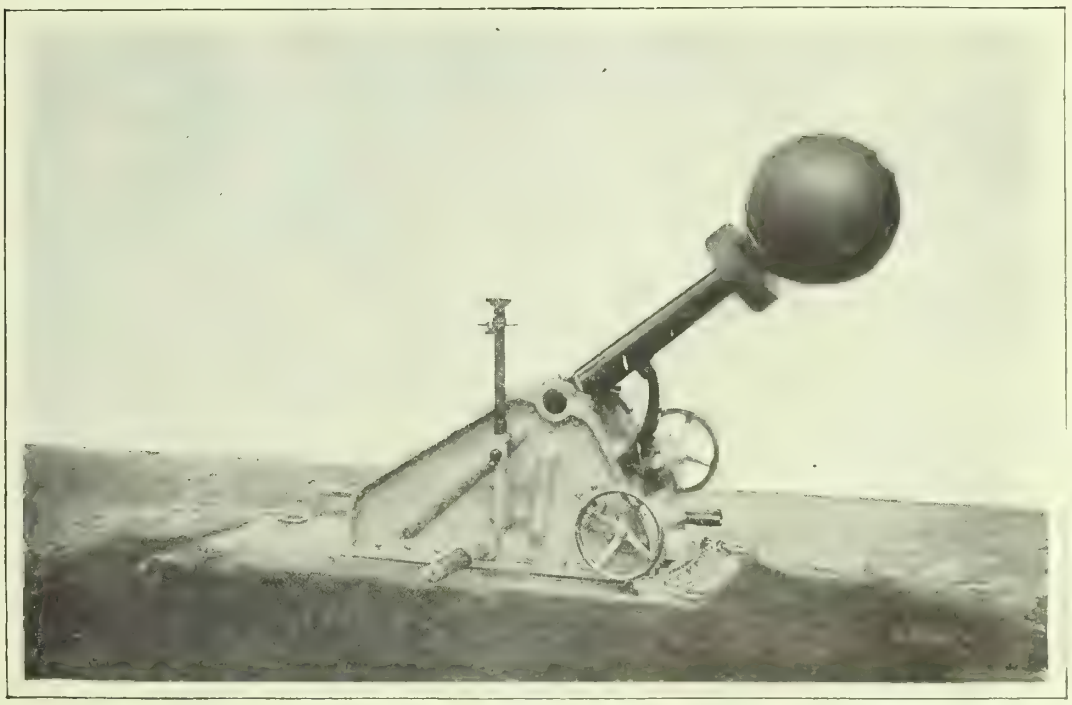
VIII

When we get up for a spiel
Words can't express how I feel.
My joy so intense is I'm out of my senses, my brain's
in a heavenly reel!

(Continued on Page 48)

FIGHTING IN THE AIR

Then the air was filled with shouting,
And there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies,
Grappling in the central blue.
—TENNYSON.



Krupp Gasbomb on the Gun, Ready to Fire—Emplacement Mount

By J. W. MITCHELL

IT WAS bold, even in a poet, to make such a prediction more than half a century ago. Even in the last decade, when the first flights of heavier-than-air machines were being made, it would have seemed premature to think of the practical application of aeronautics in warfare inside of another twenty-five years; but so rapid has been the advance of aeroplaning that now the only question about the date when aeroplanes will be applied to warfare is the question as to when the next war will occur.

That aeroplanes and dirigibles will be used in warfare is accepted by all authorities; and yet there are few subjects about which there has been so much wild speculation and where the material facts have been so ignored. The limitations of both aeroplanes and dirigibles are quite decided; yet military critics who are capable of judging say that in their respective spheres they will be extremely useful. These same critics agree, too, that aeronautics will not put an end to war—for some time, at any rate. It is visionary to speak of any invention as making war too horrible to be practiced. War has been growing more destructive ever since primitive man first thought to tie a stone to the end of his warclub. The latest development of high-power guns and smokeless powder—this powder is one of the most disconcerting inventions of modern war—have not served to affect the clash of armed Powers except to widen the field of hostilities.

Professor Langley, one of the pioneers of mechanical flight, said of aerial navigation at a time when such navigation was still a dream: "It is to be supposed that the first application of this science will come in the arts of war rather than in those of peace. At the same time, when the movements of each party will be known to the other, when no line of forts or defenses will keep out the invading foe, the difficulties of defending a country against an enemy in the air will become so great that we may hope it will hasten rather than retard the day when war shall cease."

The difficulties rather than the horrors of aviation will bring nations eventually to expect the abolition of war. Both navy and army officers and some aerial experts agree that the aeroplane is weak in offensive force. At the same time army officers say it will be effective against the navy and naval officers say it will be effective against the army. It is rather like the case of the German and the Frenchman in The Murders in the Rue Morgue. The Frenchman thought the murderer talked German and the German was sure he talked French.

Brilliant aviators like Glenn Curtiss, Walter Brookins and C. K. Hamilton speak of an aeroplane as being able to put a warship out of action. Some army critics like General Nelson A. Miles and General W. A. Jones, who watched the aeroplane maneuvers at Atlantic City, say that the airship has sounded the knell of the navy and that battleships are already obsolescent. On the other hand, such an expert in high explosives as Hudson Maxim, who is fully in touch with aeronautics, says that an aeroplane could do little material damage to a battleship. He says that a few disfigured decks and dented superstructures are the worst that could be expected from an aerial bombardment.

Glenn Curtiss found by experiment that he could drop oranges from a height of three hundred feet so accurately that about seventy-five per cent of his shots were hits on a horizontal target as big as the deck of a battleship. Lieutenant-Commander Sweet, the expert for the Navy Department on the now extinct Airship Board, said that Curtiss might as well drop oranges as dynamite for all the harm he would do a battleship.

General Fred Grant, when he was coming to take command of the Department of the East, went so far as to say that the aeroplane was not a serious factor in warfare at all and would need the development of another decade before it would be so considered.

Frederic Villers, now Sir Frederic, England's most distinguished living war correspondent, says he would seriously advise Canada, which contemplates building a navy of its own, to put the money into aeronautics, as the next war will be decided in the air.

In view of what already has been done by flying machines and of the obvious facts of naval and aeronautic construction, it seems clear that the true verdict lies between the two extremes. Probably no aeroplane will ever be able to "blow a battleship out of the water," though "blow it under the water" would be a more exact term. At the same time it is possible that it might make a

battleship uninhabitable, say through the poisonous fumes of gasbombs. No dirigible could ever drop a large load of explosives, for if she did she would dart up and burst; but both aeroplanes and dirigibles have their uses in warfare, and it is only when the pinch comes that their capabilities will be fully developed.

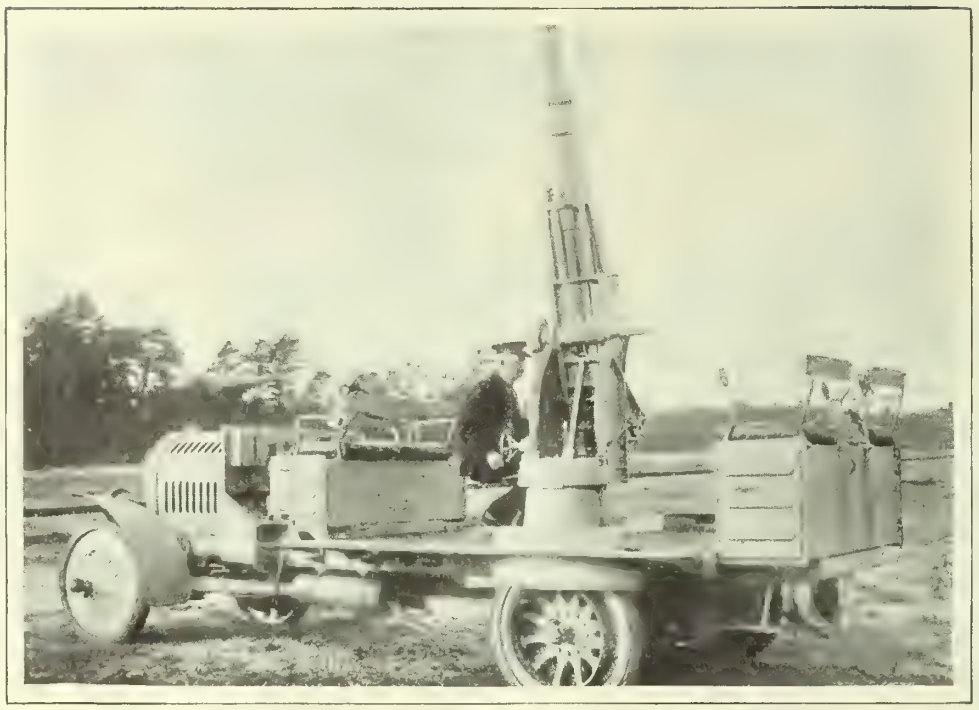
One thing in favor of the aeroplane that seems to have been overlooked by most writers is its cheapness. There will not be just one aviator operating Davidlike against the Goliath of a fleet, but there will be a swarm of aeroplanes stinging a monster to death with tiny stings. It is to be recollected that the price of a ten-million-dollar Dreadnought would furnish two thousand aeroplanes at the current price of five thousand dollars, and the manufacturing price is much cheaper. It would take two and a half times the crew of a Dreadnought to operate such an aerial fleet, but war is reckless of the individual. Men are cheaper than horses. Possibly, with a hundred or more aeroplanes operating against a battleship and operating out of harm's way, they would inflict serious damage. Pursuing this method of attack, aeroplanes might be likened to a swarm of soldier-ants pulling down a buffalo.

The United States now owns but a single aeroplane, one that was bought from the Wright brothers in 1909. Of the three army officers trained to fly this machine, but one is retained on duty with it. He is Lieutenant Benjamin D. Foulois. His view of what an aeroplane can do, even as it is developed now, may be taken as the opinion of an expert and covers the field very fully from an army standpoint. He says:

"The speedier the machine, the better it will be able to overcome the high winds. When we have an aeroplane capable of making approximately seventy-five miles an hour—and we will have them within a couple of years—then we will have a thoroughly practical military machine.

"With slight modifications this machine will be capable of carrying at least two or three operators, a wireless telegraph set, a photographic outfit, and, for offensive and defensive purposes, a light machine gun or weapons of similar character.

"The above is my ideal of the future practical military aeroplane, and all my efforts are going to be exerted along lines tending to such development."



German Balloon-Gun on an Automobile Mount. Max A. R. Brunner—Ingénieur

The Aeroplane's Limitations in Warfare

"I DO not believe that the present generation will ever see a flying machine develop into a fighting machine of the first class—that is, a fighting machine capable of coping with the present-day battleship or any other fighting vessel of the first class.

"The conditions vital to the operation of a flying machine are directly opposed to its extensive use as a fighting machine. The most important of these are its limited weight-carrying capacity, its high initial velocity necessary to sustain it in the air, the high altitude at which it must fly to keep out of the danger zone, the unknown wind velocities between the aeroplane and its target; and, if it is operating against a moving target, the unknown speed of the target introduces another vital factor against its use for fighting purposes.

"The recent tests that have been conducted all over the country in dropping imaginary bombs have only served to show the futility of an encounter between the flying machine and the battleship. Most of these tests have been conducted at such extremely low altitudes that, under service conditions, the machines and operators would have been shot to pieces before they would have had an opportunity to drop a single explosive.

"If, in these tests, real explosives had been employed the experimenters would have learned very quickly that an explosive must have considerable weight and contain a large amount of explosive material to do any damage.

"This question of weight immediately limits the number of explosives that can be carried and consequently limits the number of hits. If light explosives are carried the chances of making more hits on the target will not be materially increased, as there will be greater deflection of the projectile due to the unknown air currents between the aeroplane and the target. The lighter-weight explosives will also do less damage to the target.

"The determining of the speed of an aeroplane in flight is at the present time mere guesswork, except when taken over a measured course; and until mechanical means are provided to measure this speed the chances of hitting a target of the dimensions of a battleship are slight.

"A flying machine must fly high to keep out of the danger zone of rapid-fire guns, field artillery and small arms. This safe zone will not be less than three thousand feet and probably higher, as aerial ordnance improves to meet the new conditions. The higher the flying machine is compelled to operate the less chance it has to do damage to a moving battleship or other target.

"So much for the use of the flying machine as an offensive weapon employed against a fighting machine on the water.

"Its use as a fighting weapon against troops in the field or against fortifications is also limited Dropping explosives from flying machines upon fortifications would simply result in digging small holes in the parapets and probably killing a few men, without doing any material damage to the armament.

"The problem of protection against vertical fire on permanent or field fortifications will require but slight modification in the present system of military engineering, and such modification will render the attack of flying machines practically useless.

"The mere presence of flying machines over troops in the field will have more effect upon their morale and discipline than any physical damage caused by the use of explosives. The mere fact that aerial observers are above them, watching and reporting every move, will be much more disconcerting to troops in the field than having explosives dropped among them. Seasoned troops are trained to fire conditions, and the slight damage caused by vertical fire with its limited danger zone will have no effect on the ultimate outcome of a battle.

"Flying machines are equally at a disadvantage in fighting against land forces as against those on the sea. They must fly in high altitudes for their own safety. Even the air currents over the land are less uniform than over the sea, thus increasing the difficulties of hitting targets on land.

"There are numerous minor offensive operations in which an aeroplane fleet could be employed, such as making swift raids on lines of communication, destroying important bridges, or dropping fire shells upon important depots where large quantities of supplies are stored.

"Work of this character, to be effective, would necessitate the employment of a large number of machines.

"The one prime military use of the aeroplane will be in the service of reconnaissance."

Airship Board That Passed on the Purchases of the Dirigible and the Aeroplane for the Signal Corps—Lieutenant Frederick E. Humphreys (Retired), Lieutenant Benjamin D. Foulois, Major C. McK. Saltzman, Major George O. Squier, Lieutenant Richard B. Creecy (Marine Corps), Lieutenant-Commander G. C. Sweet (U. S. N.), Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm

When the Aeroplane is Useful

"FROM a military standpoint this use of the aeroplane will make it an extremely valuable auxiliary weapon in time of war. Within the last ten or fifteen years the conduct of war has been reduced to an exact science.

"The days when a general led his men in person have passed. Today the general sits miles in the rear of the firing line at a table, with a map of the theater of action laid out before him. Upon this map are represented his own troops and those of the enemy, showing their locations and numbers.

"The battle lines today of an army in the field often cover a frontage of forty or fifty miles and the commander-in-chief, at his headquarters, miles to the rear, is kept in constant touch with his large command by means of the telegraph and telephone maintained by the signal corps. As information arrives from the front relative to the movements of the enemy or his own troops the commander-in-chief dictates his orders accordingly, rearranges on the map the disposition of his own or the enemy's troops—and the war game goes on like a game of chess.

"Without a reliable map of the theater of action and reliable information of the enemy's movements and dispositions, a commander-in-chief is helpless and is doomed to defeat or serious losses if operating against an aggressive enemy. In order to secure the necessary information of the movements, dispositions and numbers of his enemy, a commander-in-chief has heretofore depended primarily on his cavalry; and upon the signal corps devolves the important duty of transmitting this information without delay to the commander-in-chief.

"In active operations the cavalry of an army operates several days' march in advance of the main army, gathering up every bit of information it can find as regards the enemy's movements. One of the first duties of cavalry is to gain contact with the enemy and then keep in touch as long as possible.

"In the future, the aeroplane will have located the enemy miles ahead of the cavalry; and this information will be sent back by wireless, thus furnishing to the commanding general the information he needs hours ahead of the old methods. As the opposing armies draw closer together the cavalry meets more resistance to its operations directly in front of the army and must transfer its activities to the flanks.

"The aeroplane will then be able to render most valuable service by keeping the commanding general constantly informed of the enemy's movements directly in front; and on account of its high speed it will also keep him informed of any movements threatening his flanks. With improved photographic apparatus, the aeroplane will be able to traverse large areas and return with a good bird's-eye view of the theater of action, which will be of great value.

"When necessity demands, the aeroplane will be invaluable in delivering dispatches and transporting staff officers, or commanding officers, from one point to another in the theater of action. It will be invaluable in locating hostile artillery, hidden from the view of the opposing troops, and in many other ways it will demonstrate its value in the service of military security and information.

"In summing up the uses of the aeroplane in warfare, it might be well to remember that flying machines will not be confined to one army alone.

"Both forces will be equipped with machines; and in the wars of the future we shall see the newest feature in warfare—the battle for control of the air. This will take place as the preliminary move in the commanding general's game of chess, and the result of this encounter will have a very vital effect on his future moves. If his aerial scouts are defeated in this preliminary encounter the remainder of the enemy's aerial fleet will have no difficulty in watching and reporting upon his slightest movements.

"From the fact that the aerial battle is as certain as war, it is also certain that the military aeroplane must be developed along lines to meet this future phase of warfare. It must be capable of flying in high winds at any time.

"The more weight-carrying capacity and the greater speed, the better the machine for military purposes. Light machine guns, or guns of similar character, will be depended upon for use in offensive work against the opposing aerial fleet. The crew of each machine must all be skilled aviators, sharpshooters, wireless operators and photographers. Thus, in case one man is disabled, the all-important work of reconnaissance can be still carried on."

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Shooting From an Aeroplane. Lieutenant Jacob Karl Fickel, of the Twenty-ninth Infantry

Dirigibles

THERE has been much more done abroad than in America in the application of aeronautics to war. Europe has had almost a decade the start of us in dirigible balloons and it begins to look as though we had ten years the best of her in the expense of the experiment. Without casting undue reflection on the dirigible balloon, it has quite narrow limitations and as a vehicle of the air seems to have reached its maximum development. The United States owns one tiny dirigible, that bought from Captain Thomas S. Baldwin in 1908, and the chances are that it will never own another.

In Europe both France and Germany have exerted themselves in developing aerial fleets of the dirigible type. Many of them have met with accidents, some of them have been lost altogether, and it is probable that none of them will ever fulfill altogether the hard requirements of field service. The Patrie, of France, "ran away" in 1907 after a reasonably successful flight to Verdun, in which she covered one hundred and seven miles. She went out toward the north Atlantic and was seen no more except during a hurried stop in Ireland, where she left a part of her driving gear.

The Republique was lost the following year. A blade flew off one of her propellers, ripped open the envelope and she fell, killing four officers.

Germany has developed a rigid type of dirigible in the Zeppelin, of which five have been built. Of these two were burned, one was wrecked by a windstorm and the others have met with accidents almost every time they have been taken out. Germany has not confined herself to the rigid type of dirigible, having several of the Gross and Parseval types, which are nonrigid and semirigid.

The virtue of the dirigible from a war standpoint is its weight-carrying capacity. The Zeppelin stands at the head of the list, carrying four tons. From this they grade down to a few hundred pounds; the Baby of England and Dirigible No. 1 of this country carry this weight.

The drawback to the craft is its extreme fragility and its lack of speed. It is apparent that any machine that has to be lighter than the air it floats in must be delicate for its bulk. Also the best that even the enormously powerful Zeppelins can do in still air is thirty-five miles an hour. Traveling with the wind, of course, they do better, but it is hard for them to fight against even a moderate storm. They are safest in the air and when they alight they need and usually have special housing accommodations. It will readily be seen that in wartime, when operating in an enemy's country, they could not have these safeguards.

It is impossible to drop even a light load from a dirigible without disturbing its very unstable equilibrium. In the big Zeppelins, with their two-hundred-horse-power engines, even the loss of gasoline fuel forces them to liberate a large amount of hydrogen to make up for the difference in "lift." In the Zeppelins that have been built later there is a special arrangement for burning this otherwise wasted hydrogen in the motors, which is an appreciable saving; but it indicates how delicate must be the adjustment of the monsters.

Major George O. Squier, the aeronautic expert of the American Signal Corps, has worked out a theoretical scheme for dropping heavy loads of explosives from balloons. He would tow one or more balloons behind the dirigible like a line of coal barges behind a tugboat. Each balloon and its load could be cut away by the pressure of a button in the dirigible. The towed balloon would shoot up and be lost, but the load of explosives would be dropped effectively.

The advent of aeronautics into warfare exposes a new and vulnerable point. War is not, as a rule, fought by the men who declare it. The days when Cœur de Lion and the Black Prince headed their forces in the field, and sought trouble personally, are past. Wars now are declared by kings and parliaments, and there usually are thousands of men between the ruler who is declaring and the frontier where the fighting is going on. At the worst, with the defeat of the defending force, the ruler has ample time to take a private car for the opposite frontier.

This situation is changing with the development of aeronautics. Frontiers, fortresses and armies can no longer keep out the foe. A daring party of aerial raiders can at any time threaten the capital of a hostile country; and when a ruler or a national legislature realizes the imminent possibility of having a cartload of dynamite dropped down its chimney, or the roof blown off its palace, the personal factor may enter and war be discouraged.

General James Allen, chief signal officer of the army, still believes in the future of the dirigible balloon. Said he: "We are ten years behind Europe with the development of the dirigible. We ought to build one more at any rate and see what we can do with it; in fact, I think we will build at least one more. Germany still has faith in the development of the dirigible and she knows all there is now to know about aeroplanes. There is one thing about the dirigible that makes it necessary for the Government to handle experiments with it: it is too big and costly a machine for anything but a Government to own.

"Aeroplanes are cheap. We can buy all we want of them or build all we want. Of course you have to have the men to handle them, but there are hundreds of young men in this country who would not ask anything better than to take a chance with one.

"There is no use speculating as to what you would do if aerial navigation were practical. It is practical. It is here, and verily the pipe-dreamer has come into his own. When we go to using aeroplanes it will not be a question of a few; we will use them in swarms. I see that an aeroplane has already carried five men four passengers and an operator. This is just what has actually been done. There is no telling to what point they will develop. I should say, when we have to build them or buy them in quantities, that fifteen hundred dollars, or at the most two thousand dollars, is about what they will cost. Say that you have five million dollars to put into aeroplanes for military work. Let us see what you can do with it. Even at two thousand dollars each you can put twenty-five hundred of them into commission. Say they carry five men each, at from forty to fifty miles an hour, that gives you the quickest sort of transportation for twelve thousand five hundred men. Suppose you load them with explosives instead of extra men. The dead weight you can carry figures at one million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds—and it will be more than that. Let them begin dropping that much in the form of bombs and I tell you they are going to hit something; they will do a great amount of damage in the aggregate. A single aeroplane, with five hundred pounds of explosives, is not going to do much, but when you figure on a million and a quarter pounds you are getting into appreciable quantities.

"The most interesting thing, however, is that the more the speed increases, the smaller the necessary wing area becomes and the less they are affected by wind. Traveling at seventy miles an hour, they would be almost indifferent to any sort of wind. A breeze that would upset an aeroplane traveling at thirty miles would not affect one at all going at seventy miles; and when you get up to one hundred miles, which is within the bounds of present possibility, you have practically no wing area for the wind to operate on merely fins to your machine."

Scouting

"THOUGH we have not been doing anything here recently, I naturally have watched the development; and it struck me as most significant the other day when sixteen French officers in eight machines started under the orders of the War Department to go about one hundred miles across country—and six of them went through all right. It is not a case of waiting on the weather now. They appoint a certain time to start, and they go irrespective of the weather. That shows that the machine is getting on a practical basis."

What dirigibles can do in the way of scouting has just been instanced, about as well as it can be shown outside of actual war, by the use that was made of dirigibles in the German army maneuvers lately held. Germany plays the war game each summer with her own troops and tries to reproduce actual field conditions. This year eighty-five thousand troops were used and to each side was assigned a war balloon for scouting.

On the first day the dirigible of the attacking army reconnoitered and discovered the weak point in the line of the defense. The news was telegraphed back by wireless, an attack was delivered at the point indicated and the invaders broke through. It was a decided victory for the dirigible scouts.

On the second day the operation of the balloons showed what might easily happen. The dirigible of the defending force discovered, or thought it had, where the invaders were massed, and an attack was delivered on the flank of this force. It turned out that the information given by the scout balloon was wrong and the defenders were ambushed and theoretically demolished. This was not the fault of the aerial vehicle, but of the men who were using it. Scouting is not an exact science, and the wrong information was sent in from aloft just as it might have been sent from cavalry scouts. The incident merely showed that having aerial scouts does not absolutely insure correct information. The average layman probably

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THE EXIT OF ANSE DUGMORE

He Brought Out a Toy Drum, Round and Smooth, With Shiny Yellow Sides

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOHN

WHEN a Kentucky mountaineer is sent to the penitentiary the chances are that he gets sore eyes from the white walls that inclose him, or quick consumption from the thick air that he breathes. It was entirely in accordance with the run of his luck that Anse Dugmore should get them both, the sore eyes first and then the consumption.

There is seldom anything that is picturesque about the man-killer of the mountain country. He is lacking sadly in the romantic aspect and the delightfully studied vernacular with which an inspired school of fiction has invested our Western gunfighter. No alluring jingle of belted accouterment goes with him, no gift of deadly humor adorns his equally deadly gunplay. He does his killing in an unemotional, unattractive kind of way, with absolutely no regard for costume or setting. Rarely is he a fine figure of a man.

Take Anse Dugmore now. He had a short-waisted, thin body and abnormally long, thin legs, like the shadow a man casts at sunup. He didn't have that steel-gray eye of which we so often read. His eyes were of no particular color, and he had a straggly mustache of sandy red and no chin worth mentioning; but he could shoot off a squirrel's head or a man's at the distance of a considerable number of yards.

Until he was past thirty he played merely an incidental part in the tribal war that had raged up and down Yellow Banks Creek and its principal tributary, the Pigeon Roost, since long before the Big War. He was getting out timber to be floated down the river on the spring rise when word came to him of an ambuscade that made him the head of his immediate clan and the upholder of his family's honor.

"Yore paw an' yore two brothers was laywaid this mawnin' comin' 'long Yaller Banks togither," was the message brought by a breathless bearer of news. "The wimmenfolks air totin' 'em home now. Talt, he ain't dead yit."

From a dry spot behind a log Anse lifted his rifle and started over the ridge with the long, shambling gait of the born hill-climber that eats up the miles. For this emergency he had been schooled years back, when he sat by a wood fire in a cabin of split boards and listened to his crippled-up father reciting the saga of the feud, with the tally of this one killed and that one maimed; for this he had been schooled when he practiced with rifle and revolver until, even as a boy, his aim had become as near an infallible thing as anything human gets to be; for this he had been schooled still more, when he rode, armed and watchful, to church or court or election. Its coming found him ready.

For two days he ranged the ridges, watching his chance. The Tranthams were hard to find. They were barricaded in their log-walled strongholds, well guarded in anticipation of expected reprisals, and prepared in due season to come forth and prove by a dozen witnesses, or two dozen if so many should be needed to accomplish the alibi, that they had no hand in the massacre of the Dugmores.

But two days and nights of still-hunting, of patiently lying in wait behind brush fences, of noiseless, pussy-footed patrolling in likely places, brought the survivor of the decimated Dugmores his chance. He caught Pegleg Trantham riding down Red Bird Creek on a mare-mule. Pegleg was only a distant connection of the main strain of the enemy. It was probable that he had no part in the latest murdering; perhaps doubtful whether he had any prior knowledge of the plot. But by name and by blood tie he was a Trantham, which was enough.

A writer of the Western school would have found little in this encounter that was really worth while to write about. Above the place of the meeting rose the flank of the mountain, scarred with washes and scantily clothed with stunted trees, so that in patches the soil showed through like the hide of a mangy hound. The creek was swollen by the April rains and ran bank-full, through raw, red walls. Old Pegleg came cantering along with his rifle balanced on the sliding withers of his mare-mule, for he rode without a saddle. He was an oldish man and fat for a mountaineer. A ten-year-old nephew rode behind him, with his short arms encircling his uncle's paunch. The old man wore a dirty white shirt with a tabbed bosom; a single shiny white china button held the neckband together at the back. Below the button the shirt billowed open, showing his naked back. His wooden leg stuck straight out to the side, its worn brass tip carrying a blob of red mud, and his good leg dangled down straight, with the trousers hitched halfway up the bare shank and a soiled white-yarn sock falling down into the wrinkled and gaping top of an ancient congress gaiter.

From out of the woods came Anse Dugmore, bareheaded, crusted to his knees with dried mud and wet from the rain that had been dripping down since daybreak. A purpose showed in all the lines of his slouchy frame.

Pegleg jerked his rifle up, but he was hampered by the boy's arms about his middle and by his insecure perch upon the peaks of the slabsided mule. The man afoot fired before the mounted enemy could swing his gunbarrel into line. The bullet ripped away the lower part of Pegleg's face and grazed the cheek of the crouching youngster behind him. The white-eyed nephew slid head first off the buck-jumping mule and instantly scuttled on all fours into the underbrush. The rifle dropped out of Trantham's hands and he lurched forward on the mule's neck, grabbing out with blind, groping motions. Dugmore stepped two paces forward to free his eyes of the smoke, which eddied back from his gunmuzzle into his face, and fired twice rapidly. The mule was bouncing up and down, sideways, in a mild panic. Pegleg rolled off her, as inert as a sack of grits, and lay face upward in the path, with his arms wide outspread on the mud. The mule galloped off in a restrained and dignified style until she was a hundred yards away, and then, having snorted the smells of burnt powder and fresh blood out of her nostrils, she fell to cropping the young leaves off the wayside bushes, mouthing the tender green shoots on her heavy iron bit contentedly.

For a long minute Anse Dugmore stood in the narrow footpath, listening. Then he slid three new shells into his rifle, and slipping down the bank he crossed the creek on a jam of driftwood and, avoiding the roads that followed the little watercourse, made over the shoulder of the mountain for his cabin, two miles down on the opposite side. When he was gone from sight the nephew of the dead Trantham rolled out of his hiding-place and fled up the road, holding one hand to his wounded cheek and whimpering. Presently a gaunt, half-wild boar-pig, with his spine arched like the mountains, came sniffing slowly down the hill, pausing frequently to cock his wedge-shaped head aloft and fix a hostile eye on two turkey buzzards that began to swing in narrowing circles over one particular spot on the bank of the creek.

The following day Anse sent word to the sheriff that he would be coming in to give himself up. It would not have been etiquette for the sheriff to come for him. He came in, well guarded on the way by certain of his clan, pleaded self-defense before a friendly county judge and was locked up in a one-cell log jail. His own cousin was the jailer and ministered to him kindly. He avoided passing the single barred window of the jail in the daytime or at night when there was a light behind him, and he expected to "come clear" shortly, as was customary.

But here the Tranthams broke the rules of the game. The circuit judge lived halfway across the mountains in a county on the Virginia line; he was not an active partisan of either side in the feud. These Tranthams, disregarding all the ethics, went before this circuit judge and asked him for a change of venue, and got it, which is more; so that instead of being tried in Clayton County—and promptly acquitted—Anse Dugmore was taken to Woodbine County and there lodged in a shiny new brick jail. Things were in process of change in Woodbine. A spur of the railroad had nosed its way up from the lowlands and on through the Gap, and had made Loudon, the county-seat, a division terminal. Strangers from the North had come in, opening up the mountains to mines and sawmills and bringing with them many swarthy foreign laborers. A young man of large hopes and an Eastern college education had started a weekly newspaper and was talking big, in his editorial columns, of a new order of things. The foundation had even been laid for a graded school. Plainly Woodbine County was falling out of touch with the century-old traditions of her sisters to the north and west of her.

In due season, then, Anse Dugmore was brought up on a charge of homicide. The trial lasted less than a day. A jury of strangers heard the stories of Anse himself and of the dead Pegleg's white-eyed nephew. In the early afternoon they came back, a wooden toothpick in each mouth, from the new hotel where they had just had a most satisfying fifty-cent dinner at the expense of the commonwealth, and sentenced the defendant, Anderson Dugmore, to state prison at hard labor for the balance of his natural life.

The sheriff of Woodbine padlocked on Anse's ankles a set of leg irons that had been made by a mountain blacksmith out of log chains and led him to the new depot. It was Anse Dugmore's first ride on a railroad train; also it was the first ride on any train for Wyatt Trantham, head of the other clan, who, having been elected to the legislature while Anse lay in jail, had come over from Clayton, bound for the state capital, to draw his mileage and be a statesman.

It was not in the breed for the victorious Trantham to taunt his hobbled enemy or even to look his way, but he sat just across the aisle from the prisoner so that his ear might catch the sound of the heavy irons when Dugmore moved in his seat. They all left the train together at the little blue-painted Frankfort station, Trantham turning north at the first crossroads to go where the round dome of the old capitol showed above the cottonwood trees, and Dugmore clanking straight ahead, with a string of negroes

and boys and the sheriff following along behind him. Under the shadow of a quarried-out hillside a gate opened in a high stone wall to admit him into life-membership with a white-and-black-striped brotherhood of shame.

Four years there did the work for the gangling, silent mountaineer. One day, just before the Christmas holidays, the newly elected governor of the state paid a visit to the prison. Only his private secretary came with him. The warden showed them through the cell houses, the workshops, the dining hall and the walled yards. It was a Sunday afternoon; the white prisoners loafed in their stockade, the blacks in theirs. In a corner on the white side, where the thin and skimpy winter sunshine slanted over the stockade wall, Anse Dugmore was squatted; merely a set of bones inclosed in a shapeless covering of black-and-white stripes. On his close-cropped head and over his cheekbones the skin was stretched so tight it seemed nearly ready to split. His eyes, glassy and bleared with pain, stared ahead of him with a sick man's fixed stare. Inside his convict's cotton shirt his chest was caved away almost to nothing, and from the collarless neckband his neck rose as bony as a plucked fowl's, with great, blue cords in it. Lacking a coverlet to pick, his fingers picked at the skin on his retreating chin.

As the governor stood in an arched doorway watching, the lengthening afternoon shadow edged along and covered the hunkered-down figure by the wall. Anse tottered to his feet, moved a few inches so that he might still be in the sunshine, and settled down again. This small exertion started a cough that threatened to rack him apart. He drew his hand across his mouth and a red stain came away on the knotty knuckles. The warden was a kindly enough man in the ordinary relations of life, but nine years as a tamer of man-beasts in a great stone cage had overlaid his sympathies with a thickening callus.

"One of our lifers that we won't have with us much longer," he said casually, noting that the governor's eyes followed the sick convict. "When the con gets one of these hill billies he goes mighty fast."

"A mountaineer, then?" said the governor. "What's his name?"

"Dugmore," answered the warden; "sent from Clayton County. One of those Clayton County feud fighters."

The governor nodded understandingly. "What sort of a record has he made here?"

"Oh, fair enough!" said the warden. "Those man-killers from the mountains generally make good prisoners. Funny thing about this fellow, though. All the time he's been here he never, so far as I know, had a message or a visitor or a line of writing from the outside. Nor wrote a letter out himself. Nor made friends with anybody, convict or guard."

"Has he applied for a pardon?" asked the governor.

"Lord, no!" said the warden. "When he was well he just took what was coming to him, the same as he's taking it now. I can look up his record, though, if you'd care to see it, sir."

"I believe I should," said the governor quietly.

A spectacled young wife-murderer, who worked in the prison office on the prison books, got down a book and looked through it until he came to a certain entry on a certain page. The warden was right—so far as the black marks of the prison discipline went, the friendless convict's record showed fair.

"I think," said the young governor to the warden and his secretary when they had moved out of hearing of the convict bookkeeper—"I think I'll give that poor devil a pardon for a Christmas gift. It's no more than a mercy to let him die at home, if he has any home to go to."

"I could have him brought in and let you tell him yourself, sir," volunteered the warden.

"No, no," said the governor quickly. "I don't want to hear that cough again. Nor look on such a wreck," he added.

Two days before Christmas the warden sent to the hospital ward for No. 874. No. 874, which was Anse Dugmore, came shuffling in and held himself upright by holding with one hand to the doorjamb. The warden sat, rotund and impressive, in a swivel chair, holding in his hands a folded-up, blue-backed document.

"Dugmore," he said in his best official manner, "when His Excellency, Governor Woodford, was here on Sunday he took notice that your general health was not good. So, of his own accord, he has sent you an unconditional pardon for a Christmas gift, and here it is."

The sick convict's eyes, between their festering lids, fixed on the warden's face and a sudden light flickered in their pale, glazed shallows; but he didn't speak. There was a little pause.

"I said the governor has given you a pardon," repeated the warden, staring hard at him.

"I heered you the fust time," croaked the prisoner in his eaten-out voice. "When kin I go?"

"Is that all you've got to say?" demanded the warden, bristling up.

"I said, when kin I go?" repeated No. 874.

"Go!—you can go now. You can't go too soon to suit me!"

The warden swung his chair around and showed him the broad of his indignant back. When he had filled out certain forms at his desk he shoved a pen into the silent consumptive's fingers and showed him crossly where to make his mark. At a signal from his bent forefinger a negro trusty came forward and took the pardoned man away, and helped him put his shrunken limbs into a suit of the prison-made slops, cheap, black shoddy, with the taint of a jail thick and heavy on it. A deputy warden thrust into Dugmore's hands a railroad ticket and the five dollars that the law requires shall be given to a freed felon. He took them without a word and, still without a word, stepped out of the gate that swung open for him and into a light, spitty snowstorm. With the inbred instinct of the hillsman he swung about and headed for the little, light-blue station at the head of the crooked street. He went slowly, coughing often as the cold air struck into his wasted lungs, and sometimes staggering up against the fences. Through a barred window the wondering warden sourly watched the crawling, tottery figure.

"Damned savage!" he said to himself. "Didn't even say thank you. I'll bet he never had any more feelings or sentiments in his life than a moccasin snake."

Something to the same general effect was being expressed a few minutes later by a brakeman who had just helped a woefully feeble passenger aboard the eastbound train and had steered him, staggering and gasping from weakness, to a seat at the forward end of an odorous red-plush day-coach.

"Just a pack of bones held together by a skin," the brakeman was saying to the conductor, "and the smell of the pen all over him. Never said a word to me—just looked at me sort of dumb. Bound for plumb up at the far end of the division, accordin' to the way his ticket reads. I doubt if he lives to get there."

The warden and the brakeman were both wrong. The freed man did live to get there. And it was an emotion which the warden had never suspected that held life in him all that afternoon and through the comfortless night in the packed and noisome day-coach, while the fussy, self-sufficient little train went looping, like an overgrown measuring worm, up through the blue grass, around the outlying knobs of the foothills, on and on through the great riven chasm of the gateway into a bleak, bare cluster of undersized mountains. Anse Dugmore had two bad hemorrhages on the way, but he lived.

. . . . . .

Under the full moon of a white and flawless night before Christmas, Shem Dugmore's squat log cabin made a blot on the thin blanket of snow, and inside the one room of the cabin Shem Dugmore sat alone by the daubed-clay hearth, glooming. Hours passed and he hardly moved except to stir the red coals or kick back some ambitious ember of hickory that leaped out upon the uneven floor. Suddenly something heavy fell limply against the locked

For a Long Minute Anse Dugmore Stood in the Narrow Footpath, Listening

door, and instantly, all alertness, the shock-headed mountaineer was backed up against the farther wall, out of range of the two windows, with his weapons drawn, silent, ready for what might come. After a minute there was a feeble, faint pecking sound—half knock, half scratching—at the lower part of the door. It might have been a worn-out dog or any spent wild creature, but no line of Shem Dugmore's figure relaxed, and under his thick, sandy brows his eyes, in the flickering light, had the greenish shine of an angry cat-animal's.

"Whut is it?" he called. "And whut do you want? Speak out peartly!"

The answer came through the thick planking thinly, in a sort of gasping whine that ended in a chattering cough; but even after Shem's ear caught the words, and even after he knew the changed but still familiar cadence of the voice, he abated none of his precautions. Cautiously he unbolted the door; and, drawing it inch by inch slowly ajar, he reached out, exposing only his hand and arm, and drew bodily inside the shell of a man that was fallen, huddled up, against the log doorjamb. He dropped the wooden crossbar back into its sockets before he looked a second time at the intruder, who had crawled across the floor and now lay before the wide mouth of the hearth in a choking spell. Shem Dugmore made no move until the fit was over and the sufferer lay quiet.

"How did you git out, Anse?" were the first words he spoke.

The consumptive rolled his head weakly from side to side and swallowed desperately. "Pardoned out—in writin'—yistiddy."

"You air in purty bad shape," said Shem.

"Yes" –the words came very slowly "my lungs give out on me—and my eyes. But—but I got here."

"You come jist in time," said his cousin; "this time tomorrer and you wouldn't 'a' never found me here. I'd 'a' been gone."

"Gone! gone whar?"

"Well," said Shem slowly, "after you was sent away it seemed like them Tranthams got the upper hand complete. All of our side whut ain't dead and that's powerful few—is moved off out of the mountings to Winchester, down in the settlemints. I'm 'bout the last, and I'm a-purposing to slip out tomorrer night while the Tranthams is at their Christmas rackets—they'd layway me too ef ——"

"But my wife—did she ——"

"I thought maybe you'd heered tell about that whilst you was down yon," said Shem in a dulled wonder. "The fall after you was took away yore woman she went over to the Tranthams. Yes, sir; she took up with the head devil of 'em all—old Wyatt Trantham hisself—and she went to live at his house up on the Yaller Banks."

"Is she—— Did she ——"

The ex-convict was struggling to his knees. His groping skeletons of hands were right in the hot ashes. The heat

"But My Young 'Uns—Little Anderson and—and Elviry?"

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SELLING ONE'S SERVICES

By HENRY M. HYDE

A WESTERN corporation advertised recently in the Sunday newspapers of its home city for a sales-manager. No name was signed to the advertisement, applicants being requested to write to a blind address, in care of the paper.

Two days after the advertisement was printed a stranger appeared at the office of the corporation and asked that his card be taken to the president. He was a heavily built, clean-shaven man.

"What did you want to see the president about?" asked the young man who took the card. The caller stared straight at the youth for an instant in a disconcerting way. "Be kind enough to give him my card," he said impressively. Presently the president's private secretary came out into the reception room.

"You wanted to see Mr. Wilkins?" he asked. "Yes." "Mr. Wilkins is a very busy man. If you will tell me your business I will take the message to him."

The stranger smiled knowingly and bowed. "Of course," he said; "but this is a personal matter of great importance, in which Mr. Wilkins is vitally interested. It isn't a thing I can discuss with any one else." He turned, walked across the reception room, sat down and looked out the window.

The secretary hesitated for a moment, then went inside with the card in his hand. Presently he returned and ushered the caller into the inner office.

Wilkins, a shrewd, aggressive man with a short, gruff manner, looked up from his desk. "You wanted to see me on a personal matter?" he snapped.

"Yes. I came up from Cincinnati last night to get the position of sales-manager for your company."

Wilkins snorted. "Why didn't you write? Too bad to waste time and money on such a long chance."

"When I want to close a big contract I go after it," answered the stranger easily. "The mails are uncertain."

"How did you know that we wanted a sales-manager anyhow?" Wilkins asked sharply. "Our ad is a blind one."

"I have ways of getting information about matters that interest me."

"But how?"

"Pardon me, sir," answered the caller, smiling again. "That is part of the equipment I have for sale. That's one of the little things which make me the best man for the head of your sales-department."

"This is so sudden, Agnes," said the president grimly. "Name's Rose, eh? Not one of the kind that is born to blush unseen, I should say."

"Not in my business, sir," laughed Mr. Rose. "It is far from being a sudden thing with me. I've had my eye on this job for two years. The minute I heard it was open I resigned as sales-manager for the Tomlinson Company—name on the card there—and took the first train for Chicago. I'm ready to go to work this afternoon."

Wilkins straightened up in his chair. "Suppose, Mr. Rose, you tell me something about yourself?" he said.

The Value of Self-Confidence

THE caller took a book from his inside coat pocket and took out a bundle of folded papers. He handed a single sheet to President Wilkins.

"Here is my record, sir, since I started in business." There was a moment's delay while the president's eye ran down the sheet. Then Rose went on. "Four jobs in twenty years. The first and the last two I resigned from. The second I was fired out of after a fist fight with the general manager of the company. I have letters from each of my previous employers. Let me show you that written by the man who exchanged black eyes with me." He unfolded a neat bundle of letters, fastened at the top with a couple of metal clips, and handed it to Wilkins, with two of the sheets folded back. The president read over the part of the letter that was in sight: "Set in his ways, dictatorial in his manner, hard to get along with"—he read aloud. "Properly interpreted," Mr. Rose commented, "that means I have plenty of determination, know when I'm right and am not easily bluffed."

"This is So Sudden, Agnes"

"How did you get hold of this letter?" asked the president.

"It was written to the man who gave me my next job. He gave it to me. Will you read his letter? On the next sheet. Here are letters from six men of some prominence in Chicago who know me and my work," Rose went on, handing a second bundle of papers to Wilkins as he looked up from the first. "You can get them on the telephone."

President Wilkins laid the new letters on his desk unread. "If we should make an arrangement, Mr. Rose," he said, "would you be willing to start with simply a modest drawing account and leave the matter of salary to be adjusted later?"

"I think it wise to have an exact understanding on the matter of salary at the start," Rose answered. "Then I shall be able to give my whole attention to my work."

Before they parted Rose had practically secured the position, which he is at present occupying. His abrupt and assured manner of approach would not have impressed many employers favorably, but its success well illustrates one of the most essential qualities which should be possessed and exhibited by any man who is offering his own services for sale. He was supremely self-confident.

Unless one has a very real and sincere sense of his own value he will naturally have difficulty in making other people believe in it. In selecting a candidate for the selling force, especially, applicants are largely judged by the skill and address they display in putting their own talents on the market.

There is, of course, a sharp line to be drawn between proper self-confidence, which inspires the confidence of others, and boisterous egotism, which arouses only disgust and antagonism; but, within decent limits, there is no quality so effective in influencing a prospective employer.

A man who has helped a great many young fellows to get better positions was recently applied to by a large corporation that wished to employ a superintendent for its power plant. The company was willing to pay a salary of thirty-six hundred dollars a year to the right man. The agent happened to have in mind a young mechanical engineer, twenty-eight years old, of whose abilities he had a high opinion. Unfortunately the young engineer lacked in self-assertion and aggressiveness. He had been working for six years for one concern and was drawing a salary of eighteen hundred dollars, which had not been raised for three years. Urged by his wife, he had once or twice half-heartedly asked for a raise, which had been refused. The agent sent for him.

The Diffident Engineer

"JENKINS," he said, "there is a good opening at the new plant of the Walsh-Beebe Company. They want a man who can take charge of their power plant, with special reference to the advisability of substituting electric motors for the present equipment. Can you fill the place?"

"That's a big concern," young Jenkins began, when the agent interrupted him.

"Look here, Jenkins. I know you and I know what you can do. Of course you can fill the place. If I hadn't known you could fill it I never would have sent for you."

"Oh, yes!" the young engineer put in; "I can do the work all right."

"Well, say so, then! You're a good engineer, but a mighty poor salesman when it comes to disposing of your own abilities. Before I send you out to call on these people I'm going to give you a little course in salesmanship."

"What salary do they pay?" asked Jenkins.

"You are going to get thirty-six hundred dollars a year."

The young engineer's face fell. "Why, I'm not worth that!" he burst out. "I am only getting eighteen hundred dollars now and I only want twenty-one hundred dollars."

"You are not going to take a cent less than thirty-six hundred dollars. The company is willing to pay that, and you are the best man I know of to do the work it wants done."

The agent spent two hours stirring up his client's pride and self-confidence. Then he sent him out to the plant of the Walsh-Beebe Company, with a note to the general manager. "You will find him a little diffident," it read, "but he knows his business." And as the engineer left his office he called after him: "Now, remember. You are not to take a cent less than thirty-six hundred dollars a year."

Jenkins made a good impression. In a walk through the power plant, where he presently lost his self-conscious diffidence, he talked with authority and conviction of the problems that presented themselves. The general manager took him up to the office of President Walsh, where the matter of salary was discussed.

"You look good to us," they told him, "and we are willing to start you at a salary of twenty-four hundred dollars a year."

Jenkins shook his head. "This is a thirty-six-hundred-dollar job, Mr. Walsh," he said, "and if I am a good enough man to fill it I am worth that much money."

There was some further debate. Finally the general manager spoke up in a tone of finality. "We will pay you at the rate of three thousand dollars a year for the first six months," he said. "For the second six months at thirty-six hundred dollars."

Jenkins hesitated. "I've been through your power plant," he said, "and I want this job mighty badly. I want a chance to show what I can do. I'll accept your offer."

"Mr. Jenkins," President Walsh put in promptly, "I believe in you and I'm sure you are going to make good with us. Since we're going to pay you thirty-six hundred dollars a year after six months we may as well begin at that rate. We'll call it a go at that figure."

In making that last unexpected and voluntary concession, to the amount of only three hundred dollars,

Mr. Walsh made a most profitable investment, for he bought with it the last possible ounce of loyalty, energy and enthusiasm that the young engineer could command. At the end of three years Jenkins was drawing five thousand dollars. He went to the president to resign.

"I have got the power plant thoroughly organized," he said. "My assistant, at eighteen hundred dollars, is entirely competent to run it. If you give him twenty-four hundred dollars he'll be perfectly satisfied, and that is really about all the job is worth now that everything is running smoothly. I have a chance to go with a company that is establishing hydro-electric power plants in the West."

Today Jenkins is one of the leading consulting engineers in the country, and he says he owes everything to the agent who first taught him to put a proper value on his services.

Shrewd frankness on the part of the applicant is often another important factor in landing a big position. Employers are always suspicious of the man who, in telling the story of his business life, omits all the errors and mistakes which, they know, are a necessary part of every human experience. A picture that is all high lights, with no shadows by way of relief, never makes the impression of truth.

A few years ago a young man with little education, who had worked up from the position of a farm laborer, was an applicant for the place of purchasing agent in one of the largest corporations in the country, which may be called the Continental Pump and Power Company. The president of this corporation was known for the bitter fight he had made against graft in all departments of his great business. Recently he had discharged several important employees because they had been implicated in suspicious deals.

The applicant for the position of purchasing agent had several preliminary interviews with subordinate officers of the company and passed their scrutiny successfully. Finally he was taken up to the office of the president.

After some general conversation the president swung about in his chair and fixed his caller with his sharp eyes.

"I would like to ask a personal question," he said.

"Whatever you please, sir."

"You have been a purchasing agent for several years. Were you ever charged with grafting?"

"Yes, sir – once, and the charge was true."

"Tell me about it."

"It was when I was working for the Bowers Company in Minneapolis—my first experience as purchasing agent. One of the men from whom I bought goods was a nice, clever young fellow to whom I took a great fancy. One Christmas he sent me a box of cigars. I accepted it. Presently he got into the habit of sending me a box every thirty days. They were good cigars; my salary was small and I kept on taking them. Presently I began to notice that the goods which that particular salesman supplied were falling off in quality. I refused the next consignment and bought from one of his competitors. On his next trip this salesman went to the president of our company and told him I had demanded a box of cigars each month as the price of his getting the order; and that when he refused to be blackmailed I had taken the contract away."

"Will you tell me what company that salesman represented?" the president put in.

"The Continental Pump and Power Company, sir."

Black was finally told to call the next Monday for the final verdict on his application. When he reported his interview with the president to a friend the latter exclaimed:

"You told him that one of his own salesmen was a grafter! Why, you've queered yourself for good and all!"

"I knew just what I was doing," Black answered confidently. "The president of Continental Pump is a graft-fighter. He fired that very salesman a year ago on suspicion that he was grafting. He'll be glad to learn that his suspicions were right. He'll think all the more of me for telling the truth about it. When he comes to look over my papers he'll find a strong letter of recommendation from Mr. Bowers, for whom I worked two years after that cigar deal came up. You'll see."

Black got the job. He still holds it and has always been a particular favorite of the president of the company.

It is, of course, a tactical advantage to be asked to take a place rather than to make application for it. Sometimes a man, knowing that a good position is open, can get a friend to write a letter suggesting him as one well qualified to do the desired work; but even then his success in landing the position must depend finally on the impression he personally makes on the prospective employer—on his own skill and address in selling his services.

Given self-confidence and shrewd frankness, the mental alertness that shows a quick grasp of the particular problems of a new position is another quality that often gives one applicant preference over a horde of others.

A most remarkable case of this kind is that of a young man who was working, eight years ago, as a subordinate clerk in the credit department of a Western jobbing house. The largest department store in the same city, most of whose customers were of the laboring and wage-earning class, determined to open a credit department. This decision was reached with some misgivings, because most of its customers hitherto had been compelled to pay cash for practically everything and it would be hard, therefore, to get a line on their reliability. The store advertised for a manager for its new credit department. The clerk, who was then getting a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year, was one of sixty-odd applicants.

"Your problem is a new one," his letter began. "You must devise an original system of passing on credits to people who have never before opened a charge account and who have no rating. My plan is a simple one."

The clerk had had no experience in the retail line, but he had made a thorough study of the science of credits and, aided by some friends in the same field of work, had succeeded in outlining a method of passing on credits which, at the first reading, struck the head of the department store as thoroughly practical. He sent for the clerk who, backed by self-confidence, secured on the basis of his letter a position that paid five times his previous salary.

The same clerk, with his mental alertness and self-confidence still in good working order, is today the general manager of the biggest department store in a great city.

THE LOCKED DOOR

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

Ole Reliable Gets on the Good Side of the White Folks and the Bad Side of the Negroes

OLE RELIABLE was locked up in the special coach, with all those Alabama negroes, and that white man had the key. He was also locked tight and fast in the new matrimonial alliance which Nathan Hooter had thrust upon him—a fighting yellow woman with one eye black and her lip cut. These were two awkward lockups for a respectable married man, who couldn't get out of either one.

The heavy train rumbled out of Vicksburg; Zack hadn't the faintest idea where he was going, so he tried to think back to where he came from. Much as he loved to hang around the railroad and see things happen, this thing happened too quick. He had not been bothering anybody, just leaning out of the coach window when Selina, his wife, came along and grabbed him. He saw two policemen leading her away—four policemen would have made Zack feel easier; then, when he tried to step off at the National Cemetery as Nathan Hooter told him, those two white men shoved him back into the coach and locked the front door. The thing happened so briefly it made him dizzy; the whole map of Europe changed in a blink. Zack climbed over Fighting Jinsy and sat down again in the only vacant seat. All of which didn't affect the train. It went bowling along just as if everything were regular.

Every seat in the coach held two negroes, generally a man and a woman; sometimes a child—maybe two. Most of them went promptly to sleep; to those who actually came from Alabama this made their second night on the road. Those who had been palmed off on the planter in Vicksburg must pretend to be sleepy in order to keep up the illusion. Some spread pallets in the aisle for themselves and their babies. Every available shelf and corner held its bundle—mostly bedding, boxes, baskets, guns, fiddles—the miscellaneous plunder that negroes carry with them and that miscellaneous unforgetable smell.

Julian Gerard, the prosperous young owner of Stillriver Plantation, was the sole white man in the coach. He it was who sat on the stool with his back against the rear door. He was the white man that had the key. Julian smoked in self-defense; eighty-one negroes tightly shut in a coach made it necessary for him to smoke. He watched the negroes, smoked and pondered; for the planter faced a problem. Every grown negro on that car knew what he wanted to find out, but not one would tell him; so he did not ask. Neither was it an abstruse problem. All he wanted to know was—which of those negroes actually came from Alabama and which did not. That seemed simple enough.

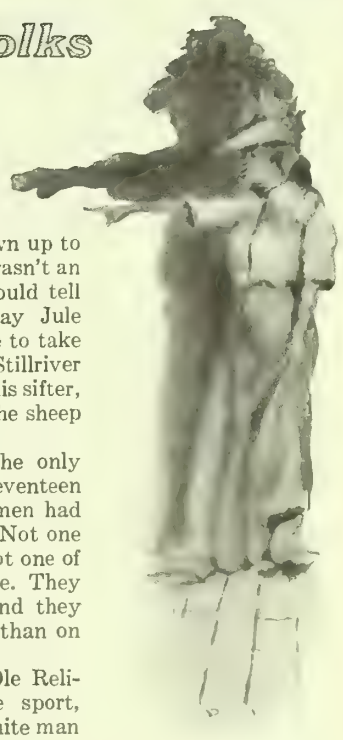
Nathan Hooter had, in fact, brought thirteen families, charging Gerard with expenses on the thirty. The other seventeen he picked up in Vicksburg, unattached men and women, dressed them as farm laborers from his abundant stock of costumes, and matched them into families for the occasion. Nathan furnished the costumes and the brains. Each of the others furnished a negro apiece of assorted sexes, which made a fair partnership. In active seasons Nathan often caught two or three suckers a day with his gang of "fillers." For each family he got five dollars from the planter, which furnished Nathan a reasonable and honest profit. Of course these "fillers" would jump off the train and hurry back to be ready for the next sucker—and claim their half of the five. Nathan played a nice game according to the rules, but Julian Gerard wouldn't play it that way. He had the front door of the coach locked, and that's what made seventeen couples think thirty-four different kinds of damns. It prevented Ole Reliable from stepping off at the National Cemetery and serving dinner that night for Colonel Spottiswoode. It also prevented Ole Reliable from sitting easy.

Julian sat and smoked; there wasn't a Vicksburg negro in the coach who would own up to being a "filler"; there wasn't an Alabama negro who would tell on him. The only way Jule could find out would be to take the whole bunch to Stillriver and run them through his sifter, which would separate the sheep from the goats.

But Julian wasn't the only fellow with a problem; seventeen women and seventeen men had troubles of their own. Not one of them had a dollar; not one of them had a bit of baggage. They didn't want to work and they would rather be in jail than on a plantation.

"Dink," whispered Ole Reliable to the erstwhile sport, "what you reckin dat white man gwine to do wid us?"

"Keep yo' mouf shet an' yo' legs limber," Dink suggested, and followed his own advice.



"Git Out o' Here, You Triflin' Ole Nigger—Git Out o' Here"

Julian began looking at his watch. "Ten minutes yet," he said; then, "Five." "Two." As the last minute expired he unlocked the door. Watt Crabbe, his plantation manager, came across the platform from the next coach, watch in hand. "I'm on time, Jule; come back when my hour is up; tote fair." Gerard disappeared into the rear coach for a breath of fresh air. Crabbe took his seat, stood his guard and sweated out his hour. When Gerard came back at the end of his furlough the two men talked long and earnestly. Watt Crabbe protested vigorously, then surrendered. "I wouldn't do it, Jule; it's more trouble than it's worth. Just stop the train—put off these Vicksburg niggers and be done with it."

Gerard was a stubborn human proposition when he had once made up his mind. "Yes, I know; but that old hound

Nathan has been playing this same trick on delta planters for years. When I get through with his 'fillers' they won't want to fill in any more. A few doses like this will break them up."

Ole Reliable leaned forward on his seat trying to catch a whisper; presently he nudged Dink. "Wonder what dem white men is talkin' 'bout?"

"Us," Dink answered sententiously.

Ole Reliable kept his seat beside Fighting Jinsy in the utterly disreputable costume that Nathan Hooter had rigged up for him to play his part as a country nigger from Alabama. Zack was disgusted with himself and with the woman beside him; but his disgust was as nothing to the hate and scorn that Jinsy flung at him before she turned her face permanently away. If Jinsy had only had her wig and her good clothes, she might have been in a better humor; but all things conspired against Zack. He sighed and settled back. "When luck's agin you, you might jes as well lie flat on yo' back an' say: 'Here I is, Luck; what you gwine to do wid me?'"

Presently Dink leaned over and whispered: "How fer is dis place we're goin' to?"

Zack shook his head. "Don't know, but it's fer a-plenty. Nathan is got to pay us extry fer dis." Jug-head Jerry leaned across the aisle. "I know how fer it is—it's fo'teen miles from a drink." Zack never knew how he was going to look at any proposition until he had heard himself talk about it. He had to talk it over with himself to get the situation clearly in his mind. So he made another trip to the ice-cooler, where he could be alone, picking his way down the aisle as carefully as if it were an egg-strewn floor, stepping over sleeping negroes and crawling babies, steadying himself as the train swept around a curve. At the very front end of the car he stood and argued it out to a conclusion: "I knows jes dis much: I got into dis mess by mixin' up wid niggers. I got to git on de good side o' de white folks to git out." It did not occur to Zack that he might have trouble getting on the good side of a man whom he had planned to swindle. Having settled it that way—that he must get on the good side of the white folks—he went back to his seat again.

About half past eight Julian Gerard called out through the coach: "Everybody get ready—next stop is ours."

"I Got Into Dis Mess by Mixin' Up Wid Niggers. I Got to Git on de Good Side o' de White Folks to Git Out"

The negroes roused themselves, waked their babies, gathered their belongings and crowded the aisle. Zack and Jinsy had neither babies nor belongings; they could only help to crowd the aisle. The train stopped. Before the coach was opened Watt Crabbe swung himself to the ground. Perhaps a dozen plantation negroes were waiting in the dark, dim and spectral, with smoking lanterns. "Hector—here, Hector!" Watt Crabbe called the head teamster and whispered something to him. Old Hector grinned and passed the word to the driver of every team: "Tell dese niggers 'tain't but jes a few steps over to de plantation."

Dink was the very first negro to jump off; he ran to one of the drivers and asked the question: "How fer is dis here plantation from de railroad?"

He got a prompt and reassuring reply: "'Tain't no way; jes a little piece over yonder in de woods."

Ole Reliable stood at Dink's elbow with his ears set forward. "Dat's all right, Dink," he whispered. "Us kin walk back an' ketch a train whenever us gits ready."

Dink spread his joyful information and none of the "fillers" attempted to reënter the train they had just left, which would not have succeeded, for Gerard had thought of that.

After tumbling out a lot of baggage the train whirled on, its last green light vanishing behind a jutting forest. Something seemed to snuff it out like a torch thrown in the sea. It snuffed out the only light which shone in the heavens or on the earth except those smoky lanterns in each wagon.

It was a cold night for the South and the negroes shivered. It was a dark night even for the swamp and it was threatening rain. The Vicksburg negroes looked gloomily around them. Not a house was in sight; nothing except the tiny station. Even as they looked at that, its single light went out.

"Nothing to it," remarked Dink as he got into the wagon which was assigned him. Dink noticed that four other white men had evidently come out from the plantation with the wagons. Six whites in all—another potent argument against making trouble.

"Women with children in the first wagons." Gerard gave this order out of no spirit of gallantry. He knew that those negroes who had brought children as well as wives were bona fide home-seekers. He wanted to settle them at once in the best cabins, where they would remain; and he wanted to keep the unencumbered pairs together, where they could be watched. As each wagon took its load of negroes and plunder it drove on a few lengths and stopped until everything was ready; then the caravan began to move. The hopeless gloom spurred Ole Reliable in his determination to get on the good side of the white folks. This kept him at every white man's elbow every minute of the time, helping efficiently and never failing to mention: "Dis is Unc Josiah! I sho is glad to git a good home." It was not long before he picked out Jule Gerard as being the head boss and devoted all attention to him.

The six wagons next to the last carried those couples who had no children; in the seventh, the tail-end of the whole procession, rode Ole Reliable and Fightin' Jinsy alone with the driver. "Lordee, boss," he laughed to Jule Gerard, "I come purty nigh fergittin' to git in de wagin myself, I war so busy helpin'. Dis is Unc Josiah."

Through the darkness and the mud, through the solemnity and the silence, they went, each wagon following the lantern which swung from the tailboard of the wagon just ahead. The roads were bad even for the swamp and the light flickered on pools of stagnant water at each side.

Beside each of the last six wagons rode a white man on a floundering horse—a stalwart, unspeaking man. As they dragged, hub-deep, through the darkest and boggiest swamp, where nobody would be fool enough to jump from a wagon, Gerard reined in his horse and let Watt Crabbe catch up. "Watt, I believe every single negro in these last six wagons is a 'filler.' They haven't enough bedding in the crowd for one couple. If we get a dozen working families out of that entire bunch we're lucky; but I'm going to have fun with 'em before they get back to Vicksburg. Can't you think of some mean job?"

Watt Crabbe didn't have to think. "Make 'em clean out the ditches; make 'em build the pasture fence, drain Goggle-eye Slough ——"

Jule Gerard laughed. "Good for you, Watt! Drain Goggle-eye Slough—that's a tough job—make 'em sick."

The men beside the wagons kept smiling at the constant and anxious questions they heard. "Say, friend, how much furder?" Always the answer: "Jes a little piece."

Jinsy, in the very last wagon, got the fidgets.

"Look here, nigger," she demanded of the driver; "is we gwine to ride all night?"

"No; we mought break down an' hafter walk," suggested the driver.

Ole Reliable held his tongue. On a cold and dismal night twelve miles of swamp road is no joke. If it had been a joke these "fillers" would not have appreciated it.

Midnight came before they pulled up in front of the Stillriver store. The store was brilliantly lighted with three huge lamps, which poured a thick stream of yellow across the blackness of the road. Two white men and a negro porter appeared on the edge of the gallery, flinging their gigantic shadows across the mysterious field beyond. The first wagon pulled into this zone of light and stopped. The Alabama negro and his wife looked with curiosity and pride at the store; it was so much bigger than any they had ever seen except in the town.

"Huh!" remarked Uncle Aaron. "Dis mus' be a gran' plantation."

Julian Gerard and Watt Crabbe got off their horses and stood on the steps. Ole Reliable sprang out of the last wagon, ran forward and caught their bridles. "Oh! that you, Uncle Josiah?" remarked Jule Gerard.

"Yas, suh. I'm right here, suh."

Then Gerard turned to the negro in the first wagon. "What is your name, old man?"

"Aaron McNair, suh."

"How many children have you?"

"Three, suh, an' my wife's sister."

"Watt, what do you say—give him that second cabin, the one with the new roof?"

"Very well; it will do for a few days. Five rations," he called back into the store. The negro porter came out immediately with an armful of small packages, which he dumped into the woman's lap—enough to feed the family for several days. Wagon by wagon they passed the store, each family being counted, provisions put in and quarters assigned. The "fillers" drew their rations in the ordinary course.

Great care was taken in the placing of these families; those that had children were expected to remain on the plantation and make good tenants. But when the other wagons came along, with their suspected freight, Watt Crabbe suggested: "Jule, we had better keep this bunch of negroes mighty near to the house, so we can watch 'em."

Ole Reliable got back into his own wagon when it came time to drive along with Jinsy and draw his rations. He had listened to the questions which were asked the other "fillers" until he felt like the seventeenth man to be hanged after watching the others dangle at the end of a rope. Jinsy paid no attention whatever; never even turned her head. Zack's strategic position had one advantage; it gave him time to think. Some of the "fillers" had wabbled in their answers. When Zack's time came he recited like the prize scholar at the Sunday-school. If ever a man needed to be tactful Zack was it. Being hungry and without a nickel he could not afford to quarrel with his commissary. "Yas, suh," he answered promptly; "I'm sick o' workin' in dem red hills and gullies an' not makin' no cotton at de end o' de year. I always is wanted to git to dis swamp."

"Were you raised in town or in the country?"

"I war raised in Sumter County, Alabama. Ain't never stayed in town three days in my whole life."

"What can you do on the plantation?"

"Mos' anything; plow, hoe, chop cotton, pull corn, or split rails if necessary."

"How much cotton can you make in a year—you and your wife?"

"We kin tend twenty-two to twenty-five acres ef it ain't dis Bermuda grass."

"Can you pick it all out—that's the main thing?"

"I can't tell, boss; but ef I can't I'll skeer it mighty bad."

Gerard laughed. "You must be a good workman, Uncle Josiah."

"Yas, I is, boss; I works 'kin an' can't.'"

"'Kin and can't"—that's a new one on me. Is that a share hand or a renter?"

Zack laughed. "Either way, boss; either way. I begins to work jes as soon as it gits light so I kin see, an' I don't never stay my han' till it gits so dark dat I can't see no longer."

Gerard laughed loudly. "All right; you'll do. Ben, take Uncle Josiah and his wife over to that single cabin just the other side of the lot. That's the best cabin on this place. And, Ben, be sure to leave him a lantern and see that some wood is cut."

These few kind words cheered Ole Reliable mightily. He rode on; and the night did not seem so cold until he looked at Fightin' Jinsy and thought of Selina. Zack wriggled around and wished that Jinsy would talk and give him an inkling as to what she was studying about. Ben, the driver, began to chat affably, making fair weather

with a newcomer who had favorably impressed the boss. "Us sho is glad to see you-all folks. We needs a heap ——"

"Shet up!" ordered Jinsy; "you'se de lyin' nigger what tole me 'twarn't but a little piece over here from de railroad."

Being close to Jinsy, Ben shut up and never spoke again until he drew up in front of their cabin. It was a good cabin. The driver spoke enthusiastically: "It's got a fence around it an' a big dry seed-house." For which Zack thanked his stars before the night was over.

"Dere's plenty wood already cut; make up a big fire an' den you-all will feel at home."

Jinsy unloaded herself from the wagon with her armful of provisions and never turned to look back. She jerked open the gate and marched into the house with the skillet and coffee-pot which she had brought from Nathan Hooter's. Zack clung to a small bundle of something or other. He hadn't the faintest idea what was in it, but it ought to be useful. Ben lifted his lantern and lighted them into the house, then turned back and began feeling around in the wagon.

"Oh, Mr. Walker ——"

Zack hadn't got used to recognizing his new name. Ben called again: "Mr. Walker, whar is all yo' things?"

Jinsy stopped in the door with her arms akimbo. "Dat's all de things we got. You country niggers better tend to yo' own bizness." Jinsy strode into the house and slammed the door in Zack's face.

"Huh!" observed the driver; "dat's mighty curious. Here, Mr. Walker, maybe you better take dis here lamp o' mine—I kin git along widout it."

Zack thanked his new friend and stood there on the gallery until Ben drove off and left him alone—which was not a pleasant feeling. Then he could hear nothing—absolutely nothing. Jinsy wasn't even moving around in the room. If it had been Selina breaking up the furniture Zack would have felt better. Jinsy's dumb tantrums scared him sick.

Presently, as nothing seemed to blow up, Zack rapped on the door very gently, very humbly; but Jinsy had a permanent grouch. The old man stood silent for a while, then put the bundle down and went out to the woodpile. Whenever Selina had a grouch it behooved him to cut wood. Somebody had been thoughtful enough to do the chopping. Zack picked up a turn of wood and dropped it noisily on the gallery. Having announced himself, he suggested:

"Jinsy, don't you aim to have no fire?" The cold forced Jinsy to open the door; she stood sullenly in the middle of the room while Zack knelt at the hearth and started a blaze. Ole Reliable had been trained at a good school. He knew that there were two occasions when a man must not talk—one is when the woman wants to talk and the other is when she doesn't. This being one of those occasions Zack ventured no remark. When he got the flames to crawling over the back log he warmed his stiffened fingers, then rose and went out on the gallery for his bundle. The room was utterly bare except for a bed-frame that stood in the corner with a lumpy mattress on it. The other furniture consisted of the broken skillet and leaky coffee-pot that Jinsy toted, together with three little packages of provisions which Jinsy had piled in the middle of the room. Zack came back with his bundle, which was presumably bedding, knelt beside the light of the fire, and began fumbling at the cotton rope with which the quilt was tied. Jinsy stood guard over him and when she expressed impatience he used his teeth on the knot. The bundle fell open and unrolled a mass of rags not a piece of which was big enough to cover a baby; but there was another package in the middle and Zack eagerly went into that—a wad of excelsior tied in a newspaper, with a brick to give it weight. This was the stage dummy which had served Nathan Hooter for many years. Zack scrambled up from his knees and stared down at the thing. Jinsy broke loose. "If ever I gits back to Vicksburg what I'm gwine to do to Nathan Hooter will be a-plenty." But Nathan was far away; so she turned on Zack. "Git out o' here, you triflin' ole nigger git out o' here! If you can't take care of a lady no better dan dat ——"

Ole Reliable got out promptly and the lady locked the door—unnecessary precaution.

Ole Reliable sat wearily on the step and gazed through the leaden night. He could see no light, no homy twinkle of a human habitation. Fortunately he had the driver's lantern locked out with himself instead of locked in with Jinsy, which was a square deal, for the woman had the firelight.

Zack was sleepy. He nodded and propped his head against the post, then straightened up with a solemn jerk. "Fust thing I know I'll be goin' to sleep right here on dis damp gallery—git all crippled up wid rheumatiz." He had to go to sleep somewhere if not on the damp gallery. Damp! The word naturally set him to thinking of "dry" and "dry" naturally led his mind to the seed-house, which Ben had strongly recommended for that quality. It was inevitable that Zack should sleep in that seed-house.

Zack picked up his lantern and went reconnoitering for a bunk. The seed-house was built close to the cabin, not more than forty feet away. Forty miles would have suited him better. Otherwise it was a very competent seed-house—dry, tight, with some thirty or forty bushels of seed in it. Zack didn't bother his head about how there came to be this much seed in a niggers' seed-house at that time of the year: he just crawled in, crawled under and went to sleep.

"If a Man or Woman Leaves This Plantation Without My Permission it's Six Months in Jail"

Long before the plantation bell rang next morning a cautious old negro untangled himself from under that pile of seed. As he poked his head out with prudence and looked round he saw nothing. Even if Jinsy had seen him first she might not have recognized him. Cottonseed stuck all over him, clung to his clothes, mixed with his frizzled hair; and the lint of it whitened his face and eyebrows like a dusty miller. The cabin was just as he had left it. A faint glow of light from the dying fire beat against the window-panes; he heard no sound inside. Possibly the woman slept. Zack hoped so he hoped she would continue to sleep. The world being safe, Ole Reliable climbed out of the high door of the seed-house and stopped to consider. He was very hungry. Jinsy hadn't offered to share her supper with him; she had the provisions locked up in the house and that killed his chances for breakfast. This bothered Zack slightly, very slightly almost imperceptibly, in fact. As long as there were white folks alive, with a cook and a kitchen, Zack never worried about his meals. A free man in a free world, he stepped out of the cabin yard and shut the gate softly behind him. There was the big road a muddy road; but he thanked God that it had no fence across it. Zack didn't know where he was. There were no landmarks to guide him. He sniffed a time or two, then struck an airline for the nearest white folks' kitchen.

Julian Gerard and Watt Crabbe "kept bach" in a little red house of six rooms about a hundred yards from the store. It was rather crude, for Stillriver was a new plantation and living conditions bordered on the pioneer. Zack barely glanced at the front part of the house; his business lay in the rear, where smoke was coming out of the kitchen flue. The first note of joy was the rattling of pans inside. Scraping his feet with great care and ostentatious noise, he pushed open the kitchen door. "Good mornin', ma'am."

The cook turned—just an ordinary plantation cook. Zack knew all the various sorts and conditions of cooks, their fortifications and their weaknesses.

"Good mornin', brother," she said. Then he knew she was a churchwoman.

"Good mornin', sister," he answered unctuously; "I hopes you is well. De good book say: 'I have been a stranger in a strange land.'"

"Den come right in here an' set down an' make yo'sef easy. De good book say: 'He war a stranger an' I tuk him in.'"

That put them on an easy footing, far past the period of negotiation—and anxiety. Zack took his seat on a split-bottom chair behind the stove and watched as he listened, listening being Zack's long suit when he wished to make an impression on the cook; and he knew just what to do. He kept the fire burning brightly, brought fresh wood; he scraped the pots. When they heard a stirring in the main house Sister Debby started in to see the boss.

"Sis Debby," Zack whispered, "jes one minit, please, ma'am. How is de boss befo' breakfast? Is he all right or is he kinder raw?"

"Yes, he's kinder raw, 'ceptin' he's whistlin'; an' hit's all right den. Ef he ain't whistlin' you better wait till atter dinner; den he'll do mos' anything you axes him."

"Please, ma'am, speak it to him soft dat Unc Josiah wants to see 'im."

His envoy went in to tell the boss and Zack could hear the answer: "Tell him to come right on in."

Gerard was lying on a bed in one room and Watt Crabbe had just got up from a bed in the other. The door was open between; they were laughing, calling back and forth to each other. Gerard whistled little snatches of rag-time music and Zack knew it was all right. So he knocked on the door. "Come in, old man; what's your trouble?" Gerard leaned up on his elbow and smiled as Zack stuck in that fuzzy bald head.

(Continued on Page 31)

EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND

By Corra Harris

Author of A Circuit Rider's Wife

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

He Did Not Think the Man Would Ever Pluck Up Courage Enough to Go Home

IV

A WIFE is at this disadvantage as a Boswell to her husband: she cannot record all of his life, but only so much of it as relates to her and comes under her observation. This is her serious limitation as his biographer, when you consider that some men are like tomcats. They may be the most virtuous, the gentlest of domestic creatures at home, and quite the reverse abroad. In this connection I recall the disillusionment of Mrs. Sears. She was a dim-headed woman, with an artificially cultivated soul and an imagination instead of a mind, who lived near us in Booneville. Her imagination was spider-legged, with all manner of thin little old-fashioned axioms relating to virtue, honor and courage. And she had married Mr. Sears because she said that she felt "he needed her." He was a very large man, with pink cheeks, a long, drooping brown mustache that gave him the appearance of a walrus, and a shifty eye in the presence of women. I doubt if he had ever voluntarily looked Mrs. Sears in the face longer than a second at a time. She attributed this to timidity. I did not.

They had no children, and without suspecting her maternity at all Mrs. Sears adopted her husband in the place of more literal infants. She pottered over his health in the same fashion that mothers do over getting their children in and out of their winter flannels, although he was as healthy as a rhinoceros. And in the same way she was always telling him what was right and what was wrong. Meanwhile Sears purred so softly upon the window-sill of his wife's affections that she had all the satisfaction of a mother bringing up a good, fat-faced little boy, or of an old maid attending to her cat.

Now it happened that Martin's livery stables were located just around the corner, back of the Banner office. One day Mrs. Sears had gone to purchase some dried fruit and a darning egg at Morgan's store on the square, and in returning home she had to pass the livery stables. Just as she came opposite the wide, dark doorway the air about her sacred ears was slit in every direction by a series of oaths from within. Unfortunately she recognized the voice of the speaker. She started violently, turned her head and looked in. She beheld Mr. Sears and Adam West, both stripped to the waist, engaged in the most brutish of all pastimes, a boxing match. And Sears was cheering himself on according to the language of his nature, the same as a tomcat screams when he is fighting.

For one instant she regarded her husband, who flushed apple-red to his waist under her gaze; then she fled.

Adam, returning home half an hour after, related the circumstance to me as a joke. He said that he did not think the man would ever pluck up courage enough to go home. He had left him, still half naked, sitting in one of the stalls at the stable, too horrified of the future to resume his shirt.

I went over at once to see the outraged wife, divining that she would be in need of proper sympathy. I found her stretched upon the bed, with her hat still pinned on, almost in a state of catalepsy. I had unpinned the hat, dampened a piece of dark brown paper in vinegar and laid it on her head—a favorite remedy for almost anything in Booneville—before she experienced the blessed relief of tears. Never have I witnessed such impotent and concentrated fury of grief. The trouble was this. For the first time she faced the fact that Sears was not a child or a cat; he was a man, her husband, and too large to spank. If she could have spanked him the matter would have been a simple one. As it was, she wept.

"Consider this, dear," I submitted at last: "To some men strong language is a language like any other. It is a masculine language, just as German is to us the foreign tongue of the Germans."

"Do you think so?"

She opened her eyes and regarded me like a drowning man searching for a straw.

"I am sure of it," I consoled.

"Still, I can never feel the same to him again! He has crushed my ideal!" she wailed.

A woman cares more for an ideal of a person, even if he is her husband, than she ever cares for him. And a thing she rarely learns is that a man is exactly like her in this respect. My opinion is that many a wife has shattered her husband's ideal of her forever by doing her hair up in curl-papers at night. And in his stupid way he suffers from the loss; only he does not kick and scream about it—he bears it philosophically, even to seeking occasionally a consolation that never outrages his fancy by appearing in curl-papers.

This disillusionment of Mrs. Sears, which occurred soon after my marriage, warned me in time. I avoided knowing anything more than was thrust upon my attention about Adam's tomcat character abroad. This is legitimate cowardice in women. You can save your husband now and then from the consequences of his folly, but you cannot reform him or recreate him in your own moral likeness—not if he is worthy of the name of man. He can be just as moral as any woman, but he has three or four virtues not common to us, just as we have five or six not common to him. However, when you add up, the totals are about the same.

I am coming to the time presently when Adam went on a spree, and to the astounding consequences thereof; but for more than three years after that first fall he recovered himself so hastily from a state of inebriation that one scarcely missed him. I spent a good deal of time at night by the lighted window, but not in the rôle of a martyred wife. I was thinking like a house afire. The Eve in me was becoming stringent—this is the nature of Eves: first sweet patience; then comes the equinox, when the storm sets in. I was trying to make up my mind how to farm Adam to the best advantage. Evidently he was proving a difficult section of the universal human ground. But I knew he had eloquent soil in him that ought to yield some kind of glory, even if righteousness was not indigenous to it.

This is better than submitting to the inevitable. The inevitable in marriage is a form of wifely enmity and general damnation. When a woman begins to get the use of words like "anguish" and "resignation" she has really got her own little sniveling divorce without any aid from the courts; and if she continues to live with her husband it is in a relation as ugly as though it were illicit. She has ceased to be his better half, and is working on her crown of thorns and practicing her rôle of martyrdom. She does not know it, but she has really turned against him. This is the most common form of marital infidelity in the world.

But, coming back to Adam, he was drunk rarely and was drinking frequently. However, he used every art known to man in his efforts to conceal both facts from me. These little breath-pill hypocrisies of husbands are lies, of course, but they are really told out of consideration for the nervous feelings of their wives, who are apt to fall back and weep if they smell liquor when the salutation kiss is given at evening. Also, the weeping is not only mortifying—it is too harrowing to be endured by the male conscience. This, in my opinion, is the true explanation of the breath-pill and clove-chewing habit among men. If they never went into the sensitive, conscientious presence of women they would not care how much they smelt to Heaven of their vices.

I could always tell when Adam had been drinking, not by any bibulous odor about him, or even by his coloring, which remained unimpeachable ivory under all circumstances, but by his beautiful manner of entering his home at evening. If he had done nothing wrong that day he came in like a commonplace specimen of his sex, a trifle irritable till he was fed. But if his conscience pained him he put on a brave front and tried to hide beneath the fig-leaves of a sweet, false gayety.

Different men have different methods of concealing themselves from the sad, virtuous eyes of their womankind, but if they have any bowels of compassion at all they do it. Mother and I, during my girlhood, invariably knew, for example, when father had been drinking too much of his own "bitters." He would come in the front gate without clicking it, enter the house without a sound, creep upstairs to the company room, undress and get in bed, and lie as still as if he were trying to be his own corpse. It was not because he dreaded what mother might say to him. It was because he had the same feeling the first man had when God walked in the garden at evening. There is nothing in life so grotesque and persistent and ineffective as this Adam habit all decent men have of hiding from good women when they have done wrong, or even what they think the woman will think wrong.

Some good people will condemn me for not taking more stringent measures with Adam the very moment that I discovered that he was at least dallying with his besetting sin. But I have my own ideas about this, and that is why I am writing these chronicles of a real married life. I am setting them down for women who begin to contemplate getting a divorce before they have learned enough about not getting a divorce. After a young wife passes out of the wedding-ring glamour of the first year of her marriage she is more than apt to be in the state of a chicken with her head off. Her wings keep on moving, but her mind does not.

It is during this crucial period that she makes the mistake of hardening her heart against a husband who has developed scandalous imperfections that the lover never showed, or of clinging to his stubborn neck and weeping and pleading with him to "Stop." It is best not to do either. In the first place, you cannot exasperate a man toward righteousness, unless he is a poor creature whom

"Do You Think I Am Drunk? Don't You Suppose I Know the Dead-Cat Style of Bailey's Writings?"

you could not respect even after he got there. But he has much the nature of a mule, and once he learns the use of the kicking hind legs of his disposition in the matrimonial traces you have simply ruined him for the race. He balks and he is forever damaging the dashboard of your affections. In the second place, the moral nature of some men is very nearly a fiction anyhow; and it is one of the most important duties of a wife never to let her husband discover this fact, but to instil into him a noble, false impression of his character. If you are shrewd enough and honest enough about it he will often do his best to live up to it.

The nearest I ever came to lecturing Adam in those days about his tippling habit was not to lecture him, but to withdraw from his society gently, apparently without intention. When he returned home in the evening from the office I did not meet him at the door. I appeared very innocently to have forgotten him. I was in the garden with the flowers. He would find me there in the mood no man understands, when a woman looks dimly through him and wants to kiss her hand to her dear guardian angel instead of thinking to kiss him as usual. He is not piqued; he is alarmed, like the woman in the Scriptures who lost a piece of her wedding money and tore up everything looking for it. The searches I have seen Adam make for me when we were sitting side by side somewhere were among the most delightful experiences of my early married life.

Writing this recalls one such incident to my mind. It was two years after our marriage. Adam had been elected to the legislature with a good majority over Colonel Middlebrook. He had attended the sessions in Nashville, but between times he was at home in Booneville, editing the Banner and developing almost a pastoral relation to every voter in the county and even in the surrounding counties. He was very busy, often very tired, and often stimulated himself from some hidden source upon trying occasions. I have neglected to set down the important detail that Booneville was in a "local option" county, where it was illegal to sell liquor but where a good many still wanted it and tried to get it. Men are so funny and illogical in matters of government. They do not govern themselves. They quiet their consciences by making a law that covers the situation, but not them!

Adam had been making speeches here and there, and had returned home once or twice dangerously near intoxication. Late one afternoon he found me in the garden. That, itself, had come to be a bad sign; but I never rubbed it in. I could hail Adam sweetly and cheerfully, and still give the impression of not having him in my thoughts.

We were sitting upon a bench near a flowering pink crape tree. I held a trowel in one hand and the folds of my white muslin skirt in the other. This left no hand for Adam. He felt it. I knew that, for an Eve, I was looking particularly well—in place, among my flowers. Adam felt that also, and his own inappropriateness. But there was always something ineffably winning about him as a penitent, which could in a moment wipe the very memory of his transgression out of my mind and restore him to the Holy Grail order of things in my imagination. I know this is not logically self-respecting. Logically one should maintain the flaming-sword-of-judgment attitude in such a circumstance till the husband has proved his worthiness. But a wife can be self-respecting without being logical, thank God!—which is the advantage of having a loose faculty and a wise heart.

"Eve," said Adam, as he sat beside me looking at the early spring garden in full bloom about us, "flowers are the dust of all the women that have died and been resurrected. The roses over there come from the ashes of the red hearts of beautiful ladies who rode long ago in the king's pageants. And those yellow jasmines, they spring from the bitter poisoned dust of women that sinned and died damned. And these little white ones that stand so low to the ground, with bowed blossoms like novitiates at prayer, they come up out of the dust of sad, good women who died counting their beads ages and ages ago."

Adam's knighthood eye bent reverentially upon me and I felt a delightful sensation as though my face were being made into a rose, and as though my fingers were about to bloom into little white prayer-blossoms. There was a sweet decimal of silence between us—not like the silence between lovers, but a sweeter silence; then Adam said:

"Eve, if you could come back from wherever you are, if you could come back into my foreground, where mankind's pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night ought to move, so that he can see which way to go I say, if you will, I'll undertake to make a better showing in your direction!"

This was his way of reforming and of making peace with me and the flowers. If the worst came to the worst he went into the house and vowed it before the center-table in the parlor, then recorded the vow in the Bible, which always rested there for this purpose. After that we invariably had supper and a happy, shriven, conscience-cleared evening together, during which he told me of his ambitions and of the growing strength of his political hopes. And of course you may say that the whole occasion was founded upon sentimental folly, that the facts remained the same—Adam had been drunk; he would be a drunkard in the future. But that was not the only fact. The most important one to consider was that he still loved me dearly in spite of my virtuousness - I had not discovered my own faultiness yet. Wives rarely do in the early years of their marriage, owing to their having accepted the pedestal-angel attitude to their husbands.

"Flowers are the Dust of All the Women That Have Died and Been Resurrected"

And some of them never do get down or find out their irritating limitations as wives. You can always distinguish them by their idiotic aloofness from their husbands. They practice matrimonial illiteracy from their bridehood even down to old age. And in Heaven I have no doubt that they will be recognized as static, old fat saints whose stupidities tickle the very angels.

But I am not coming on fast enough chronologically with this record. It is so pleasant writing just about Adam, instead of the things Adam did, which were largely mysterious to me. I never understood the methods he employed so successfully in his political career. A "caucus" seemed a fearful thing to me, where Adam wrote out his favorite destiny on a "slate" and got the most influential men in the county to sign it. I used to be so dreadfully afraid they would refuse. But they never did. Not only that, these same influential citizens followed him blindly as though he were the Pandora box of their great expectations.

Occasionally one of them received a clerkship at the capitol, or his little boy was appointed a page in the hall of representatives. And Adam was growing in the grace that is peculiar to public men. He was accomplished in his personal appearance. He did not age at all, being as impervious to the wrinkles of regret and remorse as a young child. And he had a gift for inspiring the most extravagant confidence in his political followers. What he did not really accomplish he hoped so high to accomplish that he was invariably elected upon the strength of his anticipations rather than his actual achievements.

He was a candidate for reëlection to the legislature the second time when the issue of the campaign suddenly came down out of the region of his promised land and settled between him and his antagonist at home. It was the "Cause of Temperance." The question of local option was up again. Clancey Drew appeared as the young Elijah candidate who would introduce at the next session of the legislature a bill that would remove the "obnoxious local option law, which had restricted the liberty of freeborn Democrats in Boone County" for a number of years. This was very embarrassing to Adam, for he had meant to promise this very reward himself if he were reëlected. The situation was the more critical because Clancey was related to half the population of the county and could depend upon his kinsmen to vote for him, and Adam was related—and that only by marriage—to two old men, father and my uncle, Sam Langston, both of whom were influential but not almighty. There was a large minority of temperance voters in the county, but since they were distinctly the minority neither candidate pledged himself to their interests.

I was far from understanding all this at the time. What I did understand was that Adam was at his wits' end, politically speaking. Then he began to drink. It was not a transitory intoxication of an evening, but a "spree" that lasted exactly seven days. At first he came home late at night looking like an ash-cat Sam, who comes home to crawl through a hole and under the house. Adam ignored me and slept upon the parlor sofa. The third night he did not return at all, nor the fourth, nor the fifth. I was like a speculator whose margins are about to fail him. I had given up the idea of Adam's being good, but I cherished with a Spartan passion the expectation of his becoming great. To me that has always seemed an unexpurgated form of goodness. Besides, when you think of it, married women are curious things morally. Love warps them. They think what is right, and do as nearly as they can what their husbands want them to do, whether it is right or not. And this was one of the times when I prayed, as usual, "Thy will be done!" and also that Adam might be enabled to accomplish his will, leaving the Lord to take His choice of which He would grant, for the two were apparently far from being synonymous.

During this week, for the first time since my marriage to Adam, I thought often of Mr. Bailey; not regretfully, you understand, but I thought of him as you recall a shade in which you once slept. The cemetery was on a hill outside the town and visible from my garden. The arbor-vitæ above Mr. Bailey's grave was so green, so clearly defined against the horizon, that it became personal. I had not been up there since the day I met Adam in the road. Nearly three years had passed. It was early summer. I thought of the flowers I had planted and wondered how they fared. The old evergreen tree seemed to signal: "Come and see! We are very quiet up here." It was queer. I concluded to wait as long as I could, and if Adam did not come home I would go up there and see how the flowers did. I went in, set some yeast to rise for the morning bread, stuck my finger under the cream in the crocks on the cupboard shelf to see whether the milk had turned, swept up the beard that the oak had shed upon the back porch, and did a thousand little things mechanically, the way women do when they are thinking strictly to themselves. Then I put on my hat and went out through the garden. I was in a tremor all along the road to the cemetery, lest I should be seen and recognized. When I reached the gate I was disagreeably excited, and paused as a stranger does before he goes in for audience with a difficult person. It was at this moment that I caught sight of the grave under the arbor-vitæ and started as though I had seen a miracle. It was a mass of flowers, as though Mr. Bailey had shed his harp and crown there in white and golden blossoms.

I do not know how long I stood there astounded, but at last I found myself walking back rapidly along the road. I had not entered the cemetery. One does not go too near a haunted grave, even if it is haunted only by flowers.

It was dark when I reached home. I found Enos Todd waiting. He was a youth of eighteen whom Adam employed as printer and devil at the Banner office. He

(Continued on Page 33)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 17, 1910

Would You Like a Coal Mine?

WITHIN ten years a thousand million tons of coal have been added to the fuel supply of the United States. Of course the coal was there all along and its existence was long known; but its steam-producing power was so low that it was considered practically worthless.

It was added to our fuel supply by a number of scientific persons who kept on experimenting until they discovered that, if burned in a gas-producer, this low-grade coal would yield more power, ton for ton, than the best steam coal when burned under a boiler. Of first-rate coal, four pounds and a half were burned to get a horse-power in steam; of lignite, practically worthless for steam, three pounds and a half to get a horse-power in gas. This fuel supply was created, so to speak, by the hard thinking of comparatively few men in a back room.

Opportunity is what every man who isn't a loafer wants—a store to run, a coal mine to operate. This is merely a Christmas suggestion that the coal mine is in his head if he will look diligently for it.

Reform in China and Here

IT IS encouraging to learn that Mr. Calhoun, our Minister to China, is taking an influential part in persuading that empire to reform its archaic currency system. Mr. Calhoun is a patriotic citizen; if he has found a method of getting light on that subject into the Chinese mind he may feel it his duty to try his process on the American.

At the recent monetary conference in New York, Mr. Warburg, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., inquired: "Why does the European system guarantee the avoidance of panics and why does ours insure their recurrence from time to time?"

If an answer to that question were discoverable in the currency system alone, doubtless we should have had a solution before now, for the currency is completely under the Government's control. The answer embraces as well the banking system, which so bristles with private rights, vested interests and vested prejudices that nobody seems really willing to grapple with it.

The difficulties will hardly grow less by postponement. There will be little progress until somebody does grapple; and the monetary commission was created for that particular purpose. The commission ought to forget proximate political conditions, formulate the best bill it can and introduce it. That would bring the subject tangibly up for discussion. The right discussion cannot be had in bank parlors and senatorial cloakrooms.

Going Back to the Soil

A CITY-BRED farmer furnishes this compendium of his experience: "Owned a small but fairly profitable city merchandising business; sold it and bought a farm within a mile of farms that paid well; have worked like a horse five years; so has my wife; never made a profit any year; farm now encumbered for about all it is worth; would like a job as clerk in a city store, but am too old; besides, have contracted rheumatism."

What he bought was really a gold brick. To other city-bred men whose thoughts turn to the land we say: you can lose your money as effectually buying land as you can buying oil stock; investigate; see that the land—not land a mile away but the actual piece you are buying—is suitable to the kind of farming you have in mind. Understand that in buying a farm you are buying a job. The money you pay for the title-deed gives you an opportunity to apply your labor of hand and head to the soil. The more intelligent and efficient the labor, the more the soil will respond. To unintelligent, inefficient labor the best soil will yield little. You may apply seven thought-power and three hand-power, or seven hand-power and three thought-power; but you must put ten into the land to get ten out of it. You cannot market your fruit from a photograph.

We could give other and more cheerful experiences of city-bred farmers, and we are very far from wishing to discourage any man from turning back to the land; but go with your eyes open. Harvest no more comprises the life of a farmer than payday comprises the life of a bill-clerk or ironmoulder. The farmer's work is more healthful, more free, more stimulating. His opportunities are greater because his pay depends more directly on his own effort; but, if he succeeds, he works.

A Two-Chamber Government

THE political issue in England is simply whether the majority shall rule. The argument nowadays for a two-chamber government is that the upper and more aristocratic House is necessary in order to prevent the lower and more democratic one from rushing into ill-advised legislation, which does not really represent the settled will of the nation; but this object would obviously be attained under the Liberal plan which proposes that, unless the Lords assent to a bill, it must pass the Commons three times at an interval of two years before it becomes law.

The real object of a second and upper House is not to check mere transitory impulses and passions on the part of the populace, but to constitute a fixed and insurmountable barrier on behalf of the more important vested interests. This was expressed in the framing of our own Constitution. In urging that members of the Senate be elected for life, Hamilton referred to the British House of Lords as "a most noble institution," because it formed "a permanent barrier against every pernicious innovation, whether attempted on the part of the Crown or of the Commons."

An upper House that interposed a mere temporary check to popular impulses would not be of much use to the interests that the Lords represent. The true issue is whether a majority shall rule.

What Ails the Suffragettes?

ADDRESSING women, the British Government says: "It is your blessed lot in the scheme of creation to be clinging vines and fragrant posies. May you ever be enshrined in the sanctuary of the home, the object of our tenderest solicitude, securely removed from the world's coarsening strife and bustle. We would not beteem the winds of heaven to visit your fair faces roughly."

Whereupon the women vigorously kick Government's shins, pull out handfuls of his whiskers, paste him in the eye and drive his plug hat down over his ears.

We deplore their manners, but applaud their sentiments. An intelligent woman who finds herself regarded as a clinging vine might well find some politer answer than a kick on the shins or a left hook to the nose; but we doubt if she could find one which, on the whole, would express her feelings more comprehensively.

The complacent masculine theory that women should not go out-of-doors, when about one out of four of them has to earn her own living and another large portion, under modern domestic conditions, has nothing in particular to do indoors, is probably what, at bottom, makes the suffragettes wild. They are trying to impress reluctant male minds with the modern woman's belief that a female who hasn't an effective punch somewhere in her composition is no good. The demonstration is regrettably crude, but the belief will flourish.

What Railroad Earnings Show

IN THE first quarter of this calendar year the net earnings of railroads were twenty-three million dollars greater than the year before; in the second quarter they were ten million dollars greater; in the third quarter they were nine million dollars less. In the third quarter of 1909, however, net earnings were thirty-nine million dollars greater than in 1908; so, in the third quarter of this year, they were thirty million dollars greater than two years ago.

The decrease in net earnings for the third quarter is the only tangible evidence in favor of higher freight rates. This decrease amounts to a trifle over one per cent of the gross earnings of the roads for the quarter. If one per cent had been added to their freight receipts, the decrease in net would have been practically overcome. They contemplate, we believe, adding more than one per cent to freight receipts.

The roads say that during this quarter, when net earnings were shrinking, they cut operating expenses more drastically than proper regard for the maintenance of their plants and good service would really warrant. Their reports show, however, that they charged to operating expenses forty-nine million dollars more than in 1909.

We do not mention these facts for the purpose of prejudging the case now before the Interstate Commerce Commission, but to show how proper it is that the roads can no longer raise freight rates without the approval of the Government after a thorough investigation.

The Price of a Theater Ticket

ONE of the best ways to uplift the drama, we think, would be to stop gouging its patrons in cities out of fifty cents nearly every time they buy a ticket. It isn't the fifty cents that counts particularly. It wasn't the amount of the small import duty that provoked Boston to throw the British tea into the harbor. What counts is taking a man's money under pretenses so grossly false that he can't help feeling ashamed of himself for being victimized in that way. If city theaters chose to say, "The price of this ticket is two dollars and a half," no one, we suppose, would object. When they say, "The price of this ticket is two dollars," and then make the purchaser pay two dollars and a half, objection is universal and impassioned. Everybody knows that the theaters regularly send their best seats to brokers; that the brokers charge fifty cents above the box-office price and divide the fifty cents with the theater. The purchaser takes his seat with a firm conviction that he was swindled to begin with. Theater managers might well consider whether this doesn't predispose him to a conviction, when the curtain falls, that the swindle continued all through.

Bankers of Broad View

ONE of the best political speeches we have read lately was delivered at a convention of Illinois bankers by one of their number, B. F. Harris—although he might not recognize it under that description. "I do not believe any one can be a good business man who is not at the same time a good citizen in all the term implies," he said. "The man who devotes all his time to the accumulation of property, straddling or evading vital business and governmental questions, absorbing everything he touches, giving nothing in return, is little better than the man who goes wrong; for his selfishness makes the other possible."

Illinois is one of the few remaining states in which any tramp, by styling himself a "bank," may receive deposits from the public without supervision by the state. This scandalous condition is prejudicial to the state's banking interest. The selfishness of a few bankers who wish to escape supervision and the almost equally selfish reluctance of other bankers to fight members of their own guild are responsible for this condition. Mr. Harris urged his hearers, among other acts of good citizenship, to clean their own houses by insisting upon supervision of all banks.

This is not only good politics but it is the kind of politics that is counting nowadays. No current political phenomenon is more puzzling to the standpat mind than this same self-questioning by prosperous people. The old theory was that political unrest was born of an empty stomach and if you gave a man a full dinner-pail he wouldn't mind how many other dinner-pails you emptied.

Destruction of Capital

IT IS recalled that Commodore Vanderbilt said the "new" Grand Central passenger station in New York—a marvel in its day for size and costliness—would answer the needs of growing traffic for half a century. After two enlargements this station has now been completely demolished, giving place within fifty years to a far larger and more costly one. This tearing down to build bigger goes on constantly. City streets are littered with the débris of sound eight-story buildings that are to be replaced by skyscrapers. It is said that we destroy capital, though the destruction is sometimes offset by the unearned increment. We do destroy the capital, but not the investment. The stocks and bonds issued to provide funds for the building of Commodore Vanderbilt's station are still outstanding, drawing interest and dividends, although every stick of the station that the money built has disappeared.

Here is a maturing issue of thirty-year bonds. Every rail, tie, engine and car that the money bought has utterly vanished; but the bonds are refunded and will always draw interest to the end of time. The cost of the eight-story building has been absorbed into the land and will remain a valid investment, although the building is destroyed. The cake is eaten, yet exists imperishably. It has been said that the country's whole transportation plant disappears in about twenty years and is rebuilt; but the evidences of investment are perpetual. If deplorable political disturbances had not intervened we should still be paying interest on the bonds issued to build the Roman Forum. This is one of the arguments in favor of an adequate inheritance tax.

WHO'S WHO--AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Dawn of Dix

PICTURE to yourself the Honorable Finggy Conners, of Buffalo, New York, about to get the hook as chairman of the Democratic State Committee and add to the image a large, placid, openfaced person, wearing a baby-blue necktie and such other garments as the conventions demand, looming into the middle distance. Then, using such mental pigments as you may have at command, sketch in the Honorable Charley Murphy, of Tammany Hall, a large, placid, closefaced person, tightly clutching in his right hand the absolute materials—which is patois for the goods—in the shape of the votes to apply said hook to said Finggy and put the wearer of the baby-blue necktie in his place—and you have an impressionistic view of the real entrance of John A. Dix into that seething sea of politics that seethed sufficiently on November eight to make him the governor of New York, come January one.

To be sure, the party of the second part in this colorful composition had made a venture or two before that. Once he was a candidate for governor in the convention that nominated Mr. Hearst and received seventeen votes, not enough by several hundred; and once he ran for lieutenant-governor when the Democratic ticket in New York was headed by that peerless champion of the plain people, Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler—the Stuyvesant indicating the plain-people end of it. The best he got that time was an agate line in the returns stating: John A. Dix, for lieutenant-governor, also lost.

These were mere incidents, for John A. Dix did not come into his prominence until the Honorable Charles Murphy tagged him with the state chairmanship and later tattooed him with the gubernatorial nomination at Rochester last September. Mr. Murphy, it will be remembered—or it should be, for the Colonel told about it often enough in the campaign—sat in Room 212 in some hotel reading Omar Khayyam, having but recently discovered that it was a book and not a mineral water and being anxious to see what it was all about anyhow, and waited patiently until the various other candidates had snarled themselves up until they looked like a plate of human spaghetti. Then he called in Dix, who was laboring to bring harmony out of chaos, as the press agents put it, in his capacity as state chairman, and said: "John, there's nothin' to it. You gotta take it."

So John took it; not, however, until he had seen all the other candidates and found that his candidacy would be pleasing to them and learned that they didn't think he had any idea of getting the nomination. Also, he demanded their support; and he got it. Likewise he got some support he didn't demand and the result was that he cantered in on election day, and that, for the second time in its history, New York is to have a governor named John A. Dix.

Still, there must be no confusing of Dixes. This John A. is but distantly, if at all, related to the other John A. Dix, who on a certain occasion informed a fellow soldier that if any person endeavored to tear down the American flag he—the soldier—was to shoot him—the tearer—on the spot—not, of course, designating any particular spot, but leaving that to the discretion of the shooter and trusting in his ability to pick out a good spot. When this John A. first appeared it was stated he was a nephew of the other John A. However, everybody—including the family of the first John A. and the second John A. himself—corrected the matter at once; and we learned that the present John A. is John Alden Dix, related, no doubt, to that bashful person who was the victim of one of the earliest leap-year proposals of which there is record.

Could Not be Cajoled or Cussed

SUBSEQUENT to the Buffalo convention, in 1906, where Mr. Dix had his seventeen tried and true votes—about a week or thereabouts—he announced in a mild but firm manner that he would be compelled to refuse his support, as a loyal Democrat, to Mr. Hearst, who had been nominated; and that he would step out and do what he could to insure the election of Mr. Hughes, the Republican nominee. There were no fireworks to accompany this announcement. He was calm and businesslike about it. Also, he kept his word and did what he could. Therefore, when it came his turn to be nominated, Mr. Hearst stepped out and announced that he would not support Mr. Dix; and he let off rockets, bombs, set pieces and giant crackers to make the announcement stick, the net result being that Mr. Dix got past and Mr. Hearst did not, which sort of puts the laugh on Mr. Hearst.

The new governor made what is known as a dignified campaign. He spoke in various places, using words of acceptable length and of the utmost propriety. He denied various charges that were brought against him, without heat or passion; and he, on various occasions, took perfectly correct wallops at Colonel Roosevelt and Candidate Stimson. Indeed, he showed a great deal of self-control, poise and moderation, for they went after him pretty hard in the closing days of the campaign. After he was elected he made a modest announcement that he hoped to be able to better conditions in New York, and went up to a camp in the Adirondacks to have a few days to himself before the crowds of office seekers swept down on him.

Dix is a big, broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced man, with a courteous manner, a low voice and a sort of an outdoors look about him. Until he made his first local splash into politics by getting himself made chairman of the Washington County Democratic Committee, he was in business of various kinds, including banking, quarrying, papermaking and lumbering. He went to Cornell for three years, but left at the end of his junior year to become a member of the firm of Reynolds & Dix, dealers in and quarriers of block marble. Later, he became associated with Lemon Thomson in the lumber business and began to get interested in banking.

Inasmuch as he lived in that part of the state, he thought he would like to have a bank in Albany. He bought into the Exchange and the First National banks in that city and decided that he would combine the two. At that time Anthony N. Brady controlled the leading bank in Albany and saw to it that his bank handled most of the state's business. Mr. Brady is a most resourceful person, who began life with a tea store that branched out into a string of those useful and profitable institutions. Naturally, as he was a strict business man, he deprecated paying the state any more than was necessary for the use of state money and fixed two per cent as a fair return for taking care of those funds.

Mr. Dix thought his combined bank might have a share of this state business, but when he made this announcement it was delicately conveyed to him that it would be a good thing and he would be a wise Dix if he refrained from mussing into affairs that were peculiarly within the province of Mr. Brady and his bank. Mr. Dix could not see it in that light, try as he might. He announced to the delicate conveyers that he had made this bank in Albany; that he had an idea—which, in fact, had become an obsession with him—that the use of the state money was worth three per cent of any banker's increment. Further, he put it up to the state authorities that he was prepared to pay said three per cent. This, of course, was considered rash business by Mr. Brady; but Mr. Dix could not be cajoled or cussed into seeing the error of his per cent. The result was that Dix got his share of the state money for his bank; and the further and most distressing result—from the Brady viewpoint—was that Mr. Brady's bank coincidentally began to pay three per cent too.

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Once He Received Seventeen Votes

Dix is interested in a number of banks and trust companies in the northern end of the state of New York, is largely concerned in making paper and woodpulp, and has numerous other business interests. He is described as a fair, impartial, steady-going man—not brilliant or showy, but level-headed, just and intelligent. His tendencies are all against radicalism. If there should work out a situation in the next Democratic National Convention when Judson Harmon and Woodrow Wilson and a few others of the Democratic lights now flashing on the horizon are in danger of being dimmed through a deadlock, John Alden Dix might ooze through as a compromise Presidential candidate. Stranger things have happened.

Fast Black

TWO negroes, one light brown and one very black, met in New Orleans.

"How is you, Joe?" asked the light one.

"Tol'able," replied the black one. "Tol'able."

"You shuah is lookin' right peart, Joe."

"Cain't complain; cain't complain."

"Yes, Joe," continued the light one, "you shuah is lookin' good. You done hol' your color mighty well, Joe, in this yer hot weather."

Small Comfort

A GROUP of Republican officials who were receiving the returns in Washington on election night cheered up a bit when the news came that Minnesota and California were Republican anyhow. Their jollity reminded one of them of a story of a Presidential election, when Private John Allen was at Democratic headquarters in New York, receiving returns. Everything was Republican and the private decided to take a nap. He was awakened by some cheers and found the Democrats were elated because one of the doubtful states had gone for Cleveland.

"Reminds me of a boy who left Tupelo to go out and be a cowboy," said Allen. "He was a pretty tough boy, but his parents liked him, as parents generally do. They heard nothing from him for a year or two; then one night a telegram came, saying: 'Your son killed in a runaway today. Left arm broken, right arm broken, both legs broken, back broken and skull crushed.'

"The old folks were sitting around the fire, weeping and talking about the boyhood days of their son when another telegram came. They read it eagerly. It said: 'We were mistaken as to details. Left arm not broken.'"

Ambitious Adam

JOSEPH HOLT GAINES, who has been in Congress for many years from West Virginia and has risen to a commanding position both on the Ways and Means Committee and on the floor, was defeated for reëlection by a man named Littlepage, a Democrat.

"Now, Adam," said Gaines to Littlepage on the day after election, "I shall be glad to do anything I can for you up in Washington, especially in telling you about the rules and how to get favorable committee places, and all that. Call on me any time."

"Thanks, Joe," said Littlepage; "but I guess I won't need you. You see, I intend to begin where you left off."

The Hall of Fame

¶ One of the new Georgia Representatives in Congress is Sam Tribble.

¶ Mr. Justice White, of the United States Supreme Court, spends an hour with a physical-culture man every day.

¶ E. W. Townsend, who wrote Chimmie Fadden, was elected to Congress in the recent landslide as a Democrat from New Jersey.

¶ George S. Legare, of South Carolina, was reëlected to Congress. Pronounce his name Legree or be prepared to be admonished.

¶ It will take seven or eight volumes to hold the collected state papers, messages and speeches that Colonel Roosevelt made while he was President.

¶ Peary, the Arctic explorer, who is a civil engineer in the Navy, has been assigned to the Department of Justice, where he will do all kinds of plain and fancy civil engineering.

¶ Job Hedges, the New York orator and after-dinner speaker, has written a book on politics which begins: "The life of the Nation is not in peril of immediate dissolution"—a very comforting thought.

The Popular Magazines and Their Advertising

RECENTLY Postmaster-General Hitchcock was reported as having said that during the past five years the small investors of this country have been swindled out of one hundred million dollars by get-rich-quick men. The estimate is probably too low. A fortnight earlier the press announced that Mr. Hitchcock thought he could reduce the postal deficit somewhat if Congress could be persuaded to impose a special tax on the advertising pages of the popular magazines. Certain favored classes of periodicals and the newspapers, including their weekly and monthly magazines, were to be excepted from this recommendation. Though seemingly unconnected, these two reports have an important bearing on each other, as will be seen a little later.

This is written before the opening of Congress and without knowledge of the Postmaster-General's real intentions, but we are strongly inclined to believe that the newspaper reports are wrong; for Mr. Hitchcock, better than any one else, knows the intimate relation between the get-rich-quick business and advertising—but not the advertising in the popular magazines. He knows that two things are vital to almost any swindling scheme—the use of the mails and a chance to reach the public through advertising. The popular magazines that count do not give that chance to any one in the get-rich-quick business. They do not swell the unending stream of letters that pours into the offices of these rascals and that necessitates the maintenance by the Post-office of an expensive department for the protection of the public.

Some Simple Facts About Publishing

TODAY the popular magazines are a potent force for the protection of the small investor. They not only refuse to accept advertisements of unsafe, speculative and swindling schemes, but they maintain departments for the financial education of their readers along sound, conservative lines. So it is incredible that Mr. Hitchcock will father a recommendation to impose a tax on the publishers whose whole influence is being exerted for honest advertising, and exempt other publishers whose journals are making the fraud-order branch of the Post-office work overtime.

The popular periodicals have nothing to fear except ignorance. Once the facts of the publishing business are understood, the magazines can afford the inconsistency of standing pat.

It is necessary first to get clearly in mind that there are certain fundamental differences between periodical publishing and almost every other kind of business. Reading is a necessity of the mind, not of the body. The publisher must create a mental want, not satisfy an existing bodily need. In no other business do mechanical labor and material add so little to the real value of the product. The printing press is unlike any other machine in that it simply fixes an idea until the reader has transferred it from the mind of the writer to his own. Then, for him, the magazine is only an empty package, to be thrown away or passed on to another; but to that other its real value is unimpaired.

A publisher, then, has nothing concrete to sell to his buyers—only the ideas of other men. He has nothing concrete to sell to his advertisers—only a glance and a moment's attention from his readers. Where another business may live a lifetime on one idea and wax fat and prosperous, selling it over and over again in neat little packages, the publisher must have new ideas for every month and every month's product must be different, yet in certain essentials the same as that of the preceding month. When a number of his magazine is off the press his warehouse is empty, his patterns are worthless. There is no comfortable stock, manufactured to meet a known standard of public taste, to give him a sense of security when he walks through his plant. And, unless his editors and writers can again and again create a new thing that will in some measure reflect ever-changing, yet ever-changeless, human nature, he must fail in the end. Nothing is more complete than such a failure. The only salvage is a list of people who do not want the magazine and some junk—for a printing press is either the livest or the deadest thing in the world. It will not work at all for people who do not understand their business.

Under present conditions, and so long as the Government does not discriminate in favor of any class of publishers with preferential shipping rates, there is and can be no such thing as a publishing trust. There can be no control of raw material by a few, for the raw material of publishing is ideas. There can be no building up of a favored publisher at the expense of his competitors, for heretofore the Government has not discriminated between those who complied with the postal laws. The magazine field is open, competitive, free to all comers. Any man with a new idea and an old printing press can win success in it; but he must win success all over again with every number of his periodical that goes on the news-stands. No matter how popular a magazine may be, no matter how strongly intrenched it may seem, it has to go through exactly the same process every month. Once such a magazine has lost its perception of what the people want, once its hold on its public has loosened, it slides down a greased way to bankruptcy.

More money has been put into publishing than has ever been taken out. It is the easiest business to get into and the hardest to stay in. A new magazine ventures into the arena, the public looks it over, says "thumbs down," and the corpse is dragged out. An old favorite comes on, cocksure that it is going to please in the old way, misses a few times, and the hearse is backed up to the stage door. Periodicals that have passed down to the second generation without being entertained by a receiver or two on the journey are as plentiful in America as the dodo. During the past year, as during almost every preceding year, magazines representing investments of from a hundred thousand dollars up, that have never paid a dollar of profit, have passed away, leaving behind nothing but a deficit. Surely this is a strange condition of affairs in a business which its critics say is subsidized by the Government.

It is worth noting that in proportion as publishers have been disposed to deal honestly with the public, both in their editorial columns and their advertising pages, their business has tended to become more stable, which is a pretty fair indication of what the public really wants. In the past there have been apparent successes of sensation. Cocktail editing may for a while attract a certain public, but not that public which alone will insure the permanent prosperity of a periodical. There must always be more cocktails, stronger stimulant, until the whole thing winds up in a burst of delirium tremens.

The Problem of the Publisher

ONCE a magazine is "right" with the public it has established one kind of success, but financial success is by no means assured. Just here we come to the second point of difference between publishing and other kinds of business. If, for instance, a man should decide to make and sell a food product, he would sit down and figure out the cost of his raw material, plus manufacturing and selling costs. To these he would add his profit and start out for business. In short, he would work out his problem from the bottom, up. The publisher must work out his from the top, down. He decides to make a weekly or a monthly, but he cannot fix his price at a figure based on the cost of manufacture, selling and distribution, plus a profit. Custom, not cost, has already fixed his price for him at five, ten, fifteen or twenty-five cents. Competition has, almost without exception, fixed that price at a figure below the cost of manufacture; and money to pay editors, authors, artists and selling expenses must be found somewhere. The cost of mailing the magazine is low—one cent a pound. Certain protected manufacturers, who are angry with the magazines because of their attitude on the tariff, will say right here that the publishers are receiving a subsidy from the Government, the same in kind as they are. Granting this for the sake of argument—though it can be shown that this is not or at least need not be true—there is an important difference to be noted: the publishers have used this advantage to lower their price to the consumer; the protected manufacturers to raise theirs. So, in spite of all this talk about subsidized magazines, after the postal rate has been figured in, there is still to be met a big deficit in the cost of making and marketing the periodical, to say nothing of any profit for the publisher.

This is where the advertiser comes in—if he will. And for his coming some readers have been disposed to criticise the publisher, believing as they did that the magazines yielded a profit at their selling price and that the advertising money was just so much extra gain. As a matter of

fact, there could be no cheap dailies, weeklies or monthlies in America without advertising, as from one-half to two-thirds of the money received from it, even in the case of the most prosperous publication, must be used to meet the difference between its cost and its selling price. So it is evident that the idea of charging a higher rate of postage on the advertising than on the reading pages of a magazine is simply making a distinction without a difference.

Advertising will not go into a magazine until after it has proved up with the public. So every publisher must start in business facing the certainty that, even under the most favorable circumstances, he will have a deficit for months or years, or for keeps. That is the only certainty he has.

Many misconceptions about advertising exist in the mind of the reading public; but it is such a vital force in the lives of every man, woman and child in the country that certain simple facts about it should be clearly understood.

The Force That Makes the Wheels Go 'Round

ADVERTISING is to business what electricity is to the city—light and power. It is at once a gentle force that makes things clear and an irresistible force that makes things go.

Advertising has sent the selling methods of the past generation to the scrapheap to keep company with the tallow dip and the horsecar. Founded on the most abstract of sciences, it concerns itself with the most concrete of facts. Wasteful and haphazard in its crude beginnings, it has revolutionized business because in its later development it has proved the most economical and efficient method of selling goods. Today manufacturers split pennies to find profits and split hairs to find costs. The old idea that an article is more expensive because it is advertised is exploded. As infallibly as water seeks the lowest possible level, modern business seeks the most economical method of marketing its products. An advertised article is cheaper than one which is sold to consumers by tallow-dip, horsecar methods.

Advertising is a salesman that is always at work, but never wearies a customer; that calls on the same man until he is convinced, but never annoys him with its insistence; that wastes no time, wastes no words, and that can always gain an audience and a hearing. Alone among salesmen, advertising has free access to the libraries of President Taft and Mr. Morgan; it marches unchecked past the secretary of the big merchant and enters without hindrance the store of the retailer. When it cannot tell its story to a man in his office it can always gain his attention in his home. The door of the housewife is never slammed in its face. No country is so remote, no village is so dead, that it does not go there for orders and get them.

The advertising pages of the periodicals are the great world-market in which every one may display his wares on equal terms and secure customers in fair competition, according to the merit of his goods and the brains in his arguments. A trust may rent all the choice city corners, but the little manufacturer may rent even choicer ones in the periodicals and so beat monopoly at its own game.

Before the true power and functions of advertising were clearly understood, either by the merchant or the public, it was supposed that advertising must do good by stealth and sell goods by indirection. It was taken for granted that the readers of a periodical glanced at the advertisements against their will and were cajoled by them into buying when they were off their guard. Today advertisers understand that direct statements and clear arguments, not irrelevant foolery and twaddle, sell goods. The advertising pages are no longer casually met by the reader as he goes through his periodical, but they are deliberately sought by an increasingly large number of men and women, because they contain information on a hundred subjects that people want to know about—information that will save them time, trouble and money.

In learning the important facts about their own business advertisers have discovered certain related facts about the publisher's. They know now that a periodical must not only have circulation but that there must be buying power in that circulation. Permanent buying power—which is the only kind worth while to an honest advertiser—is the outgrowth of three things: It begins when a magazine is bought on its merits that is, when it is bought for what it contains and not for something that is given away or sold with it; it grows as the magazine finds increasing favor among the honest, hard-working and moderately prosperous classes of the country; and it reaches its highest development when, over a term of years, the magazine has merited the confidence of those classes in its essential honesty of purpose. This all takes time. Confidence is a plant of slow growth.

While the advertiser is waiting for the value of a periodical to be established the publisher is losing money steadily; and the faster his circulation is growing the more money he is losing. Yet, getting circulation is his only chance of winning out in the end. When you meet a successful publisher you may be certain of two things about him—he is a good loser and a good stayer.

It is easy to see now why so many promising magazines fail. The early history of those that have succeeded is a story of standing off the printer, the papermaker, and waiting in hope on the president of the bank; for few men of ample capital are willing to venture their money on the uncertain hazard of a new magazine.

It is perfectly plain, too, that every popular periodical must be considered as a whole and not as two parts—one reading and the other advertising matter. These two things are simply parts of a circle, each necessary to the existence of the other and to the completeness of the periodical.

Advertising is not only light and power, but it is also a live wire that, unless it is properly safeguarded, carries great potentialities for evil as well as good. An example of the tremendous power of advertising, when it is used for evil, is furnished by the mail of a get-rich-quick concern against which the Post-office recently issued a fraud order. In one day twenty thousand dollars—the savings of poor people—was found in it.

The Double Standard in Publishing

SOMETHING ought to be done about that, you say. Something is going to be done about it if the dispatch that was quoted at the beginning of this article is true—the honest advertising in the popular periodicals is going to be taxed; the advertising in those newspapers which carry get-rich-quick business is going to be exempted.

The first crusade that the popular magazines conducted was against their own columns; the first "muckraking" that they did was directed against advertisers. It ought to interest the critics of the periodicals to learn that when this movement was inaugurated there was no reason to believe that any circulation would result from it, though there was every reason to know that there would be an immediate loss of revenue.

At that time the attitude of publishers toward their advertising was embodied in the words, "*Caveat emptor.*" There was one man, however, who did not believe that the whole duty of a publisher to his readers was comprised in this fine old legal phrase. The double standard in publishing—preaching virtue on the editorial pages and touting for doubtful and dirty business in the advertising pages—outraged his sense of decency. Though he was alone when he took his stand and the ultimate success of his venture was in doubt, he never deviated from the course he had laid out for himself. Some of the business rules which he has formulated for the running of his periodical are worth quoting here. No advertisement "the object of which is to deceive, defraud or in any way injure readers" will be accepted by this publisher.

"Extravagantly worded advertisements are not acceptable; nor those in which extreme and exceptional cases are made to appear average and representative.

"Medical or curative copy of any kind whatever is not acceptable.

"Advertisements of alcoholic liquors are not acceptable.

"No advertising of an immoral or suggestive nature is allowed.

"The word 'free' must not be used unless the article is actually free. A thing is not free if the reader is obliged to perform some service or buy some other article to secure it.

"No real-estate advertising is acceptable."

The Right Kind of Protection

A PROVISION like that last will seem extreme, but it is a good example of the lengths to which publishers with a strong sense of their duty to their readers are going to safeguard them. Much good real estate is undoubtedly advertised, but it is obviously impossible for a magazine to investigate in a searching and intelligent manner all the business of that class which is offered to it.

This policy of protecting both the too trustful reader and the honest advertiser, though it seemed suicidal when it was adopted, has proved profitable. Today all the leading popular magazines and some of the leading newspapers are, to a less extent, following in the footsteps of the publisher who blazed the way.

It is one of the anomalies of journalism that many men who are high-minded and honorable in their personal affairs, men who would not lend their editorial and news columns to any cause they thought unworthy, have been willing to sell their advertising columns for almost any purpose. This double standard in journalism is a survival of the practice which obtained in almost all business twenty years ago, but it will not pass unquestioned today. Not national law, but an even stronger power—economic law—will soon force every man who pretends to publish a decent newspaper to adopt the rules that now govern the advertising in the popular periodicals. Once alive to the situation, the reader who bars his house against burglars will not long continue to bring in through the front door the swindlers who are trying to rob him of savings. The merchant who holds to high standards of honesty and fairness in his business, and who refuses to have dealings with firms of doubtful reputation, will begin to scrutinize the company he is keeping in the advertising pages of the newspapers. When that time comes one important item of expense in the Post-office will be almost eliminated, and the small investors of the country will no longer be defrauded of a hundred million dollars every five years.

There can be no quarrel between decent periodicals and decent newspapers. Both are very human institutions, run by very human men; and in the nature of things they make human mistakes in both their editorial and advertising columns. Almost without exception, newspapers of the better class have expressed an unwillingness to have favoritism shown them and injustice done to the periodicals by uninformed legislation.

The stern critics who swell with virtuous indignation when they discuss the popular magazines are found among those newspapers to which almost any kind of advertising looks good.

Whisper to *her* the "Sweetest Story
of *Liggett's* delectable *Chocolates.* Wa
tastes these rare confections.
with a novelty
leave an irresis
because their

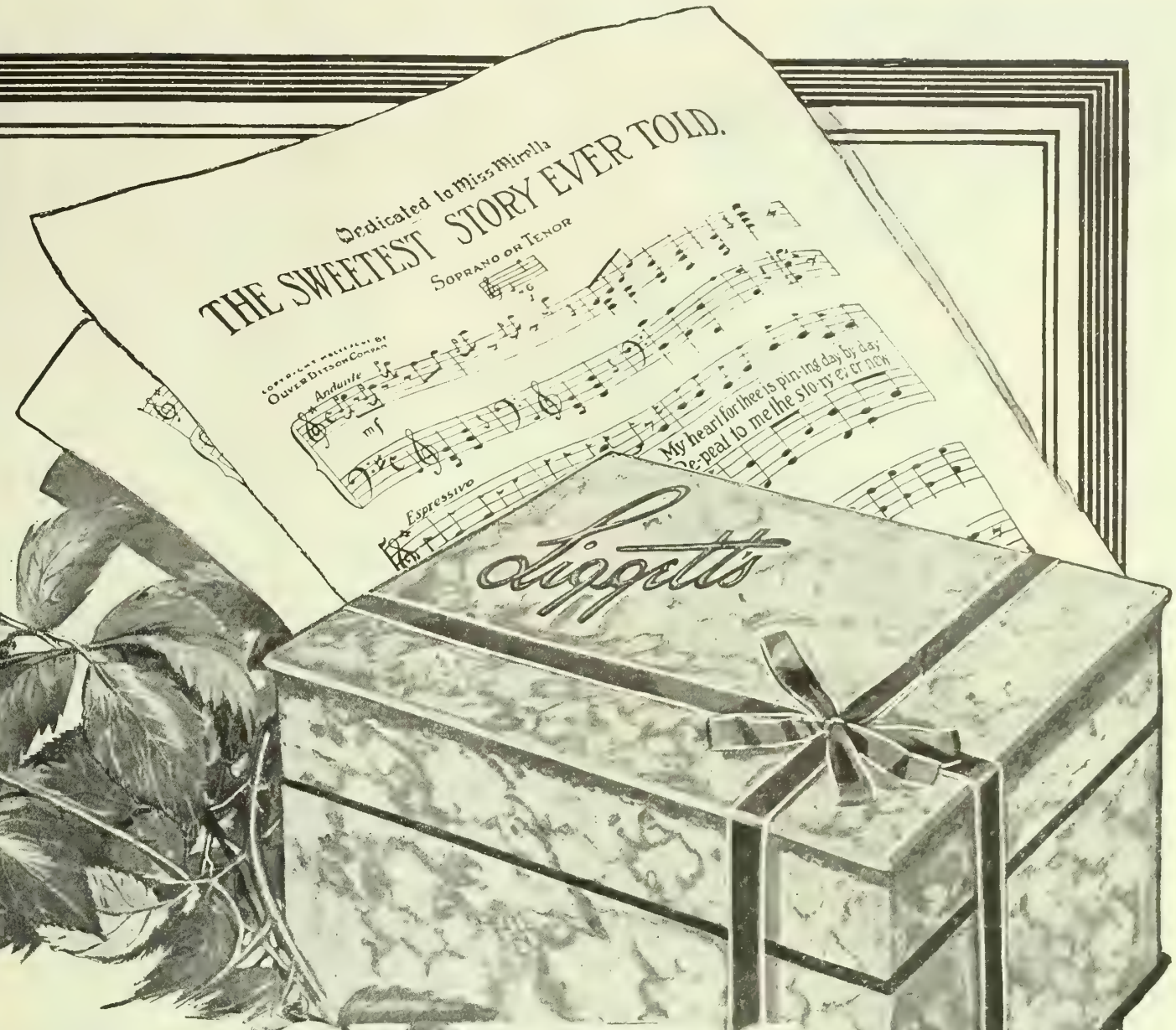
Liggett

We honestly believe *Liggett's* are the most deliciously fascinating and satisfying chocolates for which your discriminating taste has sought.

*Liggett's Chocolates are NOT sold everywhere—but by select shops—***The Rexall Stores***—the leading druggists of nearly 4,000 towns and cities of the United States and Canada.*

If there is no Rexall store in your town order from us direct. Upon receipt of $1.00 for one pound box we will prepay delivery charges anywhere in the United States and Canada

r Told" by sending a box
her eyes sparkle when she
atify her craving for sweets
hness—*Liggett's Chocolates*
longing for "just one more,"
dual flavor is never forgotten



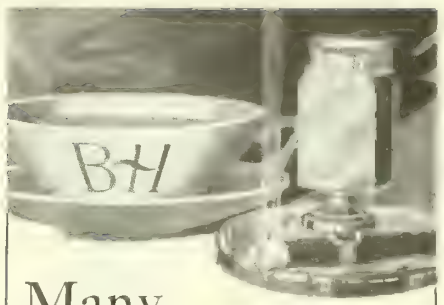
's CHOCOLATES

Special Trial Offer

want you to try *Liggett's Chocolates.* We know you will
m better than you have ever liked chocolates before. Send
(stamps or silver) and we will send you an assortment of these
chocolates packed in a dainty box. In this box you will find a
which is good for 10c. When you purchase one pound or
of *Liggett's Chocolates* present this coupon at any one of
Rexall Stores it will entitle you to a discount of 10c.—thus the trial package costs
ing

Pounds, 80c. and $1.00

Liggett
Boston, Mass



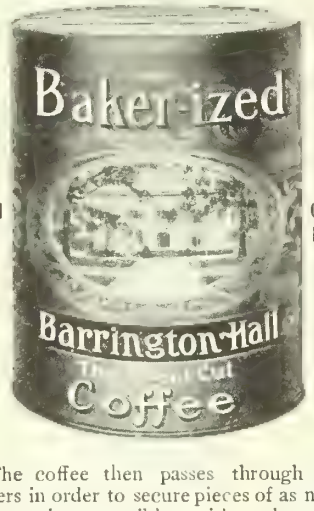
Many a man cuts down his smoke, when the *real* trouble is the kind of coffee he drinks.

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee

Baker-izing improves coffee in three distinct ways.

First, the coffee berries are split open by a special machine and the chaff is blown away as waste.

Coffee chaff can be seen in any coffee when ground. It is an impurity and contains tannin. Brewed alone it is bitter and weedy—and will actually tan leather. It doesn't help the coffee flavor, and is not good for the human system.



Sealed by us — Opened by you

The coffee then passes through steel cutters in order to secure pieces of as nearly uniform size as possible—without dust. You can brew uniform pieces uniformly to the exact strength desired. No small particles to be over-steeped and give up bitterness and tannin. No large grains to be wasted by under-steeping.

Therefore, a pound of coffee *Baker-ized* will make 15 to 20 cups more than a pound of ordinary coffee—because you get all the flavor from every grain.

Coffee dust is the result of grinding—crushing in a mill. You can see it in the cup before you add the cream. It makes the coffee muddy, its flavor woody, and it is indigestible. You won't find this dust in *Baker-ized* Coffee.

Trial can free

Don't take our word for it—or the word of the thousands who drink it regularly without harm or nervousness.

Try it yourself! A trial can free. A pound at your grocer's at 35 to 40 cents, according to locality.

BAKER IMPORTING CO.
116 Hudson Street
New York, N.Y.

Baker Importing Company
New York
Minneapolis

Please send me free sample can, enough to make 6 cups of Barrington Hall Coffee and booklet "The Coffee Without A Regret." In consideration I give my grocer's name on the margin.

Name .....

Address .....

BH BH BH BH

The Senator's Secretary

THOSE patriotic gentlemen who control our financial destinies—or try to control them—are just now displaying an intense interest in the Democratic party. Indeed, they are taking steps tending to relieve that party of any worry, work or confusion incident to the preconvention campaign of 1912. They are picking out a ticket.

The financial patriots are singularly non-partisan. They are always ready to relieve the people of any burden like this, just as they are always ready to relieve the people of any other burden, particularly in the shape of money. If it looks like a Republican year they work for the Republicans and if it looks like a Democratic year they are just as kind to the Democrats. So far as non-partisanship goes, the only institution that approaches the financial patriots in the way of unprejudiced opinion is a brass band. The brass band works for the money. So do the financial patriots.

The financial patriots are pretty well convinced that, owing to recent events in the Republican party, the Democrats have more than an even chance for electing a President in 1912. To be sure, they are somewhat distrustful of the Democratic party as a whole, but they are hoping that by officering the party properly they can escape any little annoyances in the way of inquiry into where they got it. This is a hope, not a conviction; but they are hopeful people, those financial patriots, and they are considering the situation from all its angles and preparing to throw themselves into the breach if they can get the opportunity.

Naturally the recent Democratic upheaval brought to light a considerable number of men who may be available as Presidential candidates. That was not only natural but inevitable. Since 1896 Mr. Bryan has had almost a monopoly of Democratic nominations. Any election wherein a number of governors or senators were produced for the Democrats couldn't escape making a new crop of candidates, for even the most ardent admirer of Mr. Bryan cannot term him a new candidate; and any other Democrat who got his head above the high grass must be considered as such. Mr. Bryan has held the field, not excepting Judge Parker, who never got out of the grass at all.

There are Harmon, of Ohio; Dix, of New York; Wilson, of New Jersey; Foss, of Massachusetts; Baldwin, of Connecticut; Marshall, of Indiana; Folk, of Missouri; Gaynor, of New York; and mayhap some other scattering ones. Marshall was elected governor two years ago and has been "mentioned." Gaynor is still held as a possibility. Folk has started something for himself and Harmon has repeated his triumph of two years ago that caused people to sit up and take notice.

Wilson and Harmon to the Front

This is about the list the financial patriots have under consideration, but there are several names on it that have been rather abruptly set aside—not eliminated, but held out. Beginning in Massachusetts, the financial patriots do not think Foss will do, because he is a former Republican; and former Republicans are not popular with the rank and file of the Democratic party, who, now there is a chance, think a lifelong Democrat, who endured the lean years and held to the faith, should be chosen. Baldwin, of Connecticut, is held to be too old. Dix and Marshall, it is claimed, do not measure up to the job, although either one might be a compromise. Gaynor has declared himself out and Folk is favored by Bryan, which does not help any in the eyes of the financial patriots.

Therefore, the list comes down to this: Harmon and Wilson or Wilson and Harmon. Which? That is the question the financial patriots are trying to settle among themselves before they take the delegate-getters into their confidence and tell them to get the right kind of delegates. At present, the preference is for Harmon to head the ticket and Wilson to tail it. This, naturally, is pleasing to Harmon's friends, but it makes no hit at all with the Wilson people.

The argument against Wilson is that he would not be strong in the West, for whatever reason the financial patriots may ascribe to suit themselves, and that the labor vote might be against him, although it didn't appear to be very much against him in New Jersey. On the other hand, Wilson is far back, of course, but is—a Southern Democrat. He was born in Virginia. There is a delegate-getting argument that is an argument. It is so long since any man born in the South has been proposed, more than tentatively, for a Presidential nomination that the South, having many votes in the convention, ought to rally for Wilson. Still, Harmon has won twice in the great Republican state of Ohio, winning this last time by such a tremendous majority that it broke all records; and he is the better known, to the average voter, of the two. Likewise, he has been a regular Democrat every time but once. Likewise, and conversely, Bryan dislikes him and Bryan still has his following in this country.

It is a complicated and delicate problem that confronts these financial patriots. They are quite sure a Democrat will be elected and quite sure they want a finger in the naming of him. They can do some things—or could. For example, they named Parker in 1904. Of course, they didn't elect Parker, for that was a time when the people stepped in and took a hand at it themselves. However, it is a good sporting chance; and the financial patriots—it must be said for them—will take a chance on controlling a Presidential convention, even if they never take a chance on anything else, but always work along sure-thing lines.

An Elaborate Process

This must not be read as an intimation or a suggestion that Harmon or Wilson has been or sent to the financial patriots to ask for support. Getting nominated for the Presidency is a most elaborate and difficult process. It requires great machinery, much money, enormous effort. It is predicated on the efforts of various sets of men in various states, who work in conjunction with various sets of men in various other states. These men must be brought to the active support of this or that candidate, especially in states where the favorite-son incentive will not apply. It is a long, seesawing game of personal and such other solicitation as may be used with the men who control in the various localities, to get them to help elect delegates who will be for this or that candidate when they get to the convention.

And it is expensive too. There is where the financial patriots think they will come in. They are a good many years behind the times, these financial patriots, and think if they furnish the expense money they can get what they want. It may be they can. Anyhow, they always want to try along those lines; and they are balancing Harmon against Wilson now, with the idea of putting the one they choose in nomination, if they can, and afterward getting what they can. They seem to think it is all settled, too, and that either Harmon or Wilson will be named for President, their present preference being, as I said, for Harmon and Wilson instead of Wilson and Harmon. They are paying small attention to the Republican end of it, for they think it is of little use. Financial patriots are always non-partisan on the side they think will win.

Harmon may not know of this. Nor Wilson. It may be an entirely independent enterprise on the part of the financial patriots to tie up states or delegates wherever they can and then go to the man they prefer with these delegates and see what they can get in exchange. Nobody ever admits, of course, that the financial patriots could have a hand in naming a Presidential candidate, but everybody knows it or knows they try to have. Likewise, it is pretty well known that they have had on occasions that need not be instanced here.

So, having set their minds to the task of selecting a suitable combination—one best for the country, of course—they are now canvassing the situation. Meantime it is quite likely that the man who is nominated for President by the Democrats will be nominated without the influence of the financial patriots, or in spite of it; but that will not prevent the financial pirates—I meant to write it patriots, but pirates is just as good from jumping in and trying

A party call

"YES, your dinner was perfection from the caviare to the cordial! And, how did you produce that perfect soup?—if it isn't a secret."

"Not at all. I'll give you the recipe in three words."

So presently the maid brought in this surprisingly simple "recipe," and held it up for inspection. The three words were

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

"But *condensed soup*" exclaimed the caller, astonished. "It seems impossible!"

"That is just what *I* said before I tried it," answered the hostess. "But there it is!"

If you who read this little dialogue from real life could see the high-grade ingredients we use in this soup, and the care and daintiness and skill with which they are prepared, you would hardly be surprised at its exceptional quality.

But after all the most convincing argument is an actual trial on your table. So—for your own satisfaction—why not make the trial *today?*

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Bouillon	Mulligatawny
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Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Vegetable	
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

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Don't forget that we will gladly send you our Menu Book free.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
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Halt! And come back to the station!

You speeders are wrecking the nation.

What! "*Campbell's* for dinner?"

That's *different*, you sinner.

Speed on, I know the temptation.

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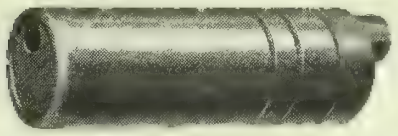

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to show cause why they should be favored. They will claim a lot, whether they are entitled to anything or not. They are still in the Dark Ages, so far as politics is concerned. They do not realize that the old idea of party fealty, *per se*, has about vanished in this country. Parties mean very little intrinsically nowadays; and it is my opinion there will be so pronounced a sentiment for some man to oppose Mr. Taft, or Mr. Roosevelt, or Mr. La Follette, or Mr. Cummins, in 1912 that all the finances of the financiers cannot stop it or help it. However, the old-line state bosses, notwithstanding the character of any candidate they may support, do things on the old lines and know how much it costs to elect a President. Hence they will be glad to work with the financiers, not especially because they love any particular man, but because there is something in it for themselves. At that, the candidate for either party, who shows the most remote connection with these jugglers who are juggling now, will have far and away the better chance for nomination and election. Recent elections have emphasized that sentiment in this country to a marked degree.

The Old Guard Republicans, especially William Barnes, Jr., and James W. Wadsworth, Jr., proved themselves better politicians than the Colonel, their inside scheme having worked out as they planned it. The real story of that convention has not been printed yet. It all hinged on the temporary-chairman row. Vice-President Sherman was selected by the State Committee over Colonel Roosevelt. Then came an explosion. The Colonel made a fight. The Old Guard were quick to see the tactical advantage of allowing the Colonel to win the fight for temporary chairmanship in the convention, and to let him nominate his candidate for governor, but not to let him win so overwhelmingly as to discredit them.

So they made a fight. They planned, first, to let the Colonel win by twenty votes which, they figured, would put him in the place where they wanted him—that is, in a position to be slaughtered—and at the same time show to the state that they were still a considerable factor in the party in the state. Twenty votes out of the big total of the convention was figuring it down very fine and the plotters grew frightened toward the end. They thought there might be a miscalculation and they themselves might get too many delegates. So they let go Schenectady County for the Colonel—a county Barnes could have carried if he had needed it—and the Colonel got his little fifty-nine plurality, made his temporary-chairman speech and went out into the state to have his man beaten, which said man was.

They put up the game on the Colonel. There is no doubt they could have beaten him if they had desired to—that is, in the fight for the control of the convention. They didn't want to beat him there. The plan was to let the Colonel win, get him out directly in front of the people and then beat him. Any person interested in the result needs only to refer to the returns in the counties controlled by the leaders of the Old Guard to see what happened. They got good and even. They have been laughing ever since. They didn't do it all, of course, nor half; but they did their little part and did it well from their viewpoint.

SYMPATHY NOTE—Sympathetic vibrations are asked for one of our most eminent Republicans who contributed five thousand dollars cash to the Ohio campaign fund of his party. He feels deeply not only the loss of the state but the loss of the five.

He Knew His Men

COLONEL KOWALSKI, of California, once came to Washington to see President McKinley and was accompanied to the White House by a senator who had a reputation for being a very smooth politician.

The colonel stated his case to the President and the senator stood by, giving moral support and assenting to all the colonel's statements.

After he had finished, the President said: "I am glad to know about this and glad the senator endorses what you say. I shall take up the matter at once. Is that satisfactory, Colonel?"

"Yes, Mr. President," the colonel replied; "everything is all right provided you let me go out of the room last."

"Grea-a-at!!" he'll say after Xmas

YOU know a man always says, "Don't give me anything for Christmas." He thinks you can't pick out anything that he wants.

But you just buy him an AutoStrop Safety Razor. It will show him something he doesn't know about shaving.

A few days after Xmas you'll hear him say, "Gee, Mary, this AutoStrop Safety Razor is grea-a-at! It really isn't a safety razor. I've tried to shave with those things and they won't shave at all. But I can strop this AutoStrop Safety Razor as quickly, handily and expertly as my barber can, and with it I can shave myself just as expertly as he can. Grea-a-at!"

Then you will say: "And so your wife has shown you something you didn't know, for once."

GET ONE. TRY IT. (Dealers Also Read This)

If it doesn't give head barber shaves, dealer will willingly refund your $5.00, as he loses nothing. We exchange the razor you return or refund him what he paid for it.

Consists of one self-stropping safety razor (silver-plated), 12 fine blades and strop in handsome case. Price $5.00, which is your total shaving expense for years, as one blade often lasts six months to one year.

The best way to forget to get an AutoStrop Safety Razor is to put it off until "tomorrow."

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Far Quicker, Handier than any other Razor

Strops, Shaves, Cleans, Without Detaching Blade

SOME FACTS ABOUT RUBBER

By Henry C. Pearson

YOU who live in our temperate zone—any of the states north of Mason and Dixon's Line may know the milkweed the Asclepias. There you have latex or milk containing rubber. Let the latex dry on your fingers and you have a filmy, elastic, sticky substance that is identical with the crude rubber of commerce. If you added sulphur and baked it you would have the vulcanized rubber that you are familiar with in hot-water bottles, shoes, tires and the like.

Of course other materials are also added to crude rubber. Take rubber shoes, for example. I give you, in confidence, a compound:

Para rubber	1 lb.
Whiting	1½ lbs.
Litharge	¾ lb.
Lampblack	1 oz.
Tar	4 oz.
Sulphur	3 oz.

That is typical for footwear. The ingredients named are all necessary and produce a stronger, better product than would result from rubber and sulphur alone. For packings add powdered asbestos, brass filings and so on. Special ingredients enable rubber to resist the action of oils; others defy heat; still others add to the wearing qualities—and so on until almost every earthy substance and metallic oxide and sulphide in existence is called into use.

The manufacture of rubber goods is very far from being one concrete industry. It is in reality several separate industries that have two things in common: they all use rubber and they all use sulphur. Listed in the order of their importance these industries are: Mechanical rubber goods—belting, hose, packing, matting; insulated wire and cables; rubber boots and shoes; tires—pneumatic and solid; rubber clothing mackintoshes, carriage cloth and other rubber-surfaced goods; druggists' and surgical sundries; hard rubber ebonite or vulcanite; dental and stamp rubber; stationers' and artists' sundries; rubber cements; sporting goods—including golf balls; notions—including dress shields; reclaimed or remanufactured rubber. They form thirteen specific lines, each one using its own compounds and special machines, and so widely divergent in every way that an expert superintendent in any one line is likely to be a neophyte in any other. With all these variations in manufacturing practice it is not wonderful that the every-day smatterer fails to comprehend the A, B, C of rubber. What is so in one line is nearly always not so in another.

False Alarms From the Chemists

Is there a rubber trust? There is—there are—ten of them: five in the United States, three in Germany, one in Russia and one in Italy. They represent amalgamations of some fifty of the rubber factories of the world. There are still four hundred and fifty unamalgamated. These trusts do not control either crude rubber or any line of manufactured goods. They do not attempt to crush outsiders or dominate markets. Numbers of the independent companies are much bigger and richer than most of the trusts. The rubber trade has no particular prejudice against its own or other trusts. It freely buys litharge from the lead trust, oxide of zinc from the zinc trust, whiting from the whiting trust, duck from the duck trust. The rubber trusts are run practically as are the independent companies.

Is there really speculation in rubber? The big factors solemnly assert that the law of supply and demand and the enormous development of such products as motor tires are wholly responsible for the sudden jumps in price. They know; and who am I to go against such testimony? There are, however, bulls and bears who make and lose fortunes. Corners have been instituted that often resulted in disaster to the cornerers. Rubber manufacturers have also been known to become sellers of crude rubber when prices were extremely high. But is that speculation? Until the exact meaning of speculation is accurately defined and its status fixed by law one can prove either its presence or absence and still be unrelated to Ananias.

Did you ever of a morning, over your first cup of chicory, read of the "wonderful substitute for rubber" that Hiram Green, of Keokuk, had discovered—that it could be made into motor tires, hot-water bottles, rubber shoes, and the like; that it cost only ten cents a pound, and that local capitalists were about to revolutionize the rubber industry?

Now Hiram and his pastor and the postmaster and the savings-bank trustee were not fakers—they were simply self-fooled. Hi, after many experiments, succeeded in producing a gummy mass by boiling linseed, cottonseed or peanut oil. It looked to him like rubber. It mixed readily with rubber, as almost anything will; and Keokuk believed that he had beaten Nature. He had really produced a boiled-oil plastic that is annually rediscovered and exploited, but has never yet revolutionized anything.

Did you assimilate the news that Obed Miner, of Petroleum Cañon, Colorado, had discovered great deposits of mineral rubber, "equal if not superior to the best tree product" that it could be made into motor tires, hot-water bottles, rubber shoes, and so forth; that it cost but three cents a pound prepared for market, and local capital was interested? No? Obe was not a faker. He and the superintendent of the stamp mill and the penniless prospector were perfectly honest. Their product looked to them like rubber. It mixed with it, was elastic—that is, the rubber that took it in was still elastic—and so they dreamed dreams and saw visions. They had discovered a kind of asphalt, sometimes called mineral rubber. It is not rubber—never was and never will be. Nor will it ever revolutionize the industry by one-millionth of a quarter turn.

Nothing Just as Good

Did you ever awake to the fact that Boanerges Broadacres had discovered a process by which he could make rubber from wheat—that it could be made into motor tires, water-bottles, rubber shoes, and so forth; that local capital was interested, and that it bade fair to revolutionize the rubber industry? No! Bo is not a faker. Boanerges created a cellulose gum, and if he fuses it with certain acids he is likely to develop an explosion that will wonderfully synchronize with his first name.

There is little to fear from the three types above mentioned. They come to the bat every year and never get so far as first, but they make excellent copy for the daily papers.

It is the semiscientific inventor of synthetic rubber that is really dangerous—to the pocket, not to the industry. One of the last men who claimed to have accomplished the making of rubber synthetically hurriedly left for England—with his backers' money—and is said to be doing time over there because of his experiments in the manufacture of synthetic shillings. He was not self-fooled. He got and gets the capitalist because there is a remote possibility that some day rubber may be made by synthesis. I don't believe it, you don't believe it and the capitalist doesn't believe it; but on the off chance that it may be true we gamble a few thousands and lose.

"Thousands of rubber trees are cut down and destroyed every year by improvident natives in the Amazon Valley." The type of tree that is destroyed can be tapped, but it rots and dies as a result. If it is cut down it promptly sends up shoots and in seven years there are several sizable trees instead of one. Tap it and you destroy it. Cut it down, drain the latex from it, and it flourishes and multiplies. No real food for famine there. Besides, there are thousands of square miles where this particular tree grows that are yet untouched by the rubber hunter and his band of axmen. This is not the Para rubber tree, but one that produces rubber that is almost as good.

The same thing is true of certain sorts of African rubber, particularly the "grass rubber" that is found in vines. The natives recklessly rip up the vine by the roots, but they leave clinging rootlets that go right on growing and turning themselves into rubber producers. The process of reproduction is slow and the gatherers are far ahead of Nature at the present time, but there is no way to extract this rubber except by uprooting the vine. Also this vine is but one of many sources from which Africa extracts rubber, and others are constantly being discovered.

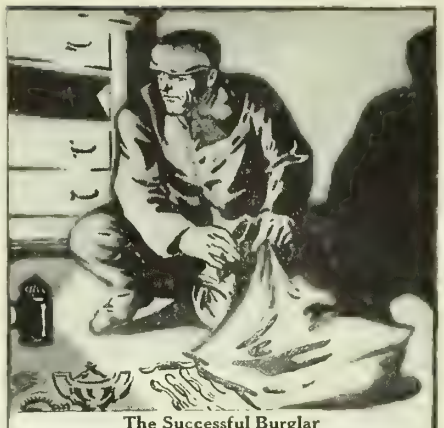
For forty years have industrial Jeremiahs been wailing and prophesying famine! famine!—and every year the jungles of the Americas, Africa, India and the Isles of the Sea send more rubber to market. There is always rubber and there always will be.

But to hark back a bit. Nearly the whole of the world's annual supply of rubber of all kinds—two hundred million pounds—comes from the tropics or subtropics. There is a belt of rubber territory stretching round the earth that takes in the whole of Mexico, Central America, South America down to Argentina, Africa from Cape Colony up to the Sahara, much of Oceanica, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, India, the Malay States and the Philippines. Nearly all of this is wild rubber. The trees, vines and shrubs that produce it grow for the most part in jungles so thick that a split shadow could not make its way ten feet without the help of an ax. Nor do the trees occur in groves as do the pines or oaks of the North. They are scattered through the heterogeneous growth; and with their leaves and fruit fifty feet in the air, in a tangle of vines, orchids, epiphytes and mosses, they are exceedingly difficult to identify. The rubber is gathered by a motley array of natives; in the Americas by the descendants of the Aztecs, half-tamed South American Indians and half-breed Brazilians; in Africa by negroes of a score of tribes; in India by Tamils; in the Malay States by Malays and Chinese; by Javanese in Java and Sumatra; by Dyaks in Borneo, and so on. As a rule, they have their own primitive methods of gathering; and when one considers that they do not love work, and have no real necessity to urge them to it, they are more truly industrious than are we who are obliged to toil. The best and the most rubber in the world comes from the valley of the Amazon and is known as Para.

The Home of the Rubber Tree

The greatest rubber-producing country of the world today is Brazil, whence comes the Para rubber, named after the port that for so many years did all the exporting of that commodity. If you will take the time to hunt up a map of South America and look at it carefully you can trace the Amazon River back to where the great Rio Negro enters it, nearly a thousand miles from the Atlantic. Then run your pencil along the Solimões another thousand miles—it is still the same river; next follow the course of the Marañon, a third name for the Amazon, and you have located the mightiest river in the world. In the course of this penciled journey one cannot fail to note the great tributaries—such as the Xingú, Tapajos, Madeira, Rio Negro and others—that help to make up this vast, everflowing serpentine sea. From the Atlantic on the east to the thin fringe of the Andes on the west, from Colombia and the Guianas on the north to the great plateau that shuts off Argentina and Paraguay on the south, is the great Amazonian basin. It is densely forested and intersected by a myriad of rivers great and small. It has a soil of incomparable richness, is watered by abundant and never-failing rains and warmed by the equatorial sun. Here is the home of the tree that yields Para rubber. An enormous territory, sparsely populated, much of it unexplored—its whole population practically engaged in and dependent upon rubber. At Para, at Manáos, that wonderful rubber city in the heart of the tropical wilderness, it is rubber—everywhere.

The business of collecting and merchandising rubber is apparently loosely organized and unique, but is suited to the people and the conditions. First there is the city merchant, who grubstakes the possessor of a rubber *seringal*, charging fifty per cent more for his supplies than he should. He accepts notes for his advances which the banks discount at the rate of about twenty per cent. He receives the rubber and collects a goodly brokage for so



The Successful Burglar
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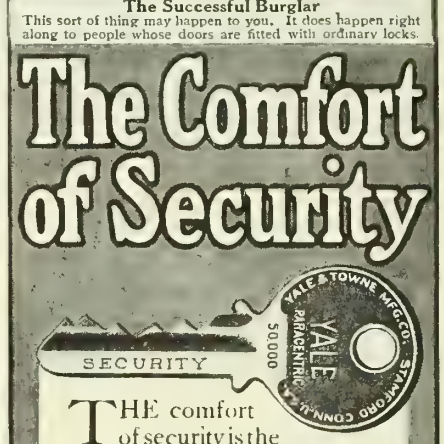
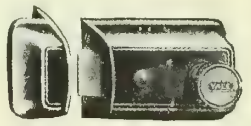


THE comfort of security is the *certainty* that when you close your door—the lock will spring shut and that *no* one can open that door with any key but the right one.

Add a Yale Night Latch to your doors no matter what other lock is there already. You can put it on *yourself.*



This is a picture of the Yale No. 42 Night Latch. Good Yale Night Latches cost from $1.00 upward; there are many sizes and types.

Of hardware merchants everywhere. Ask us for "His First Latch Key," a fascinating little story, or (if you are thinking of building) say you want our more elaborate, more serious illustrated book about the "Yale Hardware for your Home." Free of course.

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The Discouraged Burglar. By adding a Yale Night Latch to your doors you are protecting your home.

doing. If there is surplus cash to be remitted after the sale he deducts a substantial commission for that also. The owner of the rubber estate opens a store upon it and furnishes the *seringueiros* or rubber gatherers what *farinha*, dried beef and cane rum they desire, charging them double the price he paid.

They pay him in rubber valued at one-half of the market as he reports it, allowing fifty per cent for shrinkage.

The system seems a bit involved, but is in reality quite simple and works very well indeed. In addition to the charges above noted the rubber is burdened with heavy freight charges by the steamboats that carry it to such centers as Manáos and Para, together with the export tax of twenty-two per cent that the Government imposes before the gum can leave the country. It is a system under which every one is robbed and nothing is stolen. With all of these overhead charges the first cost of rubber from the Amazon country is high. It is also difficult to figure. For an average it costs something like seventy-five cents a pound or more, a figure you should fix firmly in your mind.

The story of how Para rubber is gathered has been told more or less accurately over and over again. Briefly it is this: A man locates from one hundred to one hundred and fifty rubber trees and cuts a narrow path through the jungle from tree to tree, the path being in the form of an ellipse. He starts out early in the morning with a little hatchet and an armful of tin cups. He makes a few cuts on each tree and sticks the cups under to catch the latex. Later he collects it and, pouring a little on a piece of wood shaped like a paddle, dries it in the dense smoke of a palm-nut fire. Over and over again he repeats this process until he has a good-sized biscuit of rubber, which he cuts off the paddle and it is ready for market. The next day he goes through the same operation on the same trees, making fresh cuts. He continues this for several weeks, sometimes months. More than this: he taps the same trees year after year for many years. He never cuts the trees down to get more milk, for even to his meager intelligence it is apparent that he would obtain far less by doing so. The Para rubber tree is the only tree that can be thus daily tapped. Please bear that in mind also, as it has a vital significance in rubber planting.

There are two prime factors that stand in the way of expansion of the Amazonian rubber industry. One is cost of production and the other the scarcity of labor. With all the charges catalogued above against each pound of rubber, any practical man will agree that its first cost is too high. Brazil appreciates this and is hard at work at the problem.

The Rubber Bubble

With regard to labor, the supply at present comes largely from Ceará, Southern Brazil, and is none too abundant. The mortality among the laborers is great, but it is largely their own fault and that of their employers. There is nothing deadly in the climate of the Amazon regions. It is far hotter in New York and Philadelphia in midsummer, and the heat is more dangerous than it ever is there. There is, of course, yellow fever in the cities; malarial fever, blackwater fever and beriberi in the jungles. If, however, the laborers could be protected from mosquitoes, if they were prohibited from drinking the bush water unless it were boiled, and if their rum were cut down, the deathrate would show a marked decrease. Not only that, but with proper care any class of coolie labor could be employed safely and profitably.

Just as low-grade ores sometimes pay exceedingly well, so inferior rubber producers are often profitable. There grows in the desert uplands of Mexico a shrub known as guayule. Its thick bark contains about ten per cent of rubber—not rubber milk, but gum. Certain Germans and Americans after many experiments perfected machinery to extract this commercially, organized companies and put up large factories to handle the shrub by the trainload. They succeeded in adding about twenty-two million pounds a year to the world's supply of crude rubber.

We now come to the present financial rubber bubble. It is based upon six hundred thousand acres or sixty million planted trees. Over three-fourths of them are Para rubber trees. They are young but they are already producing. In the Federated Malay States alone there are some twenty million trees. On the basis of present production, the Government figures that in three years' time the exports of rubber from there will reach a value of fifty million dollars annually; and that is but one of the planting and producing sections. The actual production of cultivated rubber from the Far East—Ceylon and the Federated Malay States—is as follows:

Exports of Rubber From the Far East—in Pounds

1903 Ceylon	41,798	
1904 Ceylon	77,212	
		119,010
1905 Ceylon	168,547	
1905 Federated Malay States	228,800	
		397,347
1906 Ceylon	327,661	
1906 Federated Malay States	1,028,792	
		1,356,453
1907 Ceylon	566,080	
1907 Federated Malay States	2,089,085	
		2,655,165
1908 Ceylon	912,125	
1908 Federated Malay States	3,671,435	
		4,583,560
1909 Ceylon	1,372,416	
1909 Federated Malay States	7,390,643	
		8,763,059
1910 Ceylon to Aug. 15	1,468,146	
1910 F. M. S. to August	7,512,102	
		8,980,248
Total		26,854,842

This rubber costs on an average about twenty-five cents a pound. It is sold at an average of one dollar and seventy-five cents a pound. They are shipping at present one million two hundred thousand pounds of such rubber a month from the Far East and the amount is rapidly increasing.

Rubber planting in the Far East had the advantage of a corps of trained Government agriculturists right on the ground, who had made experimental plantings years before the planter really began. They furnished seed and full instructions regarding planting and interplanting; solved the problems of tapping and coagulating; stamped out tree and leaf diseases and exterminated insect pests. In a word, the whole business was established on a scientific basis under Governmental protection. In addition to this the planters themselves were the very men who, when coffee had failed, took up tea in the face of a scoffing world and made a wonderful success of it. They were trained tropical agriculturists themselves.

It is difficult to make plain just why it is that rubber planting is at once a wonderful success and a monumental failure, for it is both. The only big dividend-paying companies so far are those that have planted the Para rubber tree—the Hevea. This tree is not an abundant producer of latex at any one tapping, but it shows "wound response"—that is, the cuts can be broadened day after day and a small quantity of latex extracted. It keeps everlastingly at it and the yearly aggregate is very large. This Para rubber, whether grown in the Far East or in the Amazon country, is the best rubber of all. Other sorts are many of them almost as good, but not quite. In Brazil is a variety called black gold, an exceedingly informing name.

The real beginning of rubber planting dates back to the time when two alert and acquisitive nations began to cast covetous eyes on the great rubber territory of the Amazon Valley. One, with Teutonic thoroughness, charted its every river and little stream, preparing voluminous reports on climate, snakes, *farinha* and fireflies, reluctantly deciding that even if the territory could be grabbed it would be hard to hold and if held impossible to develop. So the idea of gathering it with gatlings was abandoned. In lieu of this, banks were established and steamship lines subsidized, the plan being to secure the milk even if they couldn't capture the cow.

The other great power, possessed of commercial imagination, secured the seed of the precious tree and put planters at work creating rubber forests in her own Far East dominions—not helter-skelter as Nature has done in the Amazon region, but in orderly rows and where labor was cheap. Then, just as the plantations were producing and the whole world began to buy automobiles, the price of rubber went up. Plantation dividends really earned and paid by some companies were so large that England went wild; hence the rubber craze—"rubber bubble"—or whatever you choose to call it.

But this has not explained why a great number of plantation shares, held particularly by Americans, have not paid the profit that the English shares have. The Americans planted a different tree, one that has lots of latex, but does not show "wound response." To illustrate:

Imagine two dairy farms, each with a hundred cows. Farm No. 1 has a breed that gives ten quarts a cow at each milking, but the milking can only occur once in six months. Farm No. 2 has cows that give one quart at each milking, but they can be milked every other day throughout the year. Which dairy would give the most milk? Which would be the best dividend-payer? That is the whole story. The Para rubber tree yields a small amount of latex right along. The other trees give more at a tapping, but demand a rest after each tapping. Then, too, rubber planting to Americans was a new business, but with admirable optimism they believed that they could beat the old-fogy nations just by sheer vim and hustle. With no trained tropical agriculturists to assist them, with the Department of Agriculture at home pinched for money, they had to depend upon themselves. All things considered, they did well. To be sure they planted the Castilloa often where it could not do well. They learned by bitter experience how plantations could be injured by fire, by flood, by insect and by rodent, but today they really know how to plant.

There have also been frauds, gigantic ones, in connection with planting companies that have sold stock but have done very little actual planting, and have sent down ignorant and incompetent inspectors to keep the deception going as long as possible. These fraudulent companies have done more than rob the widows and the orphans; they have irreparably injured many legitimate propositions. For, although Castilloa plantations will probably never be so wonderfully productive as Hevea plantations, there is no reason why they should not produce a low-cost rubber that will sell nearly as high as Para.

The Para tree takes fifteen years to mature—in the forest. On plantations it produces profitably when it is four years old and thereafter for years, many years—there is no data as to just how many.

The plantations of trees not Para, and having no "wound response," mature at four to eight years; many of them are already being worked profitably. They, too, will produce for twenty, thirty and perhaps forty years, but not so profitably as Para, of course.

Honest, well-managed rubber plantations are wonderfully profitable, and they will continue and increase.

Big Money in Berries

WHATEVER the defects in the present method of distributing farm products, individual enterprise here and there points out the way to overcome them. Thus, in a year when a large percentage of southern California's strawberry crop rotted on the vines because the supply exceeded the demand, a white-haired grower past seventy succeeded in selling from one acre berries to the value of twenty-six hundred dollars, perhaps the largest amount ever realized from strawberries not grown under glass.

The old man did not like to talk about his achievement.

"It might give a false impression of strawberry profits," he said. "You see, that year was especially favorable to a heavy yield. Lots of growers had so many berries that they did not know what to do with them—sold them for two cents a box or did not pick them at all; but fortunately I have an agreement with a big grocery firm in town to take all my first-grade berries at a fixed price independent of the market.

"They could have bought carloads of berries at two cents, but they kept right on paying me a shade less than seven cents a box; and they didn't lose by it either.

"I've been raising and studying strawberries for fifty years," the old man continued. "That year really was the culmination of half a century of effort, in which I experimented until I found just the varieties that would do well on my soil."

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THE LOCKED DOOR

(Continued from Page 17)

Zack dropped his hat at the threshold and stood a moment. "Boss, Ise Uncle Josiah."

"Oh, yes. Watt! Oh, Watt!" he called. "Here's that old man that works 'kin and can't.'"

"Yas, suh; Ise de one. I hates to come to you dis soon in de mornin' wid a complaint, but I ain't got nobody 'cept white folks to go to. Boss, I jes can't git along wid dat ooman. I oughter lef' her to home. I had to sleep las' night in de seed-house an' she won't gimme no breakfust dis mornin'."

Watt Crabbe came and stood in the door with a razor in his hand. Both of them looked at Ole Reliable and both of them laughed. "You look like you've had a bad time. Just wait around the house until after breakfast and we'll see what can be done for you."

Watt Crabbe kept looking at the razor and running his hand over his beard. "Say, Jule, I've got to shave. I'd rather take a beating. Just tears my face all to pieces."

Zack darted out to the kitchen. In a moment he returned with some hot water. "Now, boss, you jes set right down dere in dat chair and lemme shave you. I allers used to shave old Marse." Zack knew this kind of man and he knew exactly where they kept things—everything in sight. Watt sat down a minute and knew from the way Zack stropped that razor that he was an old hand. Zack put a keen edge on the razor, soaped Watt's face and rubbed it in thoroughly. "Well lathered is half shaved, boss—you know dat." Then he gave Watt Crabbe such a shave as he hadn't had in many a day. Watt rose beamingly and walked to the mirror, feeling all over his face with both hands.

"Say, Jule," he called, "get up and let Uncle Josiah shave you. I wish I had it to do over again."

Zack passed into the next room with his brush and lather. While he shaved the boss he kept his eyes busy and measured both the men. He didn't miss their dimensions very far, either in inches or in disposition. Watt Crabbe's clothes would be too big for him, but Gerard's breeches would just about fit; so Zack kept eying a pile of clothes that lay in the corner. He knew full well that before night came he would have his pick.

He took up the shirt of yesterday and removed the buttons. The same instinct that led him to the white man's kitchen enabled him to put his hands promptly on the white man's shirt. Selecting another just like the one that had been taken off, Zack put in the buttons. Quite as a matter of course he brushed Gerard's clothes, smoothed out the wrinkles and laid the garments on a chair. Then he disappeared to clean the shoes and leggings. Both the white men were dressed when Zack came in again with a tray from the kitchen—two cups of coffee, two slices of bread cut very thin, on the very nicest plates they had. Aunt Debby always slung them in any old way on a tin plate.

"Say, Jule, this is what I call livin'; ain't it?" remarked Watt Crabbe.

Zack returned just in time to hear Gerard saying to his manager: "Oh, Watt, Colonel Spottiswoode expects to have the highest water in twenty years, and——" The old negro stood with eyes wide open, listening—listening so frankly that he attracted Gerard's attention, which emboldened Zack to inquire:

"Scuse me, boss, but did you say Cunnel was gwine up to Kathleen Plantation dis week?"

"Yes; to fight the high water."

"How fer is Kathleen from here?"

"About thirty miles. Do you know Colonel Spottiswoode?"

"Know Cunnel Spottiswoode? Who? Me?"

Zack saw that his enthusiasm was dragging him into error. He saw that Gerard was going to ask how an Alabama negro happened to know the Colonel. So Zack shut up quick; and Gerard knew it was not an opportune time to press him with questions. So he gave the frightened negro a chance to slip from the room.

"Watt," said Jule, "that old negro is no farmhand and he knows Colonel Spottiswoode. Watch him."

About eleven o'clock in the day Gerard held his first preliminary lineup of the thirty new families; everybody assembled at the store—men, wives and children. Ole Reliable was not in line; he was buzzing around, tending to the white folks' business. Jinsy was not in line. "Boss, I spec dat ooman is sick; she ain't no 'count no way."

"Well, Uncle Josiah," suggested Jule, "I'll just send you over there to get her."

"Now, boss——"

Jule laughed and it was all right.

Gerard passed down the line of negroes, taking their names, even to the children. Having made a complete list of his new tenants he called for a table to be set on the gallery. There he took his seat, picked up a folded paper and explained to them that it was a printed form of the rental contract generally used in Mississippi. The farming negroes were already familiar with it and the others didn't care. "If there's a man or a woman here who is not satisfied now is the time to speak out."

The Vicksburg negroes glanced at each other and said nothing.

"Aaron McNair," Gerard called from his list. A middle-aged Alabama negro, with a beard—a good-looking man—stepped forward and, after making a few intelligent inquiries, signed his rent contract for thirty-two acres of land. This was duly attested by two witnesses, which the law required. "Now, Aaron, here's your order for a week's rations. Better have it filled at once, for the clerks are going to be mighty busy."

Aaron turned into the store and got his provisions. Gerard went straight down the line of thirty men and their wives. As each couple signed the contract they got an order for rations, proportioned to the number of mouths to be fed. By this contract they became tenants for a year on Stillriver Plantation; but the Vicksburg negroes, of course, had no intention of keeping it. They wanted to get rations and a chance to slip away.

It took a surprisingly short time to fill these orders—meat, meal, molasses, rice, oil, matches, etc.—as practically every package had been weighed and tied in advance. The negroes reassembled on the store gallery, each with an armful. Some of them began going down the steps, starting to their cabins.

"Hold on, boys," said Jule. "I want to tell you something. Uncle Zack! Oh, Uncle Zack!"

Ole Reliable promptly stepped forward. "Here, suh."

Gerard smiled. "I didn't mean you; I was calling the porter, Zack Pettigrew."

Ole Reliable looked foolish and the Vicksburg negroes snickered as the porter came out and the boss told him: "Bring me that lawbook."

With great dignity the porter laid a code of Mississippi on the table. "Now all you people listen to this." Gerard began to read and explain. "The law of Mississippi says, if you make a contract like this and obtain money or rations with the intention of defrauding your employer, you shall be put in jail for six months and fined a hundred dollars. You Alabama people are honest and straight; but I just want to remind you."

"Dat's all right, cap," spoke up old man Aaron, the patriarch of the Alabama colony. "We got dat same kind o' law in Alabama. All us knows dat hit don't hurt no honest man. We can't spec to eat yo' grub an' den run away."

The Vicksburg negroes nudged each other—it would be impossible to catch or identify them; and nobody put down the grub.

"Now listen to me again: every man and woman—except those who have children—must come back to the store at two o'clock. The bell will ring and I'll call the roll."

Ole Reliable signed that agricultural contract for a year and drew his rations, because it seemed to please the boss and he wanted to keep on the good side of the white folks. All the other Vicksburg negroes were acting square, and his refusal might cast suspicion upon his integrity. His best reason, however, was rations.

When all the other negroes had gone Zack still hung around the store, got a broom and swept off the gallery. "Dese niggers brought a mighty heap o' mud on dis gallery wid deir big feet."

Gerard watched his maneuvers and then remarked, quite carelessly: "Uncle

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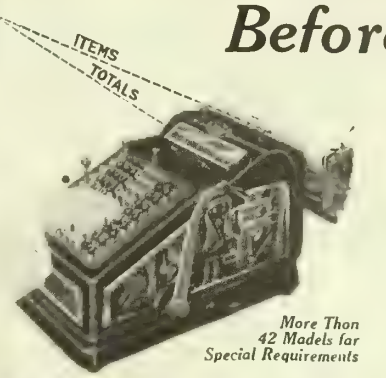

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34

Zack, come over to the house with me for a minute."

"Comin', suh."

Ole Reliable followed Gerard into the small disorderly room which did duty as an office. The boss sat down in the revolving chair.

"Uncle Zack, get that decanter out of the sideboard and mix up a couple of toddies. Mr. Crabbe will be along in a minute. Take a drink yourself if you want it."

Ole Reliable vanished with the decanter, found sugar, water, ice, with a scrap of lemon and a sprig of mint on the side. Presently he came back bringing the toddy. Jule sipped his and remarked: "Zack, you're a fine toddy mixer."

"Yas, suh; boss, I spec's Ise about de bes'. Dat's de way Cunnel allers takes his'n."

"Colonel Spottiswoode is a mighty fine man," Gerard observed negligently.

Zack's eyes brightened. "Sho is, boss; he's a gentleman right."

"He thinks a heap of you." Gerard threw this out as a feeler.

"Lordee, boss, me an' de Cunnel is side partners." Zack glanced thirstily at the decanter, Gerard nodded and the negro took another drink. "Cunnel would do anything fer me. 'Ole Reliable'—dat's what he calls me. Fer dat matter, everybody, white an' black, calls me 'Ole Reliable.'"

"Does the Colonel spend much time on the plantation?"

"Yas, suh; one week he goes to Sherwood and de nex' week to Kathleen—dat's over on de Missippi River, you know."

"Well, he's going to Kathleen next week to fight the high water. They're afraid of that levee over there." Then all of a sudden Gerard changed his voice, expression and manner with the quick inquiry: "By the way, Uncle Josiah, you came from Uniontown, Alabama?"

Zack's face clouded; he put up his guards again and patched his fences. Perspiration began to gather on his forehead.

"Yas, suh; come from de country nigh Uniontown, Sumter County."

"Then you must know old Doctor Potts if you came from there."

"Yas, suh; yas, suh."

"And you know Mr. Johnson, who keeps that big hardware store?"

"Yas, suh; I knows him." Zack was sweating blood and glancing toward the door.

"Do you know young Mr. Johnson, his son? He's the sheriff—you're bound to know him."

"Yas, suh; sholy I knows him."

"And that other son, he must be a lawyer or doctor—or what?"

"I disremembers 'xactly, boss; but I specs he's sumpin' or 'nother, probably—I ain't real sure."

Jule Gerard leaned back in his chair and looked the old man through and through. Zack felt a cold shiver creeping up his back.

"Boss, I spec I better be goin' ——"

"No; shut that door." Zack shut the door.

"Zack!" Gerard used the word as if he meant it.

"Yas, suh." And with that he gave up, surrendered.

"Zack, what are you doing in such a scrape as this? You didn't come from Alabama—you came from Vicksburg. Now you've got to tell me which of these are Vicksburg niggers as I call their names." Gerard began reading off their names but Zack didn't answer.

He shuffled about, first on one foot and then on the other. "Now, boss, you oughtn't to make me do nuthin' like dat—you knows how niggers is. I ain't got no bizness in sech a humbug as dis—dat's de Gawd's troof."

"How are you going to get out of it?"

"Gawd knows, boss. Ef I could jes git whar de Cunnel is at I'd be all right."

Gerard saw his point and did not badger him; but the sympathy was gone out of his voice as he said with emphasis: "Well, Uncle Josiah, it'll be a long time before you see the Colonel. Meet me at the store at two o'clock, with the balance of the hands."

"Yas, suh; yas, suh." Zack darted out of the door.

. . . . . .

Ole Reliable took his place in Gerard's line of conscripts immediately after dinner—twenty-one couples of miscellaneous negroes. Seventeen of these couples had been picked up by Nathan Hooter around Vicksburg. Four couples really came from Alabama. Gerard had a scheme to separate the sheep from the goats. He would put them all to work and watch results. "Men get a dollar a day and women sixty cents," he announced. Each of the men was given a pickax or a shovel and started off, with Watt Crabbe in charge of the gang.

The women went in a separate squad, which included Fighting Jinsy. Two or three were given hoes, and several were given brush-axes. The others carried nothing. Gerard went out with the women.

Watt Crabbe led his gang to the edge of Goggle-eye Slough. "Now boys, we've got to dig a twelve-foot ditch about three-quarters of a mile long and drain this slough into the creek." The Vicksburg negroes followed his pointing finger and it made them sick. "Dat's more'n two miles," observed Dink under his breath. Dink set to work with a pickax and Ole Reliable threw out the dirt behind him with a shovel. They hadn't been at work twenty minutes before Watt began his process of elimination. Within an hour fourteen men had fallen out. Their hands were soft and blistered from the tools. Crabbe methodically wrote down the names of fourteen "fillers."

Out of the seven who stuck to their work four were from Alabama and two had been laborers on the new streets of Vicksburg, but were temporarily out of a job. Ole Reliable had managed to have himself sent back to the store several times on errands, which saved him from falling out.

Jule Gerard got quick action out of the women; four of them went to work with a will, singing and laughing over their familiar task. They cleared the ditch bank, piled brush and burnt it. Seventeen of them couldn't work at all.

Jule took the names of the four workers. "All of you go back to the store," said Jule, then rode over to see how Watt was coming on with his gang of men. "Hello, Watt! how many you got left?"

"Seven—look at the rest of them lying around!"

"That's nothing; you ought to have seen the women!" Gerard consulted his list. "Call the husband of Hannah Banks." A man promptly stepped out of the ditch. For each of the four women who knew how to do farmwork there was a corresponding man who understood his business. "That cinches it," said Jule. "March 'em back to the store."

Two sullen and grumbling processions—one of men, the other of women—moved across the fields to Stillriver Store.

Jule Gerard mounted the steps. "Get your wives and line up," he ordered the men. When they stood before him he picked out the four Alabama couples, gave them a dollar each and said: "Now go back to your cabins and put your things in shape. If you need anything come to me."

Those people stepped out of the line. Seventeen "filler" couples kept their places. The four wondered what was going to happen to the seventeen.

Then Jule Gerard told them: "Here, you Vicksburg niggers! You're in the middle of a bad fix and I'm going to put you through before you get out of it. If a man or woman leaves this plantation without my permission it's six months in jail. You'll dig some ditches, clear some new ground and do a lot of honest work."

The big yellow negro next to Zack gripped his arm savagely. "You's de nigger what tole dem white folks on us. We done made it up to fix you dis night."

. . . . . .

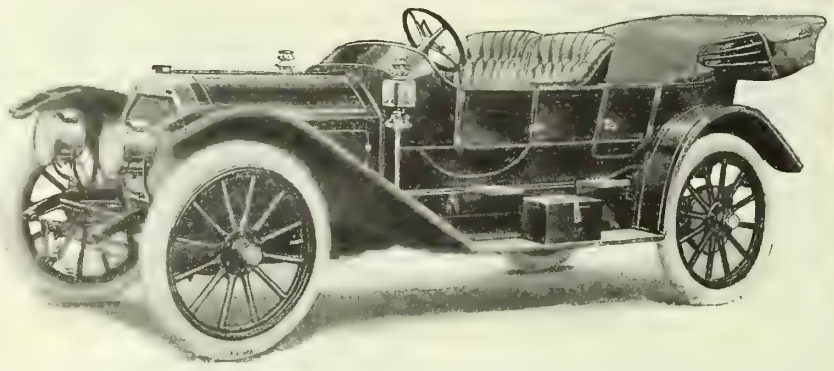
But they didn't fix Zack. Zack wasn't there to be fixed. He wheedled the white folks out of some rations from the store, which he promptly sold for seventy cents, and lit out through the mud for the railroad.

"Dis here foolishness don't suit me; I'm gwine whar de Cunnel is at."

McFARLAN SIX-1911

$2100

Completely Equipped



Six-Cylinders, 3½ x 4 inches; Unit Power Plant; True 3-Point Suspension; Multiple Disc Clutch; 120-inch Wheel Base; 36-inch Wheels; Full Scroll Head Elliptic Springs in rear; Semi-Elliptic front; 24 Painting Operations in finish and trimmed throughout with best Hair and Leather; Mohair Top. Price complete $2100. Six-Cylinder Motor.

The chassis of the above car is identical with the one that made 200 miles in the Indianapolis Motordrome September 6th in 183 minutes and fifteen seconds, making

17 Miles To Every Gallon of Gasoline

consumed. A McFarlan Six was the only car in a field of twelve in this 200-mile race to finish without tire trouble of any kind.

This same car won, among other important events, 1st and 2nd in the free-for-all handicap at Atlanta, Ga., November 4th. The Cincinnati Enquirer in commenting on the 200-mile race at Atlanta Nov. 7th says: "The Marquette Buick, the Lozier and the McFarlan were the only cars in the race that had no mechanical trouble of any nature, and the latter had no trouble whatsoever."

The cars entered in all contests by us are **absolutely stock**, the very car, in every particular, the buyer gets.

Why McFarlan Can Make The Price

We have been building six-cylinder cars exclusively for a number of years in our large plant. We have practically none of that enormous expense termed "overhead." This business is owned, conducted and managed by us.

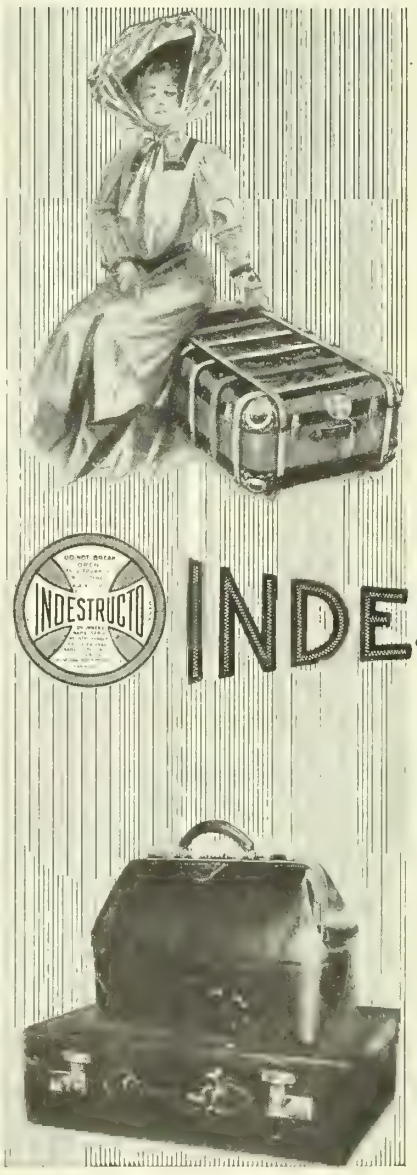
We have practically no administration expense, and this year for the first time we are advertising.

We know we have the maximum of motor car perfection in the McFarlan-Six at a price to fit the pocketbooks of those who heretofore have bought popular priced fours.

Write for large illustrated folder showing all models—Touring Cars, Roadsters, Pony Tonneau, Torpedo Bodies, etc. This folder also gives some interesting and convincing comparative cylinder statistics you should possess before you buy any car.

McFarlan Motor Car Co., Desk F, Connersville, Indiana

Builders of Six-Cylinder Cars Exclusively



The Sign of Quality Luggage

LOOK for the Indestructo Trade Mark when you go to buy a suit case—bag—any kind of a traveling requisite. You will then be sure of the same high quality, material and workmanship—the same beauty, strength and wearing qualities that have made the famous Indestructo Trunk so popular. Indestructo Luggage is the result of 25 years' experience in making baggage.

INDESTRUCTO

Bags, Suit Cases, Hat Boxes, Thermos Cases, Golf Bags

are carefully made by master craftsmen of only the finest materials. Styles heretofore not shown—embodying a class and quiet dignity that will appeal to the finished traveler—await your inspection. Women especially will be surprised and delighted with the way their needs have been anticipated. Comfort—convenience—service—light weight with strength and wear are characteristics of this better baggage.

Sizes and styles to meet every taste and need. Indestructo Quality to fit every purse. Numbers retailing from $5.00 up to prices commensurate with unsurpassable quality.

Send for printed matter giving full information and name of nearest dealer.

National Veneer Products Company
Station L-5, Mishawaka, Indiana

DEALERS' NOTE—When you consider that in every piece of Indestructo Luggage there is embodied Indestructo Quality backed by the Indestructo Trade Mark and made salable by Indestructo publicity, you will appreciate that it will be to your interest to write today for our new "Dealers' Idea."

"You're a good judge of cloth—isn't this Shackamaxon fabric better than my last suit of imported goods?"

"It looks and feels much better. But then I suppose it costs more, too."

"Indeed it doesn't cost one cent more. And Shackamaxon fabrics are all guaranteed. The Mills say:

"If any suit of Shackamaxon fabric shrinks or fades, or if any fault develops in the fabric at any time, write to us and we will make it good.

"My tailor guarantees style, fit and workmanship besides; so how can I lose?"

Shackamaxon fabrics are all made of pure live-fleece wool -the long flexible silky fibre that gives a beautiful finish and allows the cloth to drape naturally on the figure in the making. Shackamaxon weaving is the most perfect that can be found in cloth; the fabrics are perfectly dyed and shrunk -in fact, there are no better-made fabrics produced anywhere in the world.

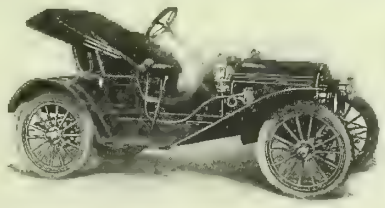
Shackamaxon fabrics are handled exclusively by merchant tailors.

Write us for the book of Shackamaxon Fall and Winter styles and the name of a dealer near you who handles them.

Send ten cents for our beautiful college poster, "The Bathing Girl."

J R KEIM & CO.
Shackamaxon Mills Philadelphia

"Shackamaxon"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
Guaranteed fabrics



1911 METZ
Runabout

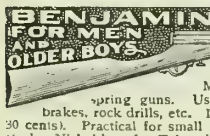
Completely Equipped as Shown— $485

Equipment includes Bosch Magneto, Top, Gas Lamps and Generator, Three Oil Lamps, Horn and 28 x 3" Clincher tires.

We want Live, Progressive Dealers everywhere. Write us for Book E and full particulars.

METZ COMPANY, Waltham, Mass.

BENJAMIN AIR RIFLE
FOR MEN AND OLDER BOYS



An air gun that will shoot through one-half inch pine easily. Many times more powerful than spring guns. Uses compressed air, same as air brakes, rock drills, etc. 15c pays for 1,000 shots, (delivered 30 cents). Practical for small game. 37 inches long. Walnut stock. Nickel barrel. Takes down. Fully Guaranteed. Sold by dealers everywhere. If your dealer does not carry it, write us. Sent prepaid east of Rocky Mountains on receipt of $2.50. Pacific Coast and Parcels Post Countries $3.00. Circular free.

Benjamin Air Rifle & Mfg. Co., 502 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced rates and quick time
on household goods to all Western points.
443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago

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217 Front St., San Francisco
516 Central Bldg., Los Angeles
Write nearest office

EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND

(Continued from Page 19)

had a look of deep concern upon his freckled face as he stood, hat in hand, before me under the hall lamp.

"Mrs. West, do you know where Colonel West is?"

"He is away on business. What do you want, Enos?"

The boy looked at me queerly. The fact is, I did not know where Adam was, and it is just possible that he did know.

"The Banner comes out day after tomorrow, and there is not a line of editorial copy in the office," Enos blurted out.

"You'll be sure to hear from Mr. West in the morning mail," I replied.

He stood a moment, considering me with the troubled air of a young gosling, then made for the door, still turning his hat like a top upon one of his fingers.

"Good night, Enos."

"Good night, Mrs. West." He hesitated upon the doorstep. "If the Colonel don't send that copy in the morning I could run in Furl That Banner to fill space. He's fond of them songs of the Confederacy."

"Leave that banner furled, Enos. You'll find all the copy you need in the morning mail."

I was frightened. If the Banner did not appear everybody would know why. If it did appear without editorials they would still know. So long as a man attends to his business the public does not count his drinks closely. When he fails they notice if he takes even a glass of root beer. The Banner had to come out and there must be the usual editorial.

But what was to be done about it? I had never written a line for publication in my life. It was difficult for me to write even a short letter.

I ransacked my incompetency from A to izzard. Then I arose, went into the kitchen, climbed the ladder that led to the loft, lighted a candle and stumbled over broken chairs and rolls of wornout carpet till I came to an old horsehair trunk. It had been Mr. Bailey's. After his death I crammed it full of his writings and forgot them. Now I lifted the lid and began to look for something—I scarcely knew what. It was like rustling the yellow leaves of a dead man's morality. However, I was in the mood to rattle his very bones if by doing so I might save Adam. Presently I came upon a neatly folded manuscript. It was labeled Temperance, and I recollected that the temperance people were contemplating a law-enforcement campaign at the time of Mr. Bailey's death. I opened and read the thing. It was written in Mr. Bailey's best style, something between a sob and a steam whistle, and was a fairly accurate statement of the intemperate conditions that still existed in Boone County; and it contained a loud imprecation at the increasing blind-tigerishness of Booneville in particular.

It closed with a plea for the youth who must grow up hardened and dissipated in such an atmosphere.

Nothing could be more to the point. I closed the trunk, made my way down the ladder, copied the posthumous editorial as nearly as I could in Adam's scrawling hand, sealed it, and hurried out to mail it to Enos Todd, with a short note purporting to come from Adam.

On my way back from the post-office I saw father and mother sitting in the moonlight on the veranda at home, and I went in. I was still thinking of what I had seen at the cemetery.

They never talked, those two. When they sat down together in the evening it was as though they sat far apart in a common grave, the silence was so natural between them. This was what I interrupted when I came up the steps. Immediately after the commonplace salutations father knocked the ashes out of his pipe against the banisters, arose from his chair and went in.

"Mother," I said, "do you know who is taking care of Mr. Bailey's grave and planting flowers there?"

"Yes; it is Adam."

"Adam!" I exclaimed.

"He employed the sexton to attend to it soon after your marriage, and every spring he looks after the planting of the seeds himself. I have seen him there."

An overwhelming curiosity seized me.

"How did he look when you saw him planting things on Mr. Bailey's grave?"

"Interested; very much in earnest."

Mother had no sense of humor and, as is often the case with such persons, she could say the most diverting things without suspecting it.

"Your husband is a remarkable man," she said after a pause.

"I know it," I replied; "but sometimes I wish he were less remarkable and a little better."

"In the beginning God created Eve to satisfy Adam. He never has made a man that could satisfy a woman. But this is the truth: a good man does not always make a good husband. He is apt to be more in love with his piety, or his church, or even a tract, than he is with his wife. Adam adores you because he thinks you are good and because he knows he is not. This is not a bad arrangement. There never was a wife happy forever. Make up your mind to that and do the best you can."

It was as though I heard the ancient mother of life lamenting.

Adam did not return the next day, nor the next after that. But the Banner appeared as usual on Saturday morning. It created a furor in town. At last the lines were drawn. The issue of the coming campaign was clearly defined. The minority read Adam's editorial on temperance with amazement and delight. The distinctly good people had been, so far, the only political enemies he had made. They distrusted him and voted against him as they would have voted against having a dancing pavilion.

Now they were the one class ready to support him, on the strength of that editorial. They had not supposed him capable of such high-mindedness. They would not have believed it if they had not seen it in the Banner, and so forth.

Sunday morning, as the church bells were ringing, Adam made of himself an apparition at the door of his own house. He looked like a man who has had a terrible illness, or who has passed through a long season of prayer and fasting. He was thin, haggard and very mournful. Even his clothes drooped as though they had suffered.

"I say, Eve," he exclaimed as he caught sight of me in the hall, "what is the matter with me?"

"I wish I knew, Adam. What is?"

He entered the door, brushed past me and stepped briskly into the parlor, where he sat down. I perceived that he was perfectly sober and that he was laboring under some strong excitement.

"What has happened?" I asked, standing before him.

"That's what I want to know. Am I myself or not?"

He rolled his eyes up at me beseechingly and went on: "Just now, as I was coming home, I met all the church people, and every one of them spoke to me—fellows that never do. Old Dodson wrung my hand and said: 'God bless you, West; I knew it was in you!' Then that worm-saint, Falkner, stopped me and said he was glad I had come out on the right side; that he 'knew it was in me.' After that every one of those dovetailed saints who sit in the amen corner at church, and who have hated me like poison for years, spoke to me as if they were the ninety-and-nine and I the lost sheep that made up the proper hundred."

Adam looked down a moment, regarding himself with the same kind of amazement that a man would who heard the voice of a ventriloquist in his nearest clothes. He leaped to his feet.

"Tell me!" he exclaimed. "What is it that so many people knew was 'in' me that I didn't know?"

He caught his breath in a kind of sob. I thought he must be delirious.

"Adam," I said gently, "hadn't we better call the doctor?"

"No!" he screamed; "he might talk about it, too, and if anybody else mentions it till I find out what it is I'll not answer for the consequences!"

He remained seated like a man wrapped in a brown study for more than two hours. Occasionally he dozed, only to awake with a start to stare about him excitedly. After dinner, which was a midday meal in Booneville, he put on his hat and started for the Banner office. This was his custom on Sunday afternoons.

I had forgotten, in the anxieties of the morning, the temperance editorial, and in

Weather-Proof Children—

A good kind to raise.

Such children are not affected by the winds of winter and to them colds are unknown.

"Right feeding" makes youngsters strong and rugged—able and ready for study or frolic in all sorts of weather.

Grape-Nuts

is the ideal food for growing children (as well as grown-ups). It furnishes those essential food elements which make red blood, sound bone, strong muscle, and steady nerves, which are the natural conditions of health.

And Grape-Nuts food supplies this building material in the right form to digest quickly and nourish perfectly.

Most children are fond of the sweet, nutty flavour, and mothers soon notice the "difference" in their boys and girls after Grape-Nuts is made a regular part of daily meals.

"There's a Reason"

Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Señorita

Silk-Spun

is a new and beautiful fabric, whose glorious sheen and splendid wearing qualities make it the superior of silk for countless purposes. It comes in attractive gift forms, for both ladies and gentlemen, as well as in piece goods, in the following rich colors: Heliotrope, silver gray, pink, corn, champagne, rose, cardinal, reseda, Nile, London smoke, wistaria, light and navy blue, white, brown, black and the very latest Persian effects.

Scarfs for afternoon and evening wear, with fringed ends, $1, $1.50, $2.25, $3 and $4. With fancy borders, including the new Persians, $3, $3.25 and $4. In figured designs combining white with blue, pink, heliotrope, corn and the Persian effects, 19 x 86 in., $3.25.

Señorita *Silk-Spun* Mufflers, for ladies and gentlemen; pearl button clasp; in dainty, individual box, $1. Men's Reefers (to cover and protect full dress shirts) in black, white and silver gray, 9 x 48 in., fringed ends; in handsome box, $3.

Señorita *Silk-Spun* Auto Veils for 1911—90 in. long, one yard wide, with double ends fringed or with fancy border, $4. Same length Regulation Auto Scarf without double ends, with fringe or fancy border, $4. 24 in. wide, 90 in. long, $4.

If your dealer does not carry these captivating goods, we shall be glad to forward any of them to any address (prepaid) in dainty boxes, enclosing your card if they are intended for gift purposes.

THE OHIO KNITTING MILLS CO.
Cherry and Erie Sts., Toledo, Ohio

Ralph Lewis Rogers,
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This is a Mellin's Food baby. He has been really *nourished*, not merely *fed*.

If you want *your* baby to be strong and healthy give him a food that nourishes, not simply satisfies—give him

Mellin's Food

Our helpful, fully illustrated book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," Free, together with a Trial Size Bottle of Mellin's Food. Write for it today.

Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass.

FOR CHRISTMAS

$1.00 ... is more acceptable than a reliable fountain pen. Ours are Reliable. One with which I wrote this ad has had 8 years' usage, so why spend money for the more expensive kinds"

Send One Dollar for our pen and if for any reason you don't want it, we will refund your money.

Is This Fair?

$1.00 $1.00 $1.00 $1.00

ILLINOIS PEN CO.
299 S. GALENA AVE., FREEPORT, ILL.

my ignorance I had never suspected what effect it might have upon Adam's political fortunes.

I was seated upon the milking-stool beside old Spot's hind legs, with my head resting upon her sleek flank, stripping the last drops of cream from her, when I saw Adam coming toward me through the garden. Something in his manner alarmed me. He was pale to the lips, and stepped along as though he might break into a run at any moment. He held a copy of the Banner in his hand.

I arose, caught the bucket of milk by the handle and hurried to meet him.

"Adam! Adam!" I cried. "What is the matter?"

"Eve, I'm haunted! The Banner is haunted! Bailey edited it last week. Bailey, I tell you, who has been dead these four years! Sent Todd an editorial on temperance in my handwriting. Todd says you could have knocked him down with a feather when he saw such sentiments from me—says there was a note inside telling him to get the paper out on time—says my name was signed to it!"

All this came from him in a fury of excitement and so rapidly that at first I was confused; then the situation slowly cleared before me and I began to laugh. I was never a laughing woman by nature. A smile is usually as far as I ever go toward mirth, but now I was swept away into a gale of laughter. And the more I thought this way and that, the more I laughed. I saw concentrated wrath and black suspicion gathering between Adam's brows, but I could not stop. I set down the bucket of milk in the path and dropped down beside it on the grass. I plucked feebly at Adam's trouser-leg to indicate that I sympathized and would explain presently, but I continued in a state of inarticulate mirth.

"Eve!" he shouted in a terrible voice, "do you think I am drunk? Don't you suppose I know the dead-cat style of Bailey's writings?" He turned his head away and murmured: "And to think I've been cultivating rare plants on that demon's grave for three years!"

"Adam," I cried feebly, "stop! It was not poor Mr. Bailey."

"Who, then?" he demanded.

"I did it!"

"You! Do you think I'll believe you wrote that thing?"

"I didn't write it, Adam. I sent it to Enos."

The veins began to swell in his temples. That sobered me. I began to explain, and as I went on I realized how much I had suffered during the dreadful days of suspense. I recalled how frightened I was of the dark at nights. I remembered how through it all I had but one thought, to save Adam from the consequences of his fault; and suddenly I began to cry. I have never been any more of a crying woman than a laughing one; but, once I started, it seemed I could not stop crying either. I laid my head upon the grass, covered my face with my hands and sobbed aloud. I declined to consider the ministrations of Adam, who was all contrition and very fervent in his efforts to draw my hands away from my face. It is one of the queer features of a man's stupidity that he never can see a woman cry without being guilty of the sacrilege of trying to drag down her hands and uncover her face.

Adam could not sing a note, but he had a queer thing that he thought was a tune which he often droned through his nose. This was a sign that he was in a happy mood; that he was either thinking out an editorial or a campaigning policy. The following morning I heard him whanging at a great rate as he cleared off his mail. He was seated at an old "secretary" in the parlor, with his hat on the back of his head, a cigar tilted up between his lips, his hands busy sorting letters.

"Eve, darling!" he called. I was always endeared thus immediately after he recovered from a transgression and before he committed another. "Eve, adorable first woman, you have saved my life, politically speaking. I have determined to run on the antiliquor ticket against Clancey Drew."

"But I thought you were opposed to local option, Adam." It was before the days of "state-wide" temperance talk.

"I am, was, and have been, beloved of my soul; but these people need me on the other side. My countrymen call. I sacrifice my own personal opinions, and I answer. I place myself at their disposal. Henceforth you have a model husband.

One Blade—13 Months

MECHANICS AND FARMERS BANK OF ALBANY
ALBANY, N. Y. July 20, 1910.

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR COMPANY,
111 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Dear Sirs:

I have used your razor (with one blade only) since a year ago last June, and I like it better than any razor I have ever used and the blade has improved since using it, though fine when first I tried it.

Yours very truly,

DUDLEY OLCOTT,
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Standard Set, including Stropping Attachment and 6 Double-edged Hollow-ground Blades $5.00

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., 111 Fifth Avenue, New York
DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Ltd. - - 86 Strand, London

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PAT. DEC. 26, 1905 PAT. NOV. 24, 1908

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Sold by dealers everywhere—Collars 25 cts., Cuffs 50 cts., or sent by mail by us direct. Our new "Slip-Easy" finish makes tie adjustment easy. Write for our latest style book.

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PHILADELPHIA, 900 Chestnut Street SAN FRANCISCO, 718 Mission Street TORONTO, 58-64 Fraser Avenue

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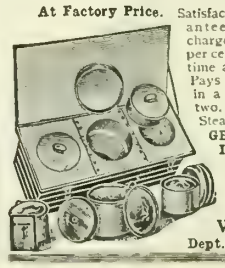

WM. CAMPBELL CO.
Dept. 14 Detroit, Mich

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THE long afternoon school-session drains for the moment your boy's brain-vitality and piles up body-energy.

He comes home to let off steam in ways which try tired nerves.

You know that he must work off his stored-up energy to maintain the normal balance between mind and body, so you endure his noise. If you are a wise parent you will encourage in those after-school hours play which will build up his character.

¶ By selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST your boy can let off steam without taxing your nerves and, at the same time, build up a character which will be his best asset in later life.

¶ Aside from the money earned, which will be just as much as he wants to make it, he will acquire habits of thrift, economy and stick-to-it-iveness which cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. The work will not interfere with his school duties and will afford him lots of fun.

To any boy we will send everything necessary. If your boy wants to try it tell him to drop us a line.

Sales Division
The Saturday Evening Post
Philadelphia

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At prices lower than ever before quoted.

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No. 1001 Watch. Any standard seven jewel movement (Elgin, Waltham, etc.) in a 20-year guarantee, gold filled, open face, screw back and bezel case, $8.95. Engraved with any two or three letter monogram free, and kept in repair for five years after date of purchase. Hunting cases $1.50 extra.

No. 83

No. 2200 Fob. Finest Russian calf skin, with any two letter monogram reinforced by ring. Nobby looking and durable. Sterling Silver, $1.10. 12 K. Solid Gold front, $1.60. Solid Gold, $5.00.

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No. 2200

No. 83. Engraved Solid Gold Cuff Buttons, two or three letter monograms. Medium weight $2.25. Heavy weight, $3.40.

No. 175. Engraved Solid Gold Scarf Pin, two or three letter monogram. Light weight, $1.35. Medium weight, $1.80. Heavy weight, $2.10.

No. 72401

We handle everything that could possibly bear a monogram, special designs for any monogram made absolutely free on application. Special designs for class pins, etc., are our specialty. Order your Christmas gifts to-day. Get acquainted with "The Lyman Square Deal." We absolutely guarantee every article we sell. Write to-day for our latest catalogue absolutely free.

No. 175

Lyman Monogram Jewelry Co., Lyman Block, Muskegon, Mich.

WURLITZER

U. S. Lettered FINGER-BOARD **10c** POSTPAID

Learn quickly to play Violin, Guitar, Mandolin or Banjo without teacher. **Special Offer:** Finger-board and celebrated "*Howard*" Self-Instructor (regular price, 50c) **25c** postpaid. State kind of instrument.

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LAFLIN CO., Dept. K, Bush Temple, Chicago, Ill.

Also, you will see your husband reëlected to the House of Representatives."

He arose, thrust one hand in his bosom, felt of his coattails with the other, bent a glistening black eye upon me and bowed with an oratorical flourish.

"But, Adam, I hope you are serious!" I said anxiously.

"Never more so in my life. This lightness that you observe disapprovingly covers a great anxiety and great hopes."

The man who expects to become a statesman must often be several other things first—an actor of fortune, ready to take any rôle the times or the people thrust upon him on his way up in the profession. If you go all the way back to the very beginning of the political life of many a selfmade statesman—by selfmade I mean those not created by corporations or by their Presidential friends—you are apt to find he passed gently or gallantly—sometimes even piously, but always easily and naturally through many phases of thinking.

The beauty about Adam was the celerity with which he arrived at and passed from these different phases. If the emergencies of a situation cast upon him what would have been the part of a rascal in another, he performed the part with the utmost sincerity and remained in it not a moment longer than was necessary. He could return to the elder, everlasting virtues immediately, like a child who has been visiting. Thus he remained innocent after performances that would have cast a less versatile man in the permanent rôle of a scamp. This campaign against Clancey Drew as the temperance candidate is an illustration to the point.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Protected Rookeries

THE only adequately protected rookery of fur seals in the world is on an island called Lobos, in the Rio de la Plata. It is strictly guarded by the Argentine Government, the result being that its pinniped population has steadily increased within recent years. Thus, whereas in 1875 it yielded only seven thousand skins for market, it is now producing about thirteen thousand annually.

In 1875 the fur seals on our own islands—the Pribilof group—in Bering Sea numbered millions. For many years one hundred thousand skins were taken there annually; and this number might have been secured every summer for all time to come, without lessening the herd, had it not been for the depredations of pelagic sealers. Thanks to the deadly work of the latter, however, the total number of seals now remaining on the Pribilof rookeries does not exceed one hundred and forty thousand, and this small remainder is reasonably sure to be wiped out before long.

In earlier days fur seals were widely distributed over the Antarctic and were found in vast numbers along parts of the coasts of South America, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, as well as on many outlying islands, but they were ruthlessly destroyed.

Perhaps the most northerly extent of their former range is marked by a few survivors that breed in secluded caves and other inaccessible recesses along the shores of Guadalupe Island and other islands in that vicinity.

The Antarctic fur seals are of about the same size as those of the North Pacific, but their skins are less valuable. Small rookeries of them are still found on some of the islands in the neighborhood of the southernmost point of South America. As a commercial proposition, the seal fishery of the great southern ocean is a thing of the past, the annual catch being now very small and amounting to a total of only a few thousand skins.

It will be remembered that the fur seals of Bering Sea were first discovered by the explorer Bering, about two centuries ago. He died on Bering Island, in the western part of Bering Sea, which is one of the two islands of the so-called Commander Group. There were several fur-seal rookeries on those islands also and today some thousands of the animals are left—though so few males that there is only one bull for every one hundred cows.

There is another small rookery on Robben's Reef, which belongs to Japan, in the Sea of Okhotsk. That is about all that are left of the millions on millions of fur seals that were alive a century ago.

The illustration above shows how easily you can enlarge small pictures with the Mirroscope for the entertainment of a roomful of people.

Your Christmas gift will prove an inexhaustible source of entertainment all the year round to grown-ups or children, if it's the

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IMPROVED 1911 MODEL

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Many Mirroscope Uses

The following are but a few of the many ways in which the Mirroscope can be used.

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To show Kodak, post-card, and other collections; to burlesque familiar songs; to illustrate vacation experiences; for plays and charades in miniature.

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Mirroscope Model 99, as equipped for electricity. Is also made for gas and acetylene. Has double-lens [illegible] pictures clear to the edge, doesn't get hot, focuses perfectly; covered with Leatherette. Price [illegible]

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I CAN LIFT YOU

(Continued from Page 7)

bridle and a saddle on Bronc and spread a blanket over him. And with me leading again, and carrying a noon-feed in my other hand, we was off to the theayter. And would you believe it?—that little horse walked with a prance. Yes, he did! Grit? Say, don't a mustang beat creation!

But when I pulled that blanket off everybody thought Bronc looked pretty bad for the show. That scared me a little. And I didn't know what to do till—all of a sudden—I got a' idear. I hopped into the saddle. That covered up the last rib. Then I rode Bronc out as far as that knot-hole, give him the high-sign on his shoulder, and—my! but that actor crowd stood up and hollered!

"Andy," says Miss Beryl—everybody was calling me Andy by now—"you look like the front cover of a magazine."

But, jiminy! wasn't I nervous! My hull swallering apparatus seemed paralyzed, kinda. And as evening come on I kept thinking of them Jersey woods acrost the Hudson. Then—ziz-z-z-z-z-z! The curtain was up!

The minute I knowed I was shore in for it I felt better somehow. A-course, when I come through that first time, Bronc bucking and me shooting blanks, I was rattled. But I just looked straight ahead and let 'em clap. At the end of Act II, when I roped the villain, the boss made me ride back acrost the stage, pulling little Willie after me. I wasn't so scared that time. I faced out towards the rows of people and grinned. And at the very last of the play, when I sa-a-aved Miss Beryl, I was as calm as a cucumber. Took Miss Beryl by one hand, her best feller took her by the other, and we three come down to the edge of the stage and bowed.

I got a good look at everybody that time. Some was on their feet, ready to go. Specially rubbered at the folks fenced off in the little corrals at the sides. In the one to my right, just offen the stage, was several men—young men. I noticed them last—just as us three begun to back in our traces and let the curtain come down. No more'n got my eyes on the gent nearest me than I let go of Miss Beryl, duv under the curtain, took a big step into that right-hand corral and grabbed him.

The doc? Nope; it wasn't. It was young Jim Bransfield!

Well, a-course I didn't know I'd stir up the hull theayter like I done. Why, everybody stopped going out, and the entire outfit clapped and stomped and hollered. But I just hung on to young Jim till he drug me behind the curtain.

Honest to goodness, I don't see what there was to make such a pow-wow about. But young Jim and his friends, they haw-haw-hawed and whopped me something turrible on the back. The boss come nigh to pumping both my arms off. And Miss Beryl says: "Oh, Andy, you're splendid!" Her eyes was full of tears. Whilst the rest of the actor bunch waved things to me. They couldn't get clost enough to speak because there was a lot of newspaper fellers on my four sides, joshing and asking questions. When I managed to get shet of them here was Mike and his wife and the kids; she as round as a bottle and wiping at her eyes—what was there to cry about?—and the little boy with hair the exact color of tomato-ketchup—cute too—and the girl as freckled as a turkey-egg, and ——

Mike whispered something to me. "Been hauling furniture today, Andy," he says. "Something doing tomorrow."

Then young Jim drug me away to have some supper—me in my theayter duds, a-course. We landed up at a swell big hotel—which young Jim said was run by him and a couple of hunderd of his friends—and I et some of them what-do-you-call-'ems that crawl sideways, and drunk outen a glass that was a foot high and holler plumb down its neck. And I told young Jim why I'd come all the way to New York.

"But what're you doing on the stage?" he says.

I told him.

"And how did it happen?"

"I can lift you."

Well, sir, that was a new one on him!

Say! I ain't such a darned fool after all!

Before we left that table we formed the Consolidated Rattlesnake Mining Company. Then I sent fifty words ajoy-riding acrost the United States to Lutie. It was sunup when I landed back at the stable. There was Mike, big as life, camped in the middle of a pile of newspapers.

He looked worried. "If them three ducks see these articles and pictures," he says, "they'll get nervous and fly the coop."

I looked at the papers—and come nigh having heart-disease!

It's a cinch there wasn't any time to throw away. Me and Mike jumped into a' automobile and went akiting to a police-station. And I put my case up to the gent in command.

Well, he picked out six police to help me. I wouldn't never 'a' guessed they was police if I hadn't been told. They was dressed just like common men.

Mike showed 'em the place. It wasn't far. For the sassy bunch we was after had figgered me out a blamed softy and was settled in a house about two blocks from the first one. Two police went up on the roof. Two more sit down in the back yard. The surround complete, me and the other two walked up the front steps—soft—and let ourselves in with a skinny-looking key. When we was inside, the officers drawed their guns and I swung open a door leading into a big front parlor.

There was the doc, the judge and the perfessor. Also a middle-aged man—family-man, I judged—that looked easy and trustful.

It was me that spoke first.

"Well, Doc," I begun. "You look as natural as a' old shoe!" I'm a liar, because he was shy his beard.

"But I don't like your hair-cut, Judge," I goes on. He looked like a singed cat and was some pale.

"Andy," says the perfessor—I knowed it was the perfessor on account of that wart—"we're at your mercy. But, believe me—if we hadn't 'a' took it somebody else would." He was trembling like he had the delirium-trimmings.

"Gents"—and I bowed like Miss Beryl's best feller in Borderland—"I am about to perform the greatest feat of strength in the history of this country. On a recent occasion you told me you could lift me. Now, sirs, it's me that's agoing to lift you—all three to oncet!"

And that's what I done.

But it set me to thinking right serious. What was the difference between them three, who'd stole just money, and me, that'd stole a horse? "Andy," I says, "don't you wait." And before I was a' hour older I was hunting that Eyetalian.

I found him—in that vacant lot—unloading his wagon. I counted out a dozen five-dollar bills. Then I walked up to him. "My friend," I says, "would you like to sell that horse I seen you driving the other day?"

He looked at me. Then he looked at the money. Then he looked toward the wide door in the wall. Next, "Cavally macaroni spaghetti oggie!" he says, grabbed the mazuma—and hiked.

There was a man standing clost by. He laughed. "You're it," he says. "The society for the pervention of harm to dumb brutes come and took that animal away three nights ago."

"You don't say!" I exclaims. "Well, I am a sucker."

That night was my last in Borderland, and me and Bronc told the show goodby. The boss, he offered me a hunderd a week. "By golly!" I says; "I don't know which'd be the best, to stay on the stage or go home and develop that mine." Then he wanted me to leave Bronc. I said, "No"; the little horse deserved a' alfalfa patch in Stanislaus. Then it was "Wish you luck, gents!"—this for the cowboys and Injuns; "Ladies, yours sincerely!"—this for the womenfolks. Last of all come Miss Beryl.

"You're going—back West?" she says when I put out my hand to tell her so-long. She looked kinda startled and backed a step. "Why—why, Andy!"

"Back West."

She come forward—to Bronc, took hold of his bridle and, all of a sudden, kinda laid her cheek agin his neck.

I seen, then, what was the matter. "Miss Beryl," I says, "I've just got to take the little feller with me. New York's nice, but New York ain't no place for a range horse."

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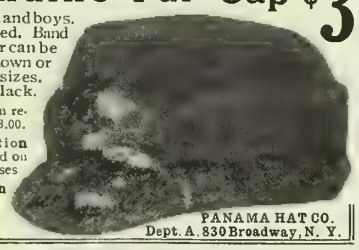

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7 Waverly Place
N. Y.

Avoid Substitutes and Imitations.

"I—I reckon you're right," she answers, and lifted her face. It was all tears.

"I want to thank you for bringing me here that day," I says. "And for being so nice and friendly. There's somebody else that wants to thank you too."

"Bronc?" She patted him.

"No. A girl—out home."

"Oh!" She whispered it. "I—I—thought so."

"Lutie and me won't never forget what you done."

She didn't say nothing more. Just took my hand; then turned quick and went out. And Bronc looked after her and nickered. You bet he loved her just as much as she loved him!

The next morning seen me and him in Jersey City ready to get aboard a train. But—no going alone for the little horse; and no freight train neither. Nothing wasn't too good for him. And, besides, I wanted to be jerked West by the same engine that was pulling young Jim Bransfield's private car.

Private car? The layout was more like a private train. Next the baggage car was Bronc, with Mike to look after him. In a tourist just behind was Mrs. Mike and the two kids. Then me—I stuck to it that the Pullman was as stylish as I could stand. Last of all, young Jim.

And this is the telegram I sent Lutie:

"Six days after date expect per express six of us and one blue-roan range horse.

"ANDY."

Cooking—A High Art

HOUSEWIVES in the Rocky Mountain region and in other elevated portions of the United States are obliged to solve a few culinary problems that do not trouble women elsewhere.

For example, a woman goes from an Eastern city to live in one of the high valleys of Colorado. She attempts to make a cake and quite naturally uses the recipe to which she has long been accustomed. The cake, instead of acting as it ought, flows over the side of the pan, covers the bottom of the oven and tries to find its way out under the oven door and over the kitchen floor. What remains in the pan, instead of rounding up, appears collapsed.

The trouble is not with the recipe but with the atmospheric pressure, which interferes with cooking in a good many ways. At sea-level, water boils at 212° Fahrenheit. At an elevation of ten hundred and twenty feet it boils at 210°. At Denver, which is one mile above sea-level, water boils at 202°. In the San Luis Valley, at Del Norte, which is seventy-seven hundred and fifty feet up, it boils at 197°. At Leadville, which is nearly two miles above the sea, it boils at 193°.

How is the housewife to boil an egg at Leadville? The answer is that the thing is very hard to accomplish. At all events, she must cook the egg some minutes longer than the time customary in New York or Chicago. It is not the fact of boiling that cooks an egg, but the number of units of temperature employed in the process; hence it takes a good deal longer to cook it at 193° than to bring it to the requisite point of "doneness" in a surrounding fluid medium of 212°.

The trouble with the cake previously mentioned was that the gas generated in it by the baking powder was too strong for it. At sea-level there would have been no trouble, because the pressure of the air on the outside would have been a sufficient restraint; but, the pressure up in the mountains of Colorado being so much less, the gas in the cake made bigger bubbles which tended to run together, until the remaining walls were not sufficient to sustain the weight. Then the cake fell, the pent-up gas escaping through fissures in its outer layer. Incidentally to the process, the gas, insufficiently restrained, caused most of the material of the cake to overflow the sides of the pan.

One naturally asks, What should a woman do under such circumstances? It is very simple. She should either use less baking powder or increase the tenacity of her dough by contributing more albumen in the shape of an additional egg.

It is worth remarking that the variation of the boiling temperature of water with atmospheric pressure makes it practicable to determine the height of a mountain with the aid of a pot and a thermometer; in fact, this method is frequently adopted for ascertaining elevations at high altitudes.

Most Nutritious Food Made From Flour

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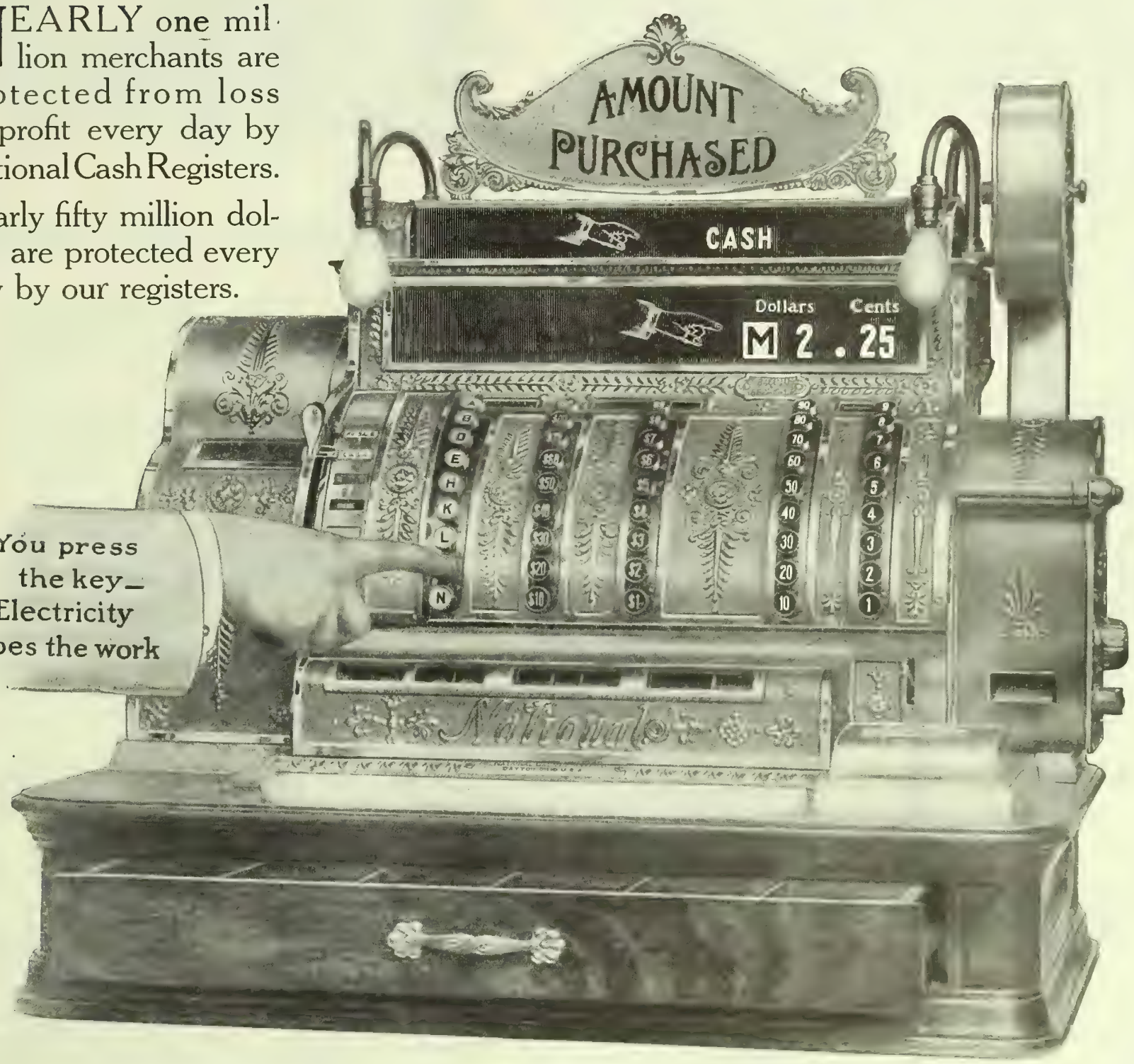

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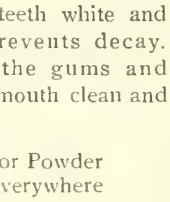

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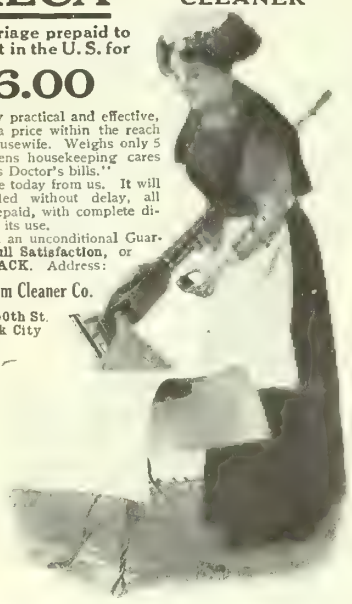

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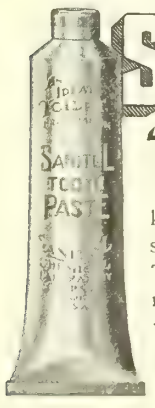

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FIGHTING IN THE AIR

(Continued from Page 11)

thought that scouts with such a commanding outlook could not make mistakes.

On the other side, on the second day the scout balloon had motor trouble and, descending, fell into the hands of the enemy.

This use of scout balloons, though it is the first that Germany has tried in the big maneuvers, is not new by any means. There has been an aerial fleet in existence in Germany for several years; as early as 1907 the German Air Navy League was organized, with the Kaiser as one of the patrons. This League includes the Air Motor Study Society and aims to secure the services of all aviators and navigators of dirigibles to form a sort of aeronautic reserve, such as is now being organized in this country.

There have been night flights and scouting expeditions over the German frontier forts, and all preparations have been made by the empire to take the fullest possible advantage of this new development in warfare. It is rather a peculiar and significant political phenomenon that, in the last session of the Reichstag, the Socialists put through a bill for building another army dirigible to be added to the air navy. Apparently they want to be Socialists, but they are determined to be Socialists in Germany and not risk carrying on their propaganda under the flag of any hostile Power that might have designs on the Fatherland.

Soon after the Zeppelin No. 1 made her first flight of two hundred and fifty miles Herr Rudolph Martin, a military critic of some repute in Germany—and author of the book, Is a World War Imminent? —said that the invasion of England through the air was perfectly feasible. He figured out a plan of campaign whereby, at the expenditure of a billion dollars in dirigibles and a similar amount in aeroplanes, an army of three hundred and fifty thousand men could be thrown into England in the course of half an hour; and the aerial transports could come back and get a second detachment of the same size in the course of the same night. He said the execution of such a plan was only a question of money; that such a war would be costly, that it would last two years and peace would not be concluded till Germany had occupied London.

The development of aeroplanes and dirigibles since that was written indicates that it would not take so much money for the aerial transport, but the practical limitations of the method make it quite as futile of execution as the invasion of England by the Spanish Armada.

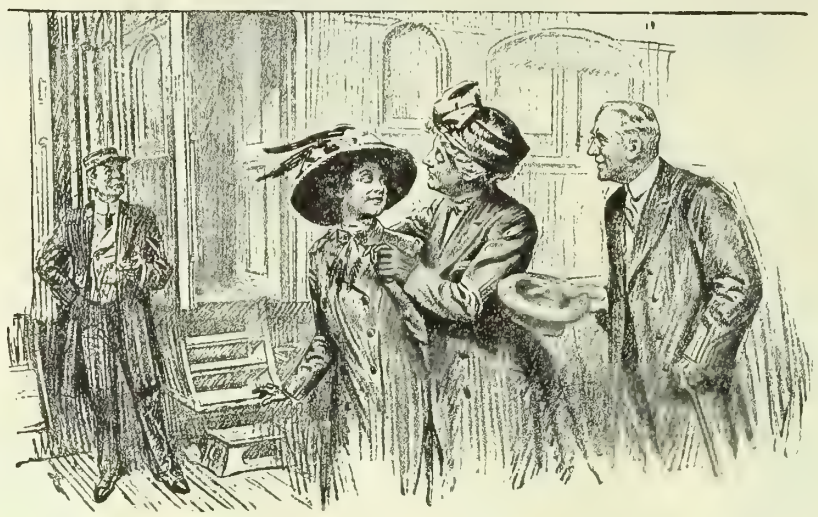
Fighting With Gas

However, the development of the Zeppelin gave England a popular scare. The cry went up that her insular superiority was gone forever and the reply of the War Office to Germany was to build the Nulli Secundus. This was a nonrigid dirigible made of goldbeaters' skin. The bag alone cost seventy-five thousand dollars. She was built in response to a popular clamor that stirred even the War Office. She made one voyage of thirty-two miles, from Farnborough to London, and landed at the Crystal Palace. Here she was stormbound for two days and finally was ripped open by the sergeant in charge of the detail to prevent her being blown away and sharing the fate of the French Patrie.

She ultimately was repaired, but has never done anything startling. She was followed by the dirigible 2A, which was wrecked by a storm last spring. The little dirigible Baby is now in commission at Aldershot, but the balloon factory does not promise important results. Needless to say the idea of a German invasion is passing. It was revived somewhat at the time of Blériot's flight across the English Channel, though not in such a violent form. Still, England is coming more to the front in the matter of military aeronautics.

Even with the rapid improvement of aerial locomotion, and with all the sensational matter that has been written about the destruction that an aeroplane can deal to a fleet, naval officers do not yet admit that aviation threatens to interfere with naval supremacy.

The chief difficulty that an aeroplane would meet in attempting to bombard a battleship is the protective deck. This is not the upper deck, as many landsmen suppose, but is the second deck, arching over the vitals of the ship with a three-inch curved roof of steel. Any projectile



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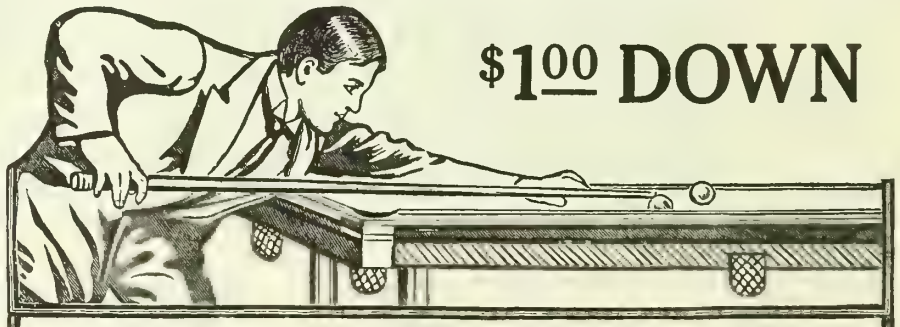

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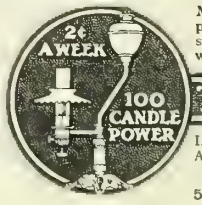

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dropped on the deck would necessarily explode by contact; and there is a serious question whether a sufficient number of projectiles could be dropped close enough together to rip open the upper deck and so expose the armored deck to attack.

Captain, now Representative, Richmond P. Hobson says that a netting would be an efficient shield against an aerial bombardment. It is to be remembered, however, that he is a naval officer; though he is familiar with naval architecture, he has the naval officer's habitually expressed distrust of an aeroplane's offensive power.

Naturally torpedo boats and other unprotected craft—even light gunboats and converted yachts, such as were used so extensively during the Spanish-American War—are wholly at the mercy of an aerial bombardment. Against a machine that can outpace them, and can rise high enough to be entirely safe from them, such boats are helpless.

There is one form of offensive operations against the navy to which little public attention has been directed. It is the use of gasbombs. The Krupps have recently perfected and are selling a gun that throws a hundred-and-sixty-pound bomb filled with chemicals that mix when released and form a deadly gas. Now the ventilators and funnels of a battleship can be protected easily enough against explosives, but so long as ventilators work there is no way of protecting a battleship from asphyxiating gases.

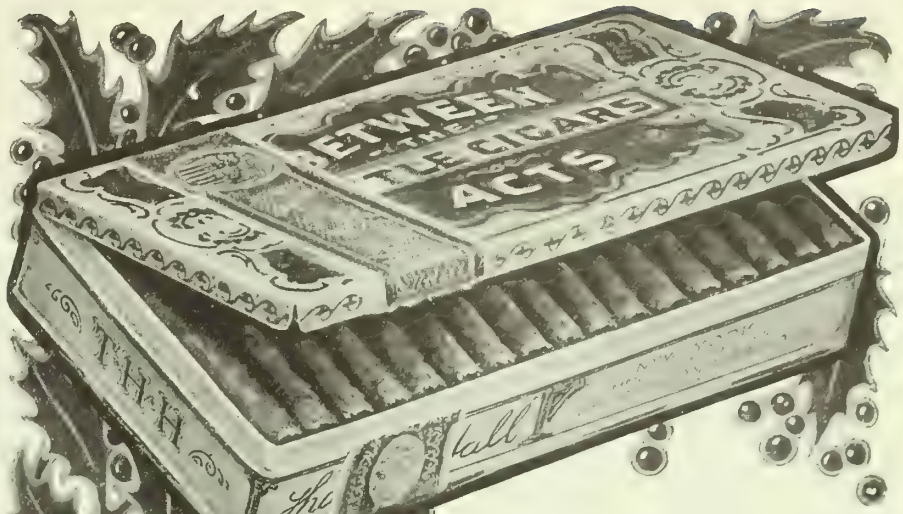
There has never been any prohibition against such bombs by the Geneva convention. The subject was brought up at the first Hague conference, but the American naval representative, Rear Admiral Mahan, voted "No." He said, in the first place, that it was a purely academic discussion; and it was at that time, since there was no gun made to throw such projectiles. Further, Rear Admiral Mahan said the fumes of a torpedo were deadly enough and the conference did not propose to abolish torpedoes. Finally he said that the proposal was illogical, since there was nothing in the rules of war to prevent torpedoing a battleship and sending her to the bottom with four or five hundred men; and he failed to see the practical difference between asphyxiating men with water and with gas.

Aeroplanes at Sea

Great Britain agreed to the prohibition on condition that it should be unanimous, but the objection of America caused it to fail. The subject was brought up again in a different form at the last Hague conference and the United States at that time agreed to prohibit dropping "projectiles or explosives"; this, of course, included gasbombs from balloons or other aerial vehicles. However, this time the prohibition was agreed to by no other first-class Power. The United States is left in the peculiar position of having such an agreement with the smaller Powers, like the South American republics, but not being bound regarding any of the great Powers.

It is easy to see that such an attack from a swarm of aeroplanes would put any fleet out of commission. Though no details of the Krupp gasbomb are given, there are a score of deadly gases that can easily be generated in this way. Hydrocyanic acid or cacodyl would serve the purpose. It is a fact of almost forgotten history that there was an attempt made to use asphyxiating bombs during the Civil War, and cacodyl was the agent employed then. There was a consignment of such shells sent to the old Florida, then on blockade duty in the South. When her captain was informed of the nature of the shipment he said: "Heave the d——n stuff overboard. Do they take me for Lucretia Borgia?" It was heaved over accordingly and the experiment was not given a practical trial.

Aeroplanes have been flown over the water. It is only natural that flying over water should be easier than flying over land; for, though we do not yet know much about the action of air currents, it stands to reason that they will be steadier over the unobstructed surface of the water than over the rough topography of the coast. Aeroplanes, too, even in their present stage of development, can outspeed any torpedo boat or other form of water craft. For scouting and observation they could hold a fleet completely at their mercy, but their radius of operation is limited. They can be depended on for say



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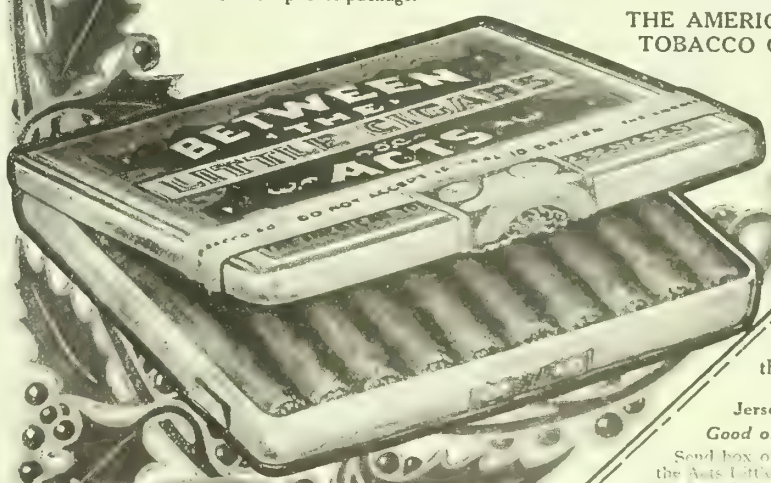

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a hundred and fifty miles, though the endurance record is now two hundred and forty-four miles. The fastest sustained flight has been at the rate of sixty-six miles an hour and a single mile has been made at the rate of seventy-six, but if a plane makes only fifty miles it can make rings around the fastest torpedo boat. Further, aeroplanes are difficult if not impossible to hit. Wynmalen held the altitude record, when this article was being written, of ninety-one hundred and twenty-one feet. At even half this distance, to hit a moving aeroplane with an aerial gun would be like killing a fly with a rifle at one hundred yards.

When the American Government's one aeroplane was being tried out at College Park, Maryland, neither the speed nor the height record was so great as now. Wilbur Wright one day was making forty-five miles an hour down the field and the machine looked both fast and small. Lieutenant Foulois was watching it and remarked:

"Put that thing up five hundred feet, traveling that fast, and it would be a chance shot if you touched it even with shrapnel."

One can figure, then, that at two thousand or three thousand feet an aviator would be reasonably safe.

There was never any apparent reason, except the weight involved, why aeroplanes should not carry wireless outfits. If they could do this their usefulness in scouting would be largely increased; for even if they eventually fell into the hands of the enemy, or if through mechanical trouble they were unable to return to their base of operations, they might at least send valuable information before they were put out of commission.

The factor of weight was studied carefully by the Signal Corps of the United States soon after the first small dirigible was acquired by the Government. In this case there had to be a double precaution; for the weight had to be kept low since the carrying capacity of the dirigible was small, and the sparks, which are an essential part of a wireless transmitting outfit, had to be covered to guard against danger of a gas explosion.

Both of these requirements were met and a sending and receiving set, that would work up to thirty miles, was built. The weight was just seventy-five pounds and the spark-gaps were all protected with mica coverings. This installation was considered a triumph at the time, but since then the weight-carrying capacity of the aeroplane has been greatly increased and messages have actually been sent from an aeroplane even by an unskilled operator.

A Wireless on the Wing

The first man to perform this feat was J. A. D. McCurdy, a member of Alexander Graham Bell's Aerial Experiment Association. He carried a wireless outfit in a flight at Sheepshead Bay, August twenty-seventh; and, though he does not pretend to be a skilled operator, he sent a message that could be read by a man on the ground five hundred feet below and a mile distant.

The need of a featherweight wireless outfit has been greatly reduced by the increased weights that aeroplanes are carrying, even in the past few months. In a weight-carrying competition in Germany, last summer, Herr Thalen carried four hundred and sixty-two pounds of extra weight in a bip'ane. This would more than provide for a wireless outfit and an extra passenger to act as operator. McCurdy, in sending his epoch-making message, was his own aviator and telegrapher as well, having the sending key of his instrument on the steering wheel of his machine and working it with his forefinger.

The large extra weight that can be carried, as shown by Herr Thalen's performance, means a great deal when it comes to transporting either equipment, passengers or explosives. Orville Wright said that the biplane used by him the first year at Fort Myer would carry four hundred and fifty pounds of extra weight and that this weight could be dropped while the machine was in flight without disturbing the equilibrium. This is the point where the aeroplane has an advantage over the dirigible balloon.

There had been but a single public experiment, up to the end of August, in shooting from an aeroplane. On this occasion Glenn Curtiss had carried up Lieutenant Jacob Fickel, a sharpshooter of the Twenty-ninth Infantry. At a height of sixty feet he missed a ten-foot target on the ground, but Curtiss took the blame for this, saying he had to dip just as the shot was fired. The sharpshooter said that there should be no difficulty about shooting from an aeroplane any more than from a moving train or from the deck of a warship. It is very evident, however, that it is an art that will take practice and will be very much akin to wing shooting.

Another item of progress was reported from Reims, where, on September twelfth, M. Henri Molla made a night flight of one hour in an aeroplane equipped with a powerful automobile searchlight. This was an interesting demonstration of the machine's further capabilities, because it is simple and practical. He said when the flight was at a height of two hundred feet the ground was brilliantly illuminated and that he could make out the general features as high as four hundred feet, but that at a higher elevation the light was of little use for observation and simply would have betrayed him to the enemy had he been scouting.

Probably not until actual warfare occurs will the ability of marksmen to hit aeroplanes be settled. An aeroplane is not like a captive balloon, for it requires an operator. No aviator is going to take chances of being an object of interest to a man with a gun; and even an enthusiastic gunner would not like to prove his ability by bringing down an aviator except in the exigencies of warfare. There have been a great many experiments tried with captive balloons, however, in this country, in France, and in Germany, where the best execution has been done.

Shooting Captive Balloons

The experiments in the United States were tried at Sandy Hook, with a gun specially designed for aerial shooting. It had automatically adjustable sights that changed their elevation with the elevation of the gun. No details of the results were given out for the officially stated reason that the Government did not want to furnish information to foreign Powers. As every one familiar with the workings of the diplomatic service knows, the foreign military and naval attachés got the information if they wanted it. The chances are that they were the only individuals who did want it.

Germany has made no secret of her practice with captive balloons, and reports of this exercise state that the German gunners are able to bring down captive balloons under almost all conditions. The nearest approach to war conditions in this line of marksmanship was made in Germany last summer, when captive balloons were towed behind the swift cruiser Undine. The gunners were able to bring them down every time. It may be said, however, that the balloons were less than two hundred feet up and were being towed between fifteen and twenty miles an hour. This is a rather different performance from hitting anything as small as an aeroplane two thousand feet up and moving through three dimensions at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

One essential feature of the projectiles used in aerial shooting is that they are equipped with a device in the base that throws out smoke by day and sparks by night, so that the flight of the shell can be traced like that of a rocket. It is necessary to do this in order to correct the range, which is never exactly right in the first trial. There are also two parties of observers stationed at different angles to the object fired at, so that one party can give the correction for elevation and the other for variation right or left.

It is likely that, for a long time, the chief practical use either of the aeroplane or the dirigible will be for scouting and raiding. Chemically started fires are hard to extinguish and an enemy's supply depots will always offer a vulnerable mark for a party of raiders supplied with firebombs. To any one who knows the very restricted area of damage done by a dynamite explosion, the idea of using aerial bombs against men in the field will seem decidedly futile. But, as Napoleon has not very delicately said, "an army travels on its belly"; and when lines of supplies can be threatened, bridges destroyed and supply depots burned by a few men who are perfectly willing to risk their lives in doing it, the existence of an army in the field becomes precarious.

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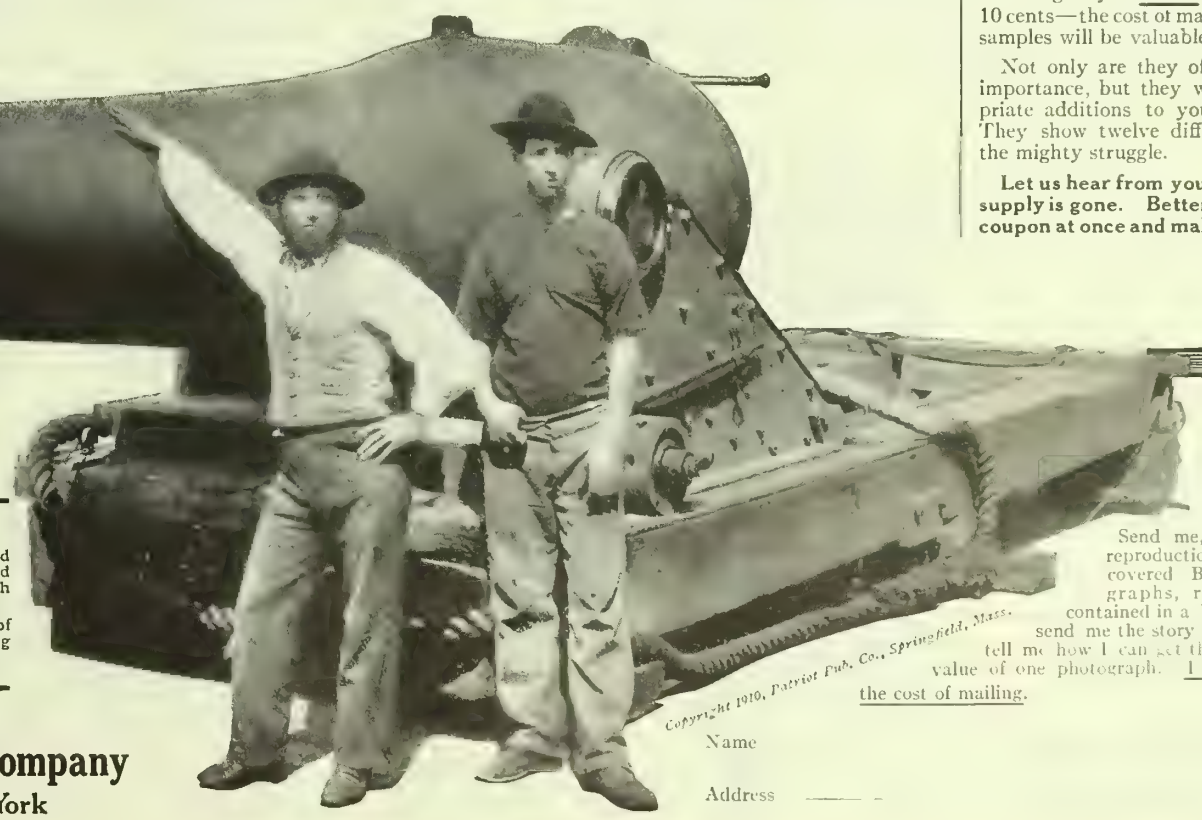

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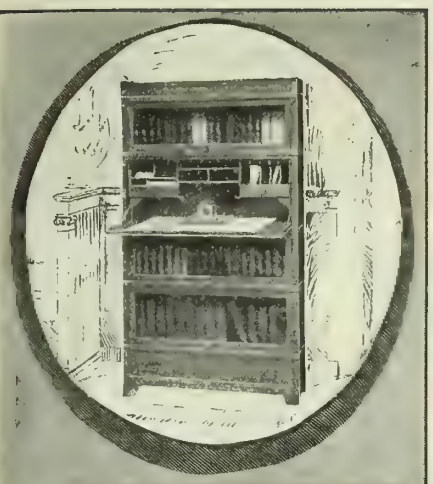

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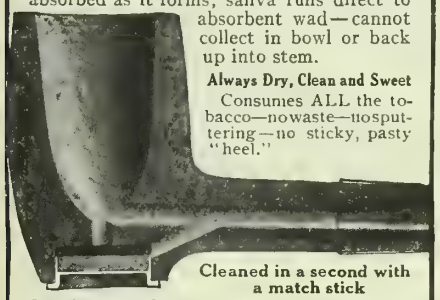

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THE EXIT OF ANSE DUGMORE

(Continued from Page 13)

cooked the moisture from his sodden garments in little films of vapor and filled the cabin with the reek of the prison dye.

"Did she—did she ——"

"Oh, she's been dead quite a spell now," stated Shem. "I would have s'posed you'd 'a' heered that, too, somewhars."

"But my young uns—little Anderson and—and Elviry?"

The sick man was clear up now on his knees, his long arms hanging, and his eyes, behind their matted lids, fixed on Shem's impassive face. Could the warden have seen him now, and marked his attitude and his words, he would have known what it was that had brought this dying man back to his own mountain valley with the breath of life still in him. A dumb, unuttered love for the two shock-headed babies left behind in the split-board cabin was the one big thing in Anse Dugmore's unwholesome being—bigger even than his sense of allegiance to the feud.

"My young uns, Shem?"

"Wyatt Trantham took 'em an' he kep' 'em—he's got 'em both now."

"Does he—does he use 'em kindly?"

"I ain't never heered," said Shem simply. "He never had no young uns of his own, and it mout be he uses 'em well. He's the high sheriff now."

"I was countin' on gittin' to see 'em agin—an' buyin' 'em some little Chrismus fixin's," the father wheezed. Hopelessness was coming into his rasping whisper. "I reckon it ain't no use to—to be thinkin'—of that there?"

"No 'arthly use at all," said Shem, with brutal directness. "Ef you had the strength to git thar, the Tranthams would shoot you down like a fice dog."

Anse nodded weakly. He sank down again on the floor, face to the boards, coughing hard. It was the droning voice of his cousin that brought him back from the borders of the coma that he had been fighting off for hours.

For to Shem, the best hater and the poorest fighter of all his cleaned-out clan, had come a great thought. He shook the drowsing man and roused him, and plied him with sips from a dipper of the unhallowed white corn whisky of a mountain still-house. And as he worked over him he told off the story of the last four years: of the uneven, unmerciful war, ticking off on his blunt finger ends the grim totals of this one ambushed and that one killed in the open, overpowered and beaten under by weight of odds. He told such details as he knew of the theft of the young wife and the young ones, Elvira and little Anderson.

"Anse, did ary Trantham see you agittin' here tonight?"

"Nobody—that knowed me—seed me."

"Old Wyatt Trantham, he rid into Manchester this evenin' 'bout fo' o'clock—I seed him passin' over the ridge," went on Shem. "He'll be ridin' back 'long Pigeon Roost some time before mawnin'. He done you a heap o' dirt, Anse."

The prostrate man was listening hard.

"Anse, I got yore old rifle right here in this house. Ef you could git up thar on the mounting, somewhar's alongside the Pigeon Roost trail, you could git him shore. He'll be full of licker comin' back."

And now a seeming marvel was coming to pass, for the caved-in trunk was rising on the pipestem legs and the shaking fingers were outstretched, reaching for something.

Shem stepped lightly to a corner of the cabin and brought forth a rifle, and began reloading it afresh from a box of shells.

. . . . . .

A wavering figure crept across the small stump-dotted "dead'ning" Anse Dugmore was upon his errand. He dragged the rifle by the barrel, so that its butt made a crooked, broken furrow in the new snow like the trail of a crippled snake. He fell and got up, and fell and rose again.

From out of the slitted door Shem watched him until the scrub-oaks at the edge of the clearing swallowed him up. Then Shem fastened himself in and made ready to start his flight to the lowlands that very night.

. . . . . .

Just below the forks of Pigeon Roost Creek the trail that followed its banks widened into a track wide enough for wagon wheels. On one side lay the diminished creek, now filmed over with a glaze of young

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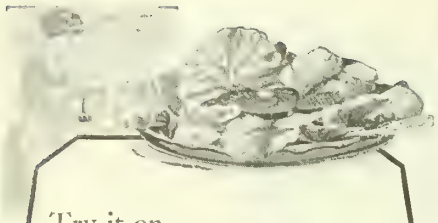

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ice. On the other side the mountain rose steeply. Fifteen feet up its bluff side a fallen dead tree projected its rotted, broken roots, like snaggled teeth, from the clayey bank. Behind this tree's trunk, in the snow and half-frozen, half-melted yellow mire, Anse Dugmore was stretched on his face. The barrel of the rifle barely showed itself through the interlacing root-ends. It pointed downward and northward toward the broad, moonlit place in the road. Its stock was pressed tightly against Anse Dugmore's fallen-in cheek; the trigger-finger of his right hand, fleshless as a joint of cane, was crooked about the trigger-guard.

He lay without motion, saving up the last ounce of his life. The cold had crawled up his legs to his hips; he was dead already from the waist down. He no longer coughed, only gasped thickly. He knew that he was about gone; but he knew, too, that he would last, clear-minded and clear-eyed, until High Sheriff Wyatt Trantham came.

Then he heard him coming. Up on the trail sounded the muffled music of a pacer's hoofs single-footing through the snow, and, after that, almost instantly Trantham rode out into sight and loomed larger and larger as he drew steadily near the open place under the bank. He was wavering in the saddle. He drew nearer and nearer, and, as he came out on the wide patch of moonlit snow, he pulled the single-footer down to a walk and halted him, and began fumbling in the right-hand side of the saddle-bags that draped his horse's shoulder.

Up in its covert, the rifle-barrel moved an inch or two; then steadied and stopped, the bone-sight at its tip resting full on the broad of the drunken rider's breast. The bony finger moved inward from the trigger-guard and closed ever so gently about the hair-filed trigger then waited.

For the uncertain hand of Trantham, every movement showing plain in the crystal, hard, white moon, was slowly bringing from under the flap of the right-side saddle-bag something that was round and smooth, and shone with a yellowish glassy light, like a fat flask filled with spirits. And Anse Dugmore waited, being minded now to shoot him as he put the bottle to his lips, and so cheat Trantham of his last drink on earth, as Trantham had cheated him of his liberty and his babies—as Trantham had cheated those babies of the Christmas fixings which the state's five dollars might have bought.

He waited, waited ——

. . . . . .

It was not the first time the high sheriff had stopped that night on his homeward ride from the tiny county seat, as his befuddlement proclaimed; but halting there in the open, just past the forks of the Pigeon Roost, he was moved by a new idea. He fumbled in the right-hand flap of his saddle-bags and brought out a toy drum, round and smooth, with shiny yellow sides. A cheap china doll with painted black ringlets and painted blue eyes followed the drum, and then a torn paper bag, from which small pieces of cheap red-and-green dyed candy sifted out between the sheriff's fumbling fingers and fell into the snow.

Thirty feet away, in the dead leaves matted under the roots of an uptorn dead tree, something moved—something moved; and then there was a sound like a long, deep, gurgling sigh, and another sound like some heavy, lengthy object settling itself down flat upon the snow and the leaves.

The first faint rustle cleared Trantham's brain of the liquor fumes. He jammed the toys and the candy back into the saddle-bags and jerked his horse sidewise into the protecting shadow of the bluff, reaching at the same time to the shoulder-holster buckled about his body under the unbuttoned overcoat. For a long minute he listened keenly, with the drawn pistol in his hand. There was nothing to hear except his own breathing and the breathing of his horse.

"Sho! Some old hawg turnin' over in her baid," he said to the horse; and holstering the pistol he went racking on down Pigeon Roost Creek, with Christmas for Elviry and little Anderson in his saddle-bags.

. . . . . .

When they found Anse Dugmore in his ambush another snow had fallen on his back, and he was slightly more of a skeleton than ever; but the bony finger was still crooked about the trigger, the rusted hammer was cocked back, and there was a dried brownish stain on the gunstock. So, from these facts, his finders were moved to conclude that the freed convict must have bled to death from his lungs before the sheriff ever passed.

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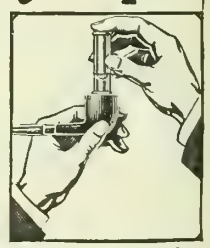

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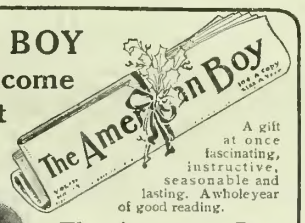

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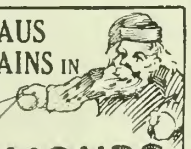

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

The Waste of Anthracite

UNLESS attention has been called to it, very few appreciate the waste of fuel: of wood by "dozing" or incipient decay; of coal by neglect of screening. For the former the householder is not often responsible, as, of course, he prefers new, bright wood to that which has been weathered, but which is hard to obtain, except in large lots; but he is responsible for the latter.

If the results of ignorance and carelessness are as great elsewhere, as in the cases mentioned below, wherein no attempt was made to obtain other than average samples, the waste of anthracite must be enormous.

Noticing bright lumps of coal in an ash-heap in the rear of a hotel in one of the smaller New England cities, a person of inquiring mind procured a quantity of the stuff to satisfy his curiosity and screened it carefully, picking out all foreign matter. The result was so surprising that he invaded other premises, with the harvest noted below. The amount of clean coal in this first lot—which was not from the hotel furnaces, but from grates and small stoves where fires are not run continuously—was by weight sixty-six per cent of the whole. Other lots have been noted since, in dumps by the roadside and on sidewalks, made of practically clean coal, very much richer than the following, but not readily obtainable for separation. The samples were from consumers of all kinds—from dwellings and public buildings.

Lot	Percentage of coal
2	59
3	64
4	22
5	22
6	32
7	69
8	33

9. A sugar-barrel, not quite full and not promising, yielded five pecks of clean coal.
10. Four small loads of ashes from a village schoolhouse basement turned out about eighteen hundred pounds. In this case the lot was screened when damp, though weighed dry; and a film of ashes adhered to the coal.

The retail price of coal in the city mentioned is seven dollars and seventy-five cents a ton—and of coal screens, as indicated by a card displayed on a pile outside a store-door lately, thirteen cents; while barrels, over which these can be shaken, are usually to be had for the asking. Thus the consumer of coal can, at small expense, eliminate one of the causes of hard times.

Electives

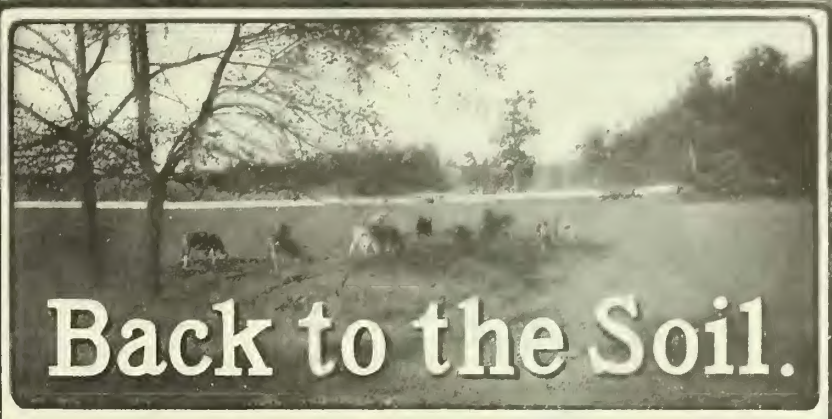
At college he was diligent,
And took advantage, too,
Of all his opportunities,
Which not all students do.
"Elective" courses filled his time;
He hardly stopped to sleep—
His day he thus divided up
In erudition deep:

A morning course in tennis first,
With several other chaps,
And after that a little row
Till luncheontime, perhaps;
A pipe, and then to work again,
This time with mask and foils—
His teachers all declared: "It's great
The way this student toils!"

A little sprint around the track,
Then baseball in the spring,
And generally a swim before
The supper-bell would ring;
Another pipe, and then away
To thrum the sweet guitar—
To "make" the glee club, as they say,
From which all honors are.

In autumn, football had its turn;
In winter, "gym" instead;
When less industrious students slept
At night he'd have a "spread."
Such were the "minor" courses that
He followed, gleaning pearls—
But, though pursuing these with vim,
His "major" course was—girls.

—William Wallace Whitelock.



Back to the Soil.

An Engineer's Story.

DO YOU ever wish for a country home? Do you ever long to exchange your city office or factory for life in the open air? Do you ever try to decide whether you could "make it go" in the country, and whether it is safe to change?

If so, read Harman Woodrow's experience.

Six years ago Harman (that's not his real name) was a civil engineer, working in New York city, at a salary of $1800 a year. His wife was a college girl, city-bred, and they had three children. After ten years of hard work he had nothing saved, and the strain was telling on him. He talked it over many times with his wife—just as *you* have done with yours—and at last they decided to go to farming.

With great care they selected a 75-acre farm, ten miles from a large city, and went to work.

Now would you expect such a man, with no knowledge of farming, to succeed or to fail?

Well, after six years' experience, Harman tells his story in the

FARM JOURNAL

and if you care for a story of real life that you can't leave until you have read every word twice over, subscribe NOW, so as to be sure to get the December number, in which it appears.

Harman's story is one of a series entitled "Back to the Soil," that begins in the FARM JOURNAL for December, and will run for months to come. They are deeply interesting stories of actual experience, written by different people in various walks of life, giving facts and figures as to loss and gain, and very helpful in deciding whether it is safe for *you* to move to the country.

A remarkable new book, "Shall I Farm?"

is published by the FARM JOURNAL, to present *both sides*, and help you to decide wisely. It is **absolutely impartial and unbiased.** It points out the loneliness of country life, the difficulty of getting help, the lack of city conveniences and amusements, as well as its smaller expenses, healthfulness, safety for children, better food and water, etc. It also warns of dangers, swindles, farming "fads," tells how much cash is needed, what it costs to equip a fruit farm, poultry, dairy, grain, or other farm, how to get Government and railroad lands, State aid, maps, farmers' bulletins, free courses in agriculture, etc. To get this essential guide, see offer below.

Every one in city or country who raises

fruit, vegetables, berries, poultry, pigeons, etc., as well as sheep, cows, or grain, should have the FARM JOURNAL. It has over 750,000 subscribers,—MORE THAN ANY OTHER FARM PAPER PUBLISHED. Every month it tells what to do NOW, and the best way to do it. It has departments devoted to housekeeping, dressmaking, recipes, and bright, clean reading for boys and girls. It is brief, crisp, condensed and PRACTICAL. No long-winded essays. "Cream, not skim-milk," is its motto. It never prints a medical or trashy advertisement, and its columns are an absolutely reliable guide in buying. Most of its subscribers have paid for FIVE to TEN YEARS AHEAD. FARM JOURNAL is a special favorite with women. Every one who has a garden, a back yard, a flower-bed, or even a kitchen, ought to have this bright, cheery, useful home paper. Those who merely exist in cities ought by all means to get it, for it brings a whiff of out-door life into their homes, and may help them to escape to the country, and really LIVE.

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Both for $1.00

cash, money order, check, or stamps. Book and paper may go to different addresses, if necessary.

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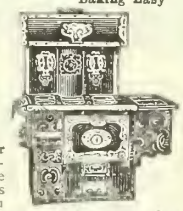
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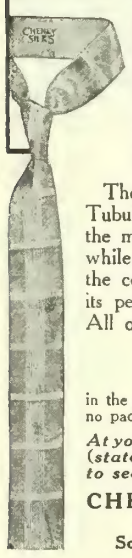
KALAMAZOO MICHIGAN

CHENEY SILK CRAVATS

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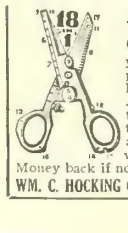

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LOVE LYRICS OF A SHOPGIRL

(Continued from Page 9)

I could *die* dancing with you—
That ain't no jolly—it's true.
Waltzing or two-step, an old or a new step,
you're all to the merry; you'll do!

Whirl me again and again,
Six times or seven or ten;
Sway me and swing me and toss me and fling
me, till I don't know where I've been.
I feel so light I could fly;
Hold me up close or I'll try—
Can't get my breath, dear; don't hug me to
death, dear!—and yet, what a sweet
way to die!

Terence, you're great; you're a wiz!
You're just the grandest there is.
Talkin' or dancin' you're simply entrancin';
you've put all the rest on the friz!
Whisper, you Terence O'Shea,
You've stolen my heart clean away,
The music's quit playin'—what's that I was
sayin'?
Aw well, don't believe all I say!

IX

Oh, Mamie, listen! We have had a row,
Terence and me—a simply awful scrap—
And we ain't speakin' to each other now.
But what's the diff'rence? I don't give a
rap!
He isn't such a wonder! I know heaps
Of other guys that has it over him.
I hope he gets that other girl for keeps;
She'll make him dance around and keep
in trim.

He ditched me, Mamie; went and did me
dirt;
He took another lady to the dance,
And when he sees that I am kind of hurt
He tries to square himself—but what a
chance!
I says: "Your line of talk gives me a pain;
I ain't concerned at all, and that's a fact.
I hope you get this right and get it plain—
I don't care what you do, nor how you
act."

I says to him, I says: "If you're so fond
Of takin' her to dances, go ahead.
What do I care about that scrawny blonde!
You beat it while the goin's good," I said.
Then he gets awful mad and off he went;
And I was sorry, and I guess I cried;
Because I'd said some more than what I
meant—
And wouldn't let him answer when he
tried.

Say, Mamie, have I put things on the blink
Forever and forever—do you think?
Or will he stand for what I said and did,
And come again—say, how about it, kid?

X

Believe me, kid, I ain't the kind to knock,
But there's a certain party I could name
That hasn't got no decency or shame;
If we was men I'd bat her on the block;
I'd make her wish that she had never
came
Between us—say, I'd give her quite a shock.
Believe me, kid.

Why, say, if she should ever have to hock
The artificial stuff that's on her frame,
You wouldn't know her for the fancy dame
That goes paradin' up and down the walk;
She wouldn't look a particle the same.
Believe me, kid.

She thinks she's swell; but, gee! she's such a
gawk.
She thinks she's wild; but, honest, she
is tame.
I don't see what he sees in such a dame,
Though I ain't one of those that likes to
knock.
Believe me, kid.

XI

It's all my fault, but I don't care!
I won't tell him the way I feel;
He's got to say *he's* wrong—so there!

Say, he would have conceit to spare
If I would make the first appeal—
It's all my fault, but I don't care!

I won't do nothing, I declare,
But let him make a humble spiel.
He's got to say *he's* wrong—so there!

Editor's Note—The concluding number of the lyrics will appear next week.

—when you wear
SLIDEWELL HALO COLLARS
—the collars with the little back button shield that lets your tie slide freely.
Ever stop to think that dressing is the easiest thing in the world—until you come to knotting your tie in the ordinary fold collar? That's where you stick—lose your time and temper—and that's where you fail in getting the well-dressed, well-groomed effect.
Let the next collars you buy be SLIDEWELL COLLARS—tie your tie to look right every time—quickly—without a hitch.
Premako shrunk; wide stitched handmade effect; a line of styles not surpassed by any collars at any price.
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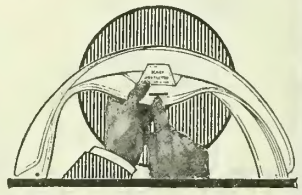
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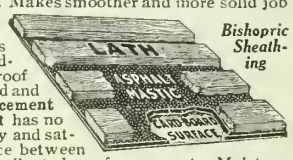
BISHOPRIC SHEATHING saves 75 per cent. in material and labor. Same material as Wall Board but finish not necessarily so fine; therefore costs less. Quickly nailed to studs with laths and asphalt exposed forming dead air space between laths and weather boards. Makes smoother and more solid job than lumber; no holes, no shrinking. Does away with building paper. Proof against heat, cold and dampness. For cement or stucco work it has no equal in economy and satisfaction. Space between laths forms excellent key for cement. Moisture cannot penetrate asphalt body. Our free booklet explains everything. Also used with excellent results as cheapest and best lining for dairy barns, poultry houses, stables and all other outdoor buildings.


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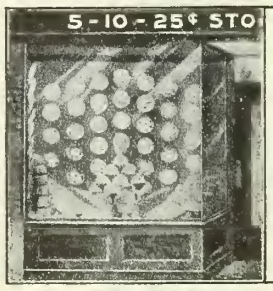

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> _____
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> we have entered your name on our list for a year's subscription to
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>
> We hope that the 52 copies we shall have the pleasure of mailing will prove to be pleasant reminders of the friend who sends this holiday remembrance.
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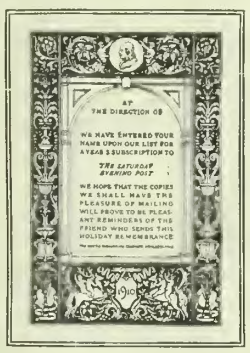
> Philadelphia

Give your own name and address, as well as the names and addresses of the recipients, when you remit.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THE DIRECTION OF
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Order at once sending $1.50 for each subscription. The cards will be sent so as to be received on Christmas morning, bearing your name as the donor.

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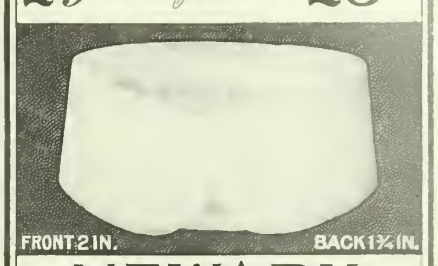

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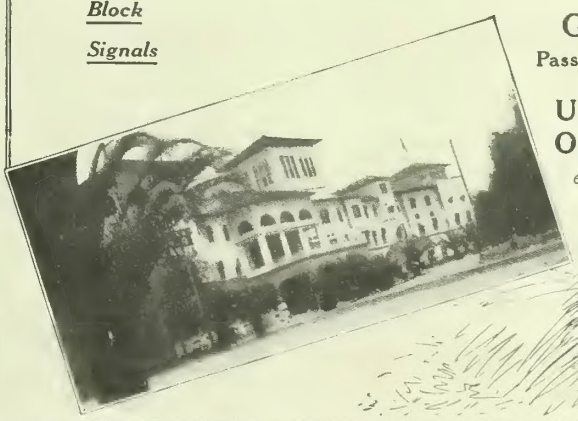

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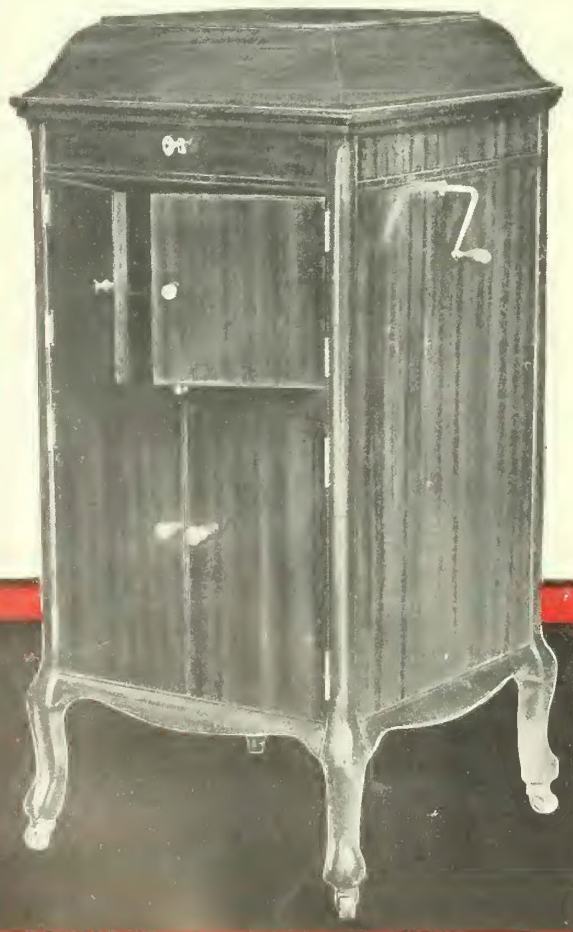

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